Saturday Review

March 26, 1966 25¢

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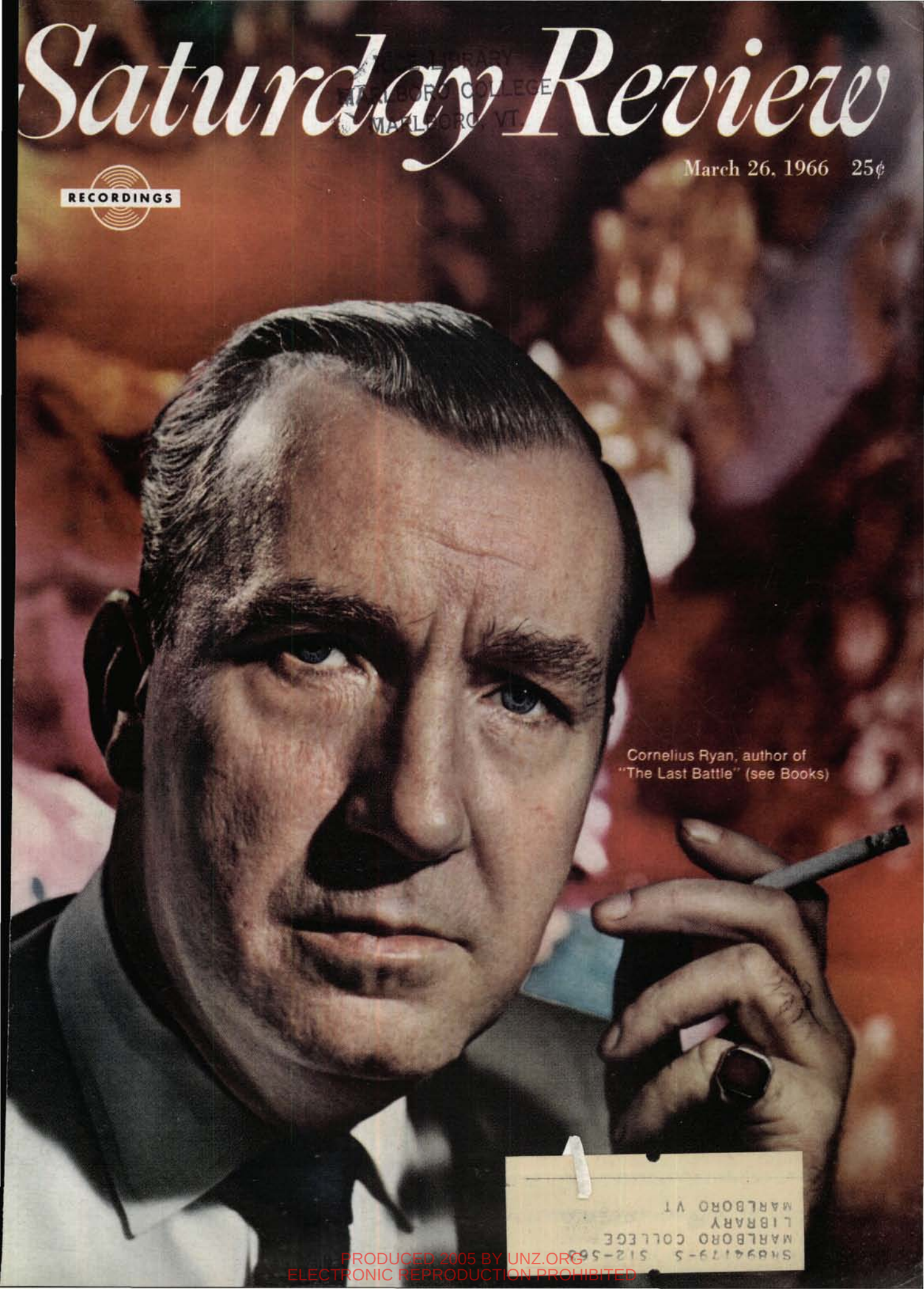

Cornelius Ryan, author of "The Last Battle" (see Books)

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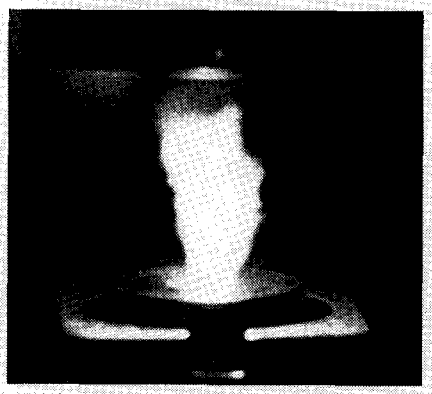

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If ever a book were ill-served by a stodgy table of contents it is the new book by George Gamow. For, lurking behind such entries as "Statistical Mechanics and Thermal Radiation" and "Discarding Classical Linear Trajectories," is a loose, witty, singular story. Of what? Of *Thirty Years That Shook Physics.*

Now what is a nice, middle class, liberal arts boy like myself doing sitting around reading a book sub-titled "The Story of Quantum Theory"? Enjoying, that's what. And the reason is Gamow. George Gamow, writes John H. Durston in an entertaining introduction, is a man whose "personal characteristics are as formidable as his creative achievements." He is six feet three, well over 225 pounds, his humor is puckish and, when explaining science, very helpful.

Helpful? For someone like myself, still recovering from an unevenly matched battle with atoms and particles and second class levers (they taught those in the old days), Gamow's wit is positively healing. He knew many of the most eminent scientists of the age and here they and their theories are given the humanity they deserve. They include Planck, Niels Bohr, Erwin Schrödinger, Fermi, Einstein, and others.

Dr. Gamow also makes little drawings—of people and charts and ideas—which give the book a charming visual informality. He acknowledges that for sheer draftsmanship, Botticelli has an edge, but says that his work is relevant to today's pop art. I agree, for his book (available now in hardcovers—and deserving of them—and available sometime in the future in the Anchor Science Study Series) has me popeyed with admiration.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Thirty Years That Shook Physics ($5.95), by George Gamow, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at one of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 7000 Camp Bowie Blvd., Fort Worth, Texas 76116.

A Gamow reproduction

Saturday Review

March 26, 1966

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Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Director of Advertising Services, Robert A. Burghardt; Advertising Director, Harry T. Morris; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy; Advertising Promotion Manager, William Donald Garson. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLIX, No. 13, March 26, 1966. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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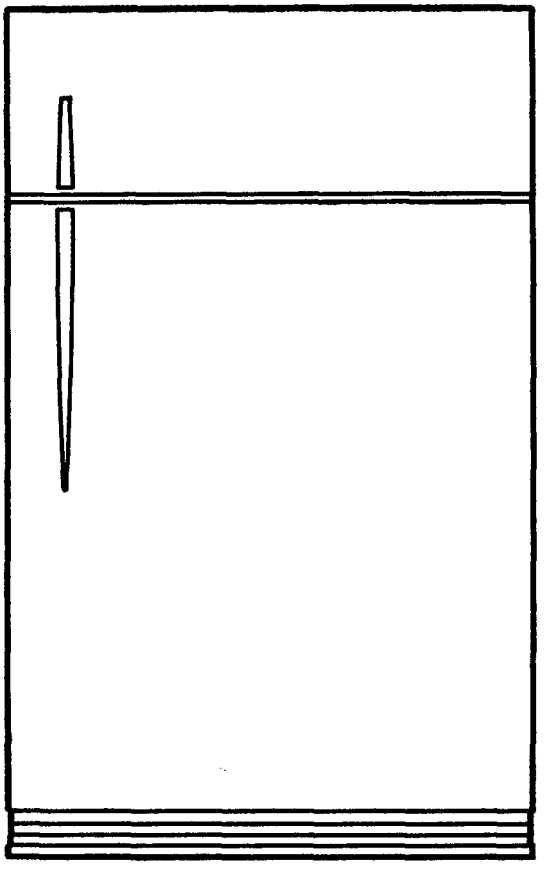

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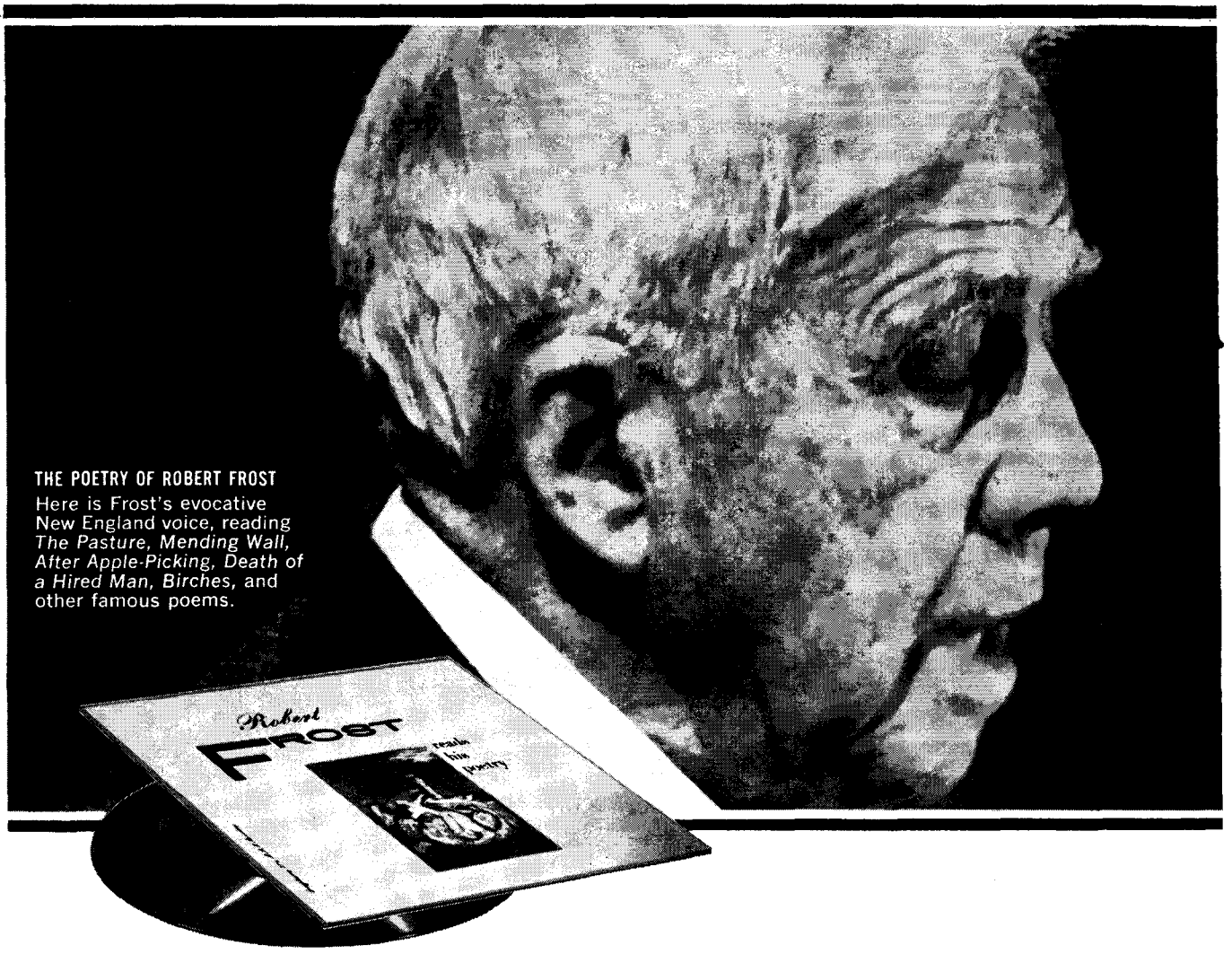
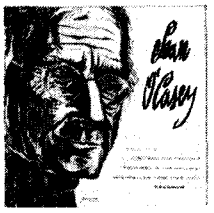
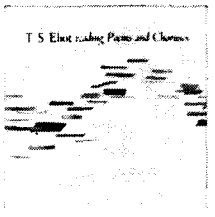


THE POETRY OF ROBERT FROST
Here is Frost's evocative New England voice, reading *The Pasture, Mending Wall, After Apple-Picking, Death of a Hired Man, Birches,* and other famous poems.

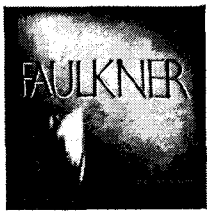
Gertrude Stein recites *If I Told Him (A Completed Portrait of Picasso), Madame Recamier, Matisse,* and other works.



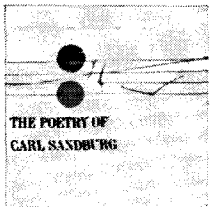
Sean O'Casey reading selections from *Juno and the Paycock, Pictures in the Hallway, Inishfallen Fare Thee Well.*



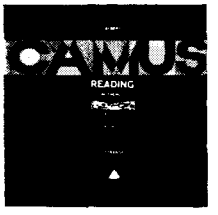
T. S. Eliot interpreting a choice selection of his poetry, including *Prufrock, Portrait of a Lady, Ash Wednesday, Marina.*



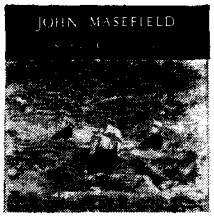
William Faulkner reads his famed *Nobel Prize Acceptance Speech,* selections from *As I Lay Dying,* and other works.



Carl Sandburg reads *Windy City, In Tall Grass, Four Preludes, Southern Pacific,* and other well-known poems.



Albert Camus The great writer reads, in French, important selections from *La Peste, L'Etranger, La Chute* and *L'Eté.*



John Masefield, the British poet laureate, reads *Sea Fever, Cargoes, The Downland,* and other favorites.

Marianne Moore in selections from her delightful poetry and her translations from the enchanting *Fables* of La Fontaine.

H. L. Mencken, the *enfant terrible* of American literature, speaks of his triumphs, defeats, rambunctious contentions.

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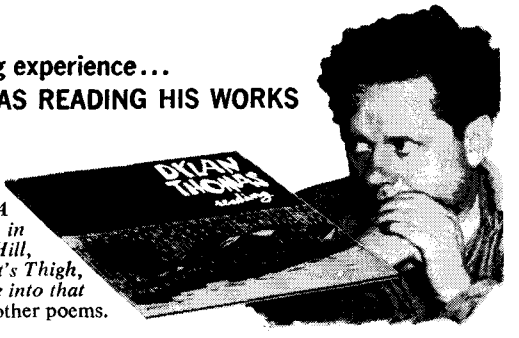

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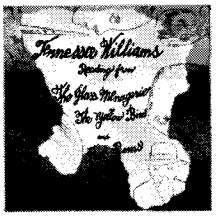

Tennessee Williams reads moving scenes from *The Glass Menagerie*, selected poems, and his story, *The Yellow Bird*.

Ezra Pound in selections from his brilliant *Cantos, Moeurs Contemporaines, Cantico del Sole, Hugh Selwyn Mauberley.*

Edna St. Vincent Millay interpreting her most famous poems, including *Renascence, This Beast that Rends Me, Elegy.*

E. E. Cummings in selections from his poetry, including *when god decided to invent, santa claus, i say no world.*

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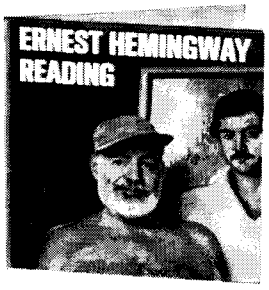

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In Old Blood

Edited by Martin Levin

History Repeats Itself

". . . It suddenly occurred to me that a crime might be an excellent subject to make my big experiment with. 'In Cold Blood,' you know, is what I call a non-fiction novel. It's a peculiar sort of hybrid form. I think it's a great unexplored art form." —Truman Capote.

IN 1842, it occurred to Edgar Allan Poe that crime might be an excellent subject to make a big experiment with. In a letter to a publisher, dated June 4 of that year, Poe described a tale that he had just completed, *The Mystery of Marie Roget*, as something "altogether novel in literature."

Poe had selected a murder for the basis of his tale—the "assassination," as he called it, "of Mary Cecilia Rogers, which created so vast an excitement, some months ago, in New York." As the murder was still unsolved, Poe felt impelled to lend an air of fiction to his factual analysis; he accordingly shifted the locale to Paris, while remaining faithful to the events as they occurred in New York. He also introduced his fictional sleuth Dupin into the case; "thus," said Poe, "under pretence of showing how Dupin unravelled the mystery of Marie's assassination, I, in reality, enter into a very long and rigorous analysis of the New York tragedy. No point is omitted. I examine, each by each, the opinions and arguments of the press upon the subject, and show that this subject has been, hitherto, unapproached."

The tale was published in November 1842 and excited, as Poe had hoped, considerable attention. Parallels to the actual murder were quickly recognized, and when Poe reprinted the story, in 1845, he appended twenty-four footnotes identifying the parallels—the *Rue Pavée Saint Andrée* was Nassau Street, the Seine the Hudson, a quote from *Le Mercurie* actually from the New York *Herald*, etc. In the initial footnote, Poe summarized his method, noting that he "followed, in minute detail, the essential, while merely paralleling the inessential, facts of the real murder of Mary Rogers. Thus all argument founded upon the fiction is applicable to the truth: and the investigation of the truth was the object."

Poe remarked, in the letter, that the usual magazine price for a story of this length was $100. Though rather long, Poe's story is barely one-seventh the length of *In Cold Blood;* simple arithmetic, plus a thought on the value of a buck in 1842, will show that, though things weren't really so different then, they are tending to look up a bit.

—JOHN ARNOLD.

Last Game

It is almost evening now. The garden
Is deep in shadow. Sounds are slow.
Time to stop playing. Some have left me,
Gone on home an hour ago.

Fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty—
Where are You hidden? In back of what?
I'm sure I've counted enough already;
Here I come, God—ready or not!

—ROBERT NATHAN.

Joyce, Italian Style

LIKE most Dubliners of his time, Mr. Leopold Bloom, whose wanderings we follow in the pages of James Joyce's *Ulysses*, liked vocal music. Music was in his mind as he moved about the city on that memorable day of June 16, 1904: intrusive melodies, vagrant airs, fragments of operatic tunes, popular ditties.

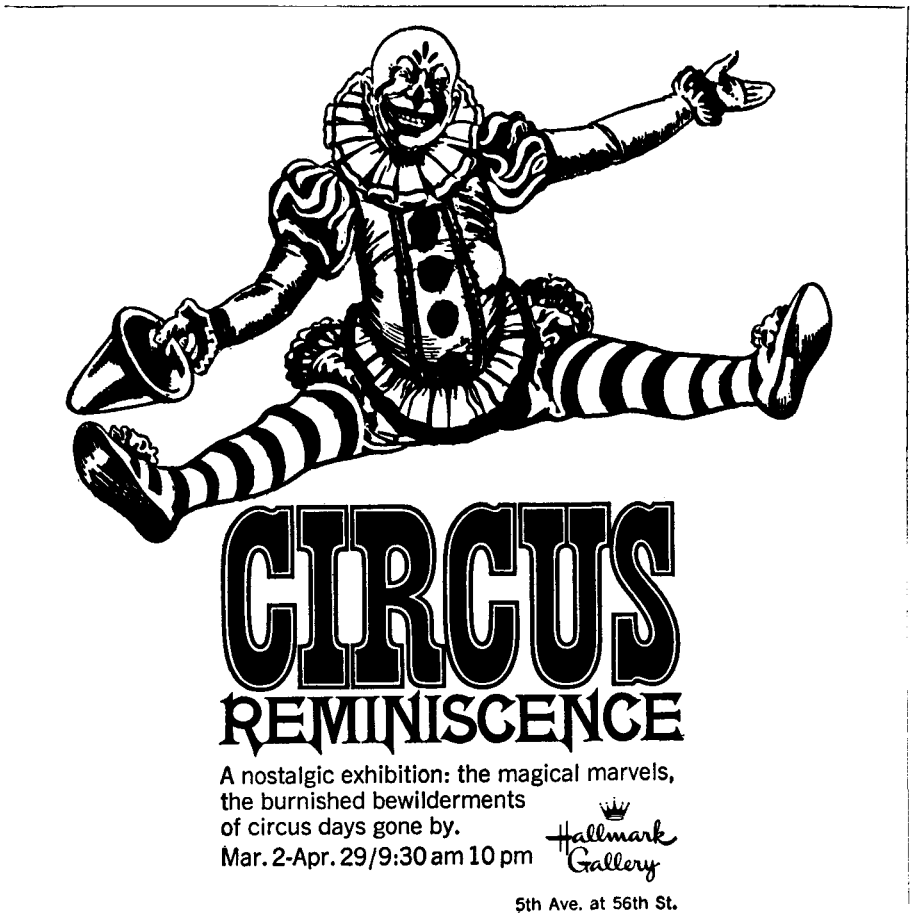
Thus, when he encounters Mrs. Breen on his way to lunch and tells her he has been to Paddy Dignam's funeral, a song floats into his consciousness:

> Your funeral's tomorrow
> While you're coming through the rye.
> Diddlediddle dumdum
> Diddlediddle . . .

In the Italian rendering of the work, called *Ulisse*, this comes off well enough as *"Domani ti sotterano/Mentre vieni dal campo di segala,"* but the translators jib at "diddlediddle dumdum" and turn it into *"trallerallera tamtam."*

It is a small point. *Trallerallera tamtam* may be more tuneful than diddlediddle dumdum, but I doubt it. I also doubt that the Italian *"Pfff!"* expresses Paddy Leonard's scorn for gingerpop at the bar of Davy Byrne's pub as well as the original "Prrwht!" *Pfff!* demands an accompanying gesture whereas Prrwht! can stand alone.

But even if one accepts *pfff* for prrwht I don't think tolerance should be extended too far. The gust of wind that hit Molly Bloom at the corner of Harcourt Road and raised her skirts went



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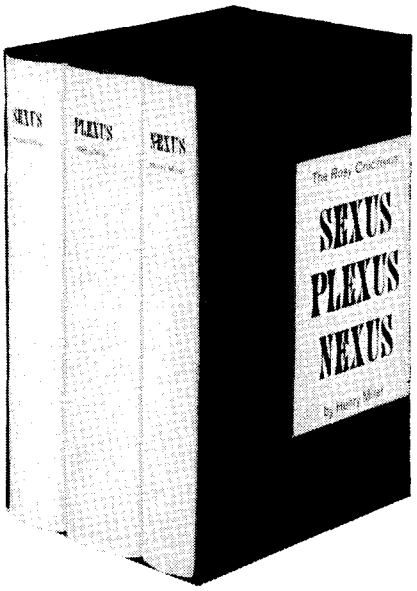

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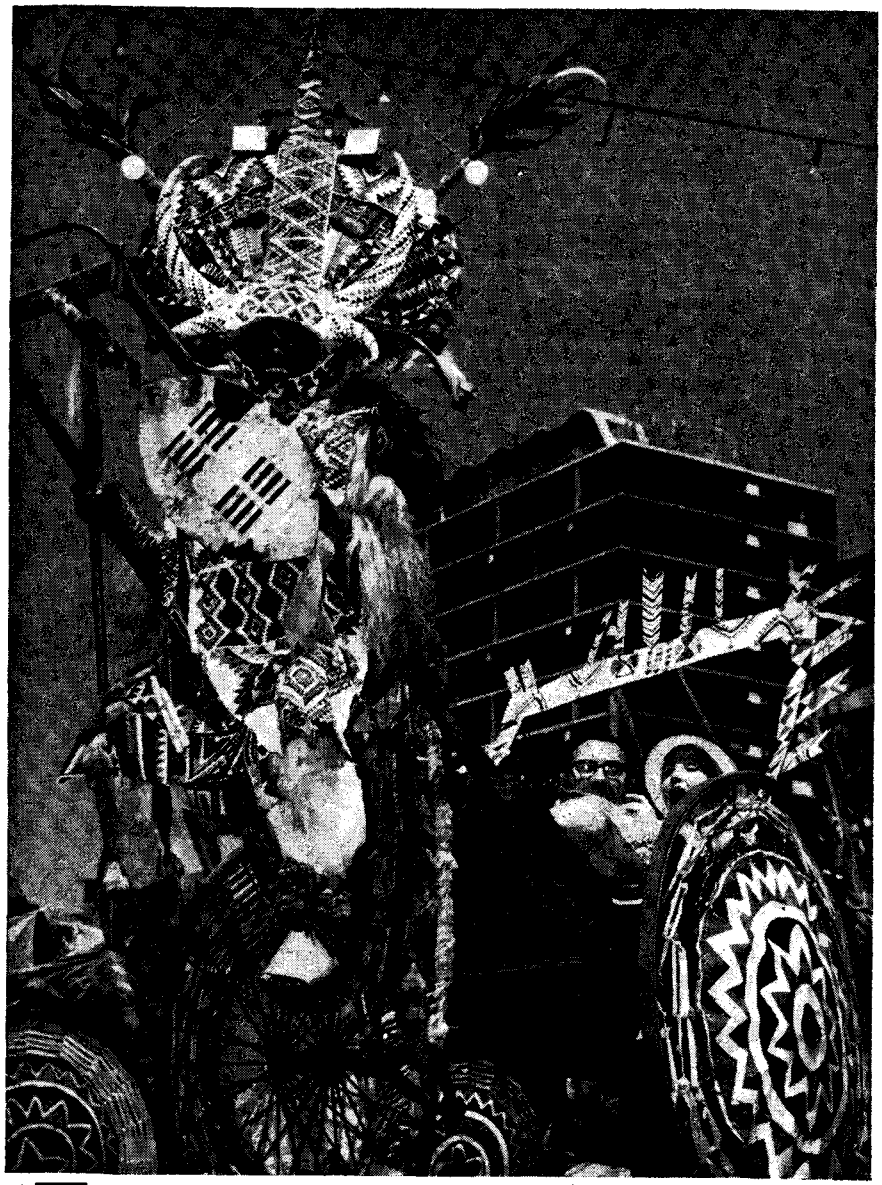

South Africa

is where the ricksha men dance on air, and people race on ostrichback, and trees are purple, and the eating is magnificent, and spring comes in the fall, and winter days never really get cold; where the cities are all new and shiny, the earth full of gold, and the sea full of fish, and you stop your car to let the giraffes pass by. Consult your Travel Agent, or let us send illustrated literature.

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"Brrfoo!" The Italians soften this to *"Brrff!"* which is not a gust at all and not much more than a puff.

But to revert to diddlediddle dum-dum-*trallerallera tamtam*: a little later in the day when Bloom's memory falters as he hums the Statue's greeting to Don Giovanni, he slips into "The rum the rumdum," a natural and not unmelodious way of finishing the basso's terrifying words. I had thought the Italians would accept "The rum the rumdum," or possibly alter their own *"trallerallera tamtam."* Nothing of the sort happened. Having succeeded with *trallerallera tamtam,* they went after something new, and so "The rum the rumdum" becomes *"Para ponzi, ponzi, po,"* words I find most difficult to hum. Sing *para ponzi, ponzi, po,* yes. Hum it, no.

Lest I be thought unfair to the Italians I'd like to note that Joyce's "Jiggedy jingle jingle jaunty"—words that remind Bloom of the impending visit of Blazes Boylan to Molly at 7 Eccles Street—come off better in the Italian version: *"Ballonzolo tintinnante del calessino scarrozzante,"* or roughly, a tinkling gay dance of a bouncing careering gig.

I also think the Italians have done extraordinarily well with "Her wavyavyeavyheavyeavyevyevy hair un comb: 'd." A rude hand could easily have ruined that. What we get is so brilliant that one is moved to cry *Bravi!* to the several translators. Here it is: *Le sue abbondantondantondantabbondanti chiome non pettina: te.* —JOHN FERRIS.

Coup de Grace

By A. D. Hope

JUST at that moment the Wolf,
Shag jaws and slavering grin,
Steps from the property wood.
O, what a gorge, what a gulf
Opens to gobble her in,
Little Red Riding Hood!

O, what a face full of fangs!
Eyes like saucers at least
Roll to seduce and beguile.
Miss, with her dimples and bangs,
Thinks him a handsome beast;
Flashes the Riding Hood Smile;

Stands her ground like a queen,
Velvet red of the rose
Framing each little milk-tooth,
Pink tongue peeping between.
Then, wider than anyone knows,
Opens her minikin mouth

Swallows up Wolf in a trice;
Tail going down gives a flick,
Caught as she closes her jaws.
Bows, all sugar and spice.
O, what a lady-like trick!
O, what a round of applause!

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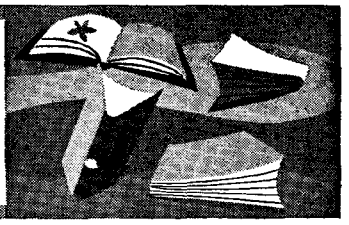


A lot of authors seemed to be wandering about New York City recently. Some came from far-off places and some simply stepped onto the streets from their urban pads.

Gunnar Sonsteby, for instance, traveled all the way from Norway with his pretty blonde wife. He is a deceptively mild-appearing chap who risked his life during World War II fighting the Nazis

underground while they occupied his country. He has written the exciting story in *Report from No. 24,* just published by Lyle Stuart. Sonsteby was never caught by the Germans. For five years he sabotaged the occupation, to become leader of the Oslo underground and Norway's most decorated hero of the resistance.

A different kind of story is that of Stephen Vizinczey, a Hungarian-born Canadian citizen now living in Rome. He showed up in New York to help plug the American publication of his novel, *In Praise of Older Women.* The message in the book is what the title suggests: a woman should be glad when she reaches thirty, for she is going to become a lot more attractive, interesting, and sexy. Vizinczey arrived in Canada ten years ago when he was twenty-three, unable to speak English. When he finally was able to write a novel, that was the theme. It came to him as a result of his varied experiences with both European and Canadian females. "The North American myth that youth is wonderful, that the 'perfect' woman is eighteen years old," he snorts, "is simply a lot of hogwash."

In Praise of Older Women led the Canadian best-seller list for quite some time last year. For a while it seemed that the whole country was debating the issue of older versus younger. Vizinczey is living in Rome for a year while he writes another book. With him is his bride, a Canadian older woman.

Every day Richard Clayton commutes from the suburbs to London, where he holds down the job of Alien Property Custodian. His job is to track down the owners of the millions of pounds that got lost, strayed, or stolen during World War II.

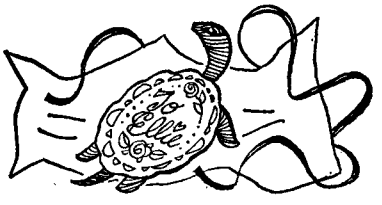
About once a year William Haggard takes a month off and hides out in a little house in the Italian hills. There he writes another spy novel and adds to his reputation as one of the most successful of such authors.

Clayton and Haggard are the same fellow. He adopted the name Haggard eight years ago when he started on this dual career, not knowing how the Civil Service would take to the idea of the Alien Property Custodian doubling as writer. A distant cousin of H. Rider Haggard, Clayton has written ten suspense novels. The last, *The Hard Sell,* is of interest here because in it the villains are Americans and the good guys are the British.

"I couldn't very well make it the other way 'round, could I?" he asks.

I am happy to report that the Americans, who do everything so well, make absolutely perfect bad guys in *The Hard Sell.*

Three writers who won't talk about their current project, because they don't want to give away the secret, are Marcia

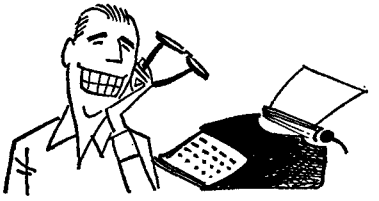


Seligson, Mort Gerberg, and Avery Corman. But these young New Yorkers are happy to discuss the little two-dollar book they produced which came out a couple of months ago and now has 70,000 copies in print. I guess it's a nonbook, really. It's called *What Ever Happened To . . ?,* "a collection of things remembered because they once were important to us."

It's a great nostalgic treat and good therapy for old-timers to be reminded of the good old days by such as, "What ever happened to wedgies, penmanship, mailing painted turtles to people, two-for-flinching, seeing somebody actually tip his hat when he meets a lady on the street, singing cowboys, etc., etc.?"

Marcia, Mort, and Avery somehow recalled things that seem to date much further back than they do. They claim it's in their genes. In any case, these hip Greenwich Villagers have come up with this sweet and charming book. And what ever happened to camp? And what ever happened to square?

The writer who really wouldn't discuss his new novel was Alan Harrington, sometimes known as the Dean of Black Humorists. He wrote *The Crystal Palace* and *The Revelations of Dr. Modesto,* two books that made him some sort of underground reputation. After several years of silence, except for some research into LSD, Harrington now has a new book, *The Secret Swinger.* It's all about



genetic fatigue and a guy who can't make it. When I told Harrington that his fans were eagerly awaiting this new one, he objected.

"You're putting me on," he declared indignantly, refusing to talk further about *The Secret Swinger.* Well, then, I ventured to ask, does he have any advice to give young writers?

"Yes," Harrington said. "Tell them to have their teeth fixed early. I waited, and then when my meager royalties began to come in, I had to have my teeth capped. It cost me thousands of dollars and it was expensive and painful."

Cornelius Ryan, who told me all about himself and *The Last Battle* (see page 30), described an experience he had as a war correspondent with the U.S. Air Force in World War II. Dublin-born Ryan wore an American uniform, but he was forever being picked up in the mess hall and interrogated by suspicious intelligence officers. Finally he learned to hold his fork in his right hand to stop calling attention to himself.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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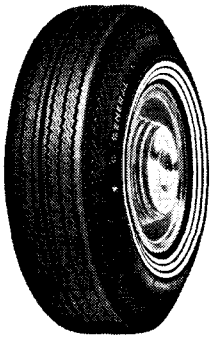

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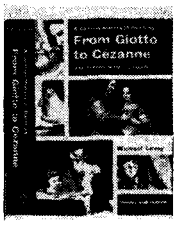

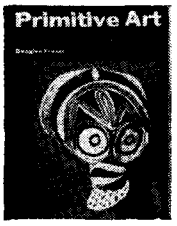

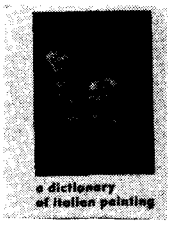

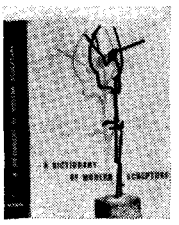

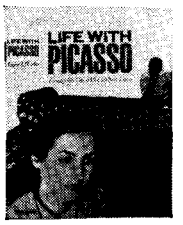

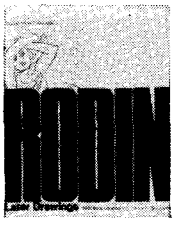

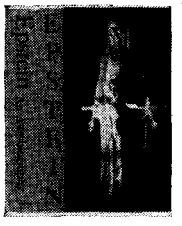

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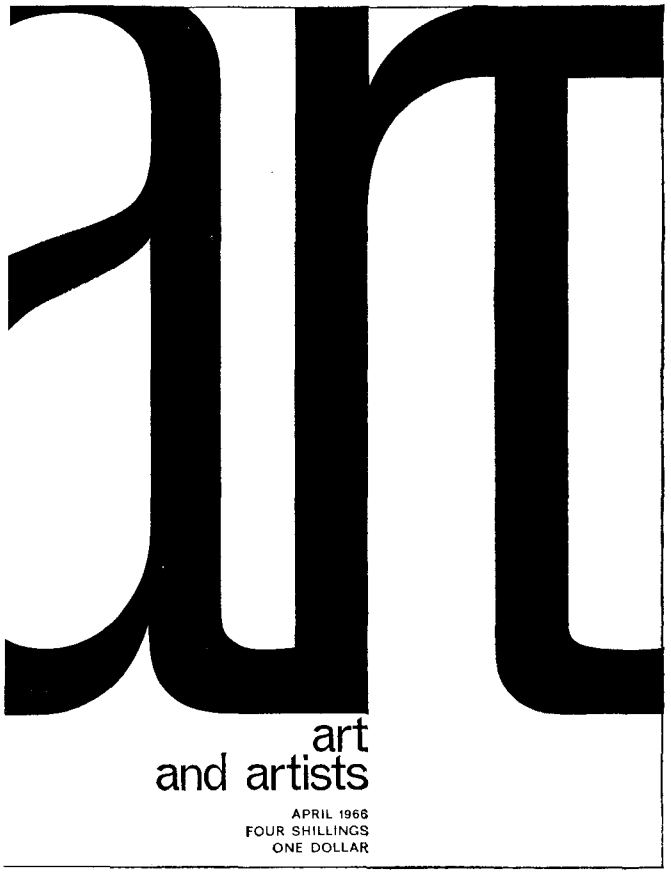

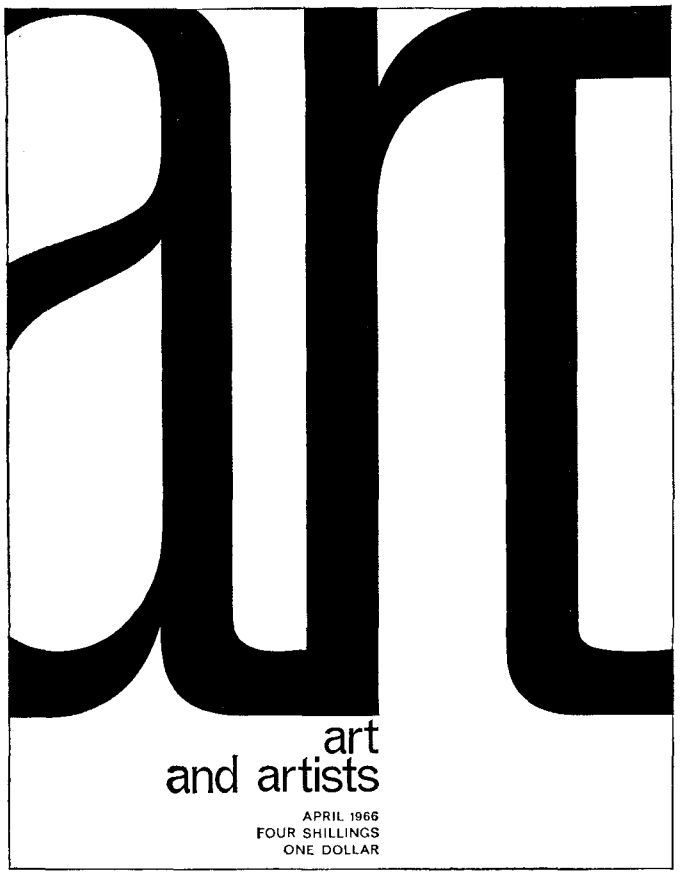

First number • April • out April 1st • 80pp • monthly • 4s $1

N THE FIRST NUMBER

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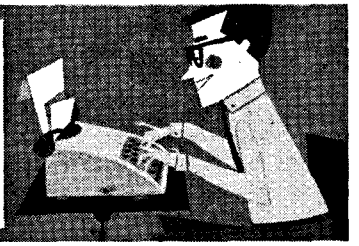
Top of My Head



For Sale

ANYONE INTERESTED in buying a half-hour TV domestic situation comedy? Let me set the scene for the first episode.

The wife spends two or three of the winter months in a hotel in Florida, while the husband commutes between the winter resort and New York. During the time that he's away his wife makes friends out of strangers whom she will never see again but whom she insists on introducing to the husband when he returns. For this outline we will call the husband Everyman and the wife Jane.

Well, Everyman, when he goes away to rest, doesn't relish meeting these new and transient friends. He has come down to relax in the sun and to acquire a tan.

"I met this woman who admires you greatly," she says. "I promised I'd introduce you to her. Be friendly. Be pleasant."

Everyman rises heavily from his lounge and, dripping from every pore with suntan emollients, drags himself over to meet this woman who admires him greatly.

"This is my husband," Jane says.

"Oh?" the woman replies. "I thought he'd be shorter."

"I'm sorry," Everyman replies. "I'll try."

As they saunter away Jane accuses Everyman of being unpleasant to her friends. This leads to dialogue you would have to hear to believe. And believe me I've heard it.

That afternoon Everyman, drowsing fitfully in the sun, is shaken out of his tan when he hears his wife suddenly shout: "Well, look who's here! Did you just come down?"

As the greetings continue across space, he opens one eye and sees a young couple at a neighboring cabana.

"It's Freddie and Sunny," Jane voce sottos. "You met them here year before last."

"Oh yes," says Everyman, lying in his teeth and closing his eyes.

"Go over and say hello to Freddie and Sunny," she says. "Be pleasant."

Everyman rises, walks over to the girl, and says "Hello, Sunny."

"I'm Freddie," the girl replies. "He's Sunny."

Everyman returns wearily to his lounge, where Jane complains that he did that deliberately to embarrass her.

"You even met her mother year before last," she says.

"And what's her mother's name—Robert?" he replies.

"Your attitude," she continues, "is not conducive to making new friends. It's not even conducive to making a good marriage relationship. I try to conduce your friends; the least you can do is try to conduce mine."

This is not dialogue in the hi-camp metier. It's hi-rage and is documented in all accuracy. Also it says a little something about one aspect of marriage with which every husband and wife may identify. And it's for sale.

But there will not be any takers. Salable television situation comedies require something more than dialogue and a point of view. Or, as one network executive put it to me recently: "If you can come up with a situation comedy that has a gimmick we'll buy it."

"What do you mean, gimmick?"

"Well, there's *My Mother the Car* where the mother dies and comes back as the voice in the car. Or there's *The Smothers Brothers* where one of the brothers comes back as an angel. Do you have an idea along those lines—with a gimmick?"

"Well, yes, I do have a gimmick," I said. "But it may seem a little too startling to you."

"Nothing's too startling for TV. What is it?"

"Well, this may be a little too unusual right now. But in my situation comedy the characters are all living."

He shook his head.

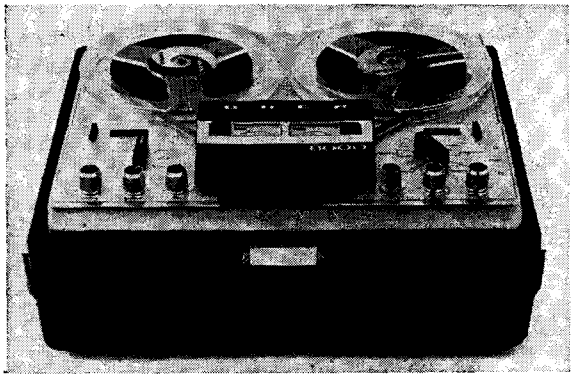
"Too far out?" I asked.

"We're looking for shows that will get a good rating," he said as we parted.

A good rating, for the uninitiated, is a rating a program gets when it has a good time spot on a network. A good time spot is a spot immediately preceding or following a program that has a good rating on a good night. A good night is what we bid television at 7:30 when we look at the high-rated Nielsen programs.

And if you're looking for a gimmick, try this one—won't it be spooky when they discover that the 1,100 people who watch television for Nielsen are the only people still watching it?

—GOODMAN ACE.



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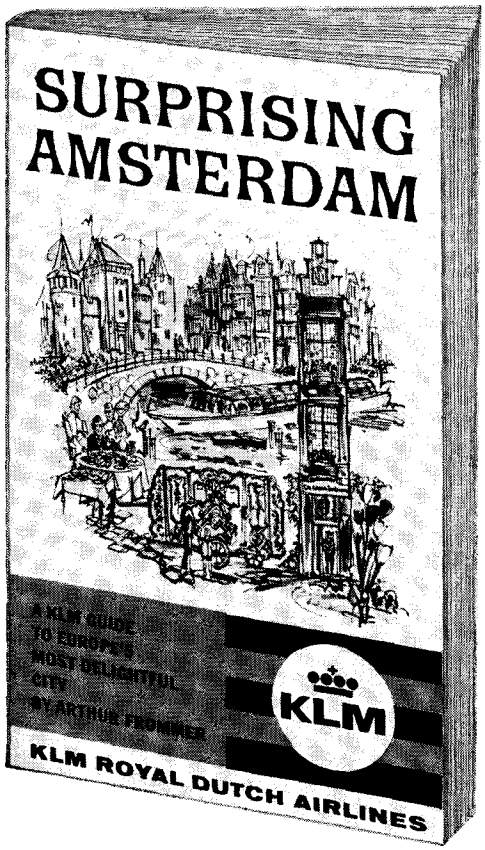

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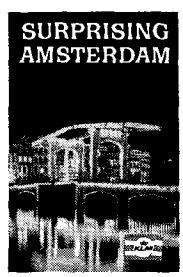

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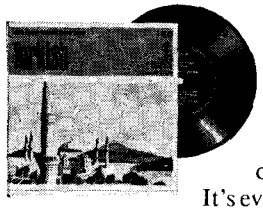

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Saturday Review
March 26, 1966

Antidotes for the New Puritanism

A clinical psychologist's outspoken view of sex and love in our culture—and the three dilemmas that produce loneliness, guilt, and alienation

By ROLLO MAY

THERE ARE several strange and interesting dilemmas in which we find ourselves with respect to sex and love in our culture. When psychoanalysis was born in Victorian times half a century ago, repression of sexual impulses, feelings, and drives was the accepted mode. It was not nice to feel sexual, one would not talk about sex in polite company, and an aura of sanctifying repulsiveness surrounded the whole topic. Freud was right in pointing out the varied neurotic symptoms to which this repression of sex gave birth.

Then, in the 1920s, a radical change occurred almost overnight. The belief became a militant conviction in liberal circles that the opposite of repression—sex education, freedom of talking, feeling, and expression—would have healthy effects, and was obviously the only stand for the enlightened person. According to Max Lerner, our society shifted from acting as though sex did not exist to placing the most emphasis on sex of any society since the Roman.

Partly as a result of this radical change, we therapists rarely get nowadays in our offices patients who exhibit repression of sex in the pre-World War I Freudian sense. In fact we find just the opposite in the people who come for help: a great deal of talk about sex, a great deal of sexual activity, practically no one complaining of any cultural prohibitions over his going to bed as often or with as many partners as he wishes.

But what our patients *do* complain of is lack of feeling and passion—so much sex and so little meaning or even fun in it! Whereas the Victorian person didn't want anyone to know that he or she had sexual feelings, now we are ashamed if we do not. Before 1910 if you called a lady "sexy," you insulted her; nowadays the lady accepts the adjective as a prized compliment. Our patients often have problems of impotence or frigidity, but they struggle desperately not to let anyone know they *don't* feel sexually. The Victorian nice man or woman was guilty if he or she did perform sexually; now we are guilty if we *don't*.

ONE dilemma, therefore, is that enlightenment has not at all solved the sexual problems in our culture. To be sure, there are important positive results of the new enlightenment, chiefly in increased freedom for the individual. And some external problems are eased—sexual knowledge can be bought in any bookstore, contraception is available almost everywhere outside Boston, and external societal anxiety has lessened. *But internalized anxiety and guilt have increased.* And in some ways these are more morbid, harder to handle, and impose a heavier burden upon the individual man and woman than external anxiety and guilt.

A second dilemma is that the new emphasis on technique in sex and love-making backfires. It often seems to me that there is an inverse relationship between the number of how-to-do-it books perused by a person, or rolling off the presses in a society, and the amount of sexual passion or even pleasure experienced by the persons involved. Nothing is wrong with technique as such, in playing golf or acting or making love. But the emphasis beyond a certain point on technique in sex makes for a mechanistic attitude toward love-making, and goes along with alienation, feelings of loneliness, and depersonalization.

The third dilemma I propose is that our highly vaunted sexual freedom has turned out to be a new form of puritanism. I define puritanism as a state of alienation from the body, separation of emotion from reason, and use of the body as a machine. These were the elements of moralistic puritanism in Victorian times; industrialism expressed these same characteristics of puritanism in economic guise. Our modern sexual attitudes have a new content, namely, full sexual expression, but in the same old puritan form – alienation from the body and feeling, and exploitation of the body as though it were a machine.

In our new puritanism bad health is equated with sin. Sin used to be "to give in to one's sexual desires"; now it is "not to have full sexual expression." A woman used to be guilty if she went to bed with a man; now she feels vaguely guilty if after a certain number of dates she still refrains. And her partner, who is always completely enlightened—or at least pretends to be—refuses to allay her guilt and does not get overtly angry at her sin of "morbid repression," her refusal to "give." This, of course, makes her "no" all the more guilt-producing for her.

All this means, of course, that people have to learn to perform sexually but at the same time not to let themselves go in passion or unseemly commitment – which latter may be interpreted as exerting an unhealthy demand on the partner. *The Victorian person sought to have love without falling into sex; the modern person seeks to have sex without falling into love.*

Recently I amused myself by drawing an impressionistic picture of the attitude of the contemporary enlightened person toward sex and love. I call it the portrait of the new sophisticate:

> The new sophisticate is not castrated by society but, like Origen, is self-

The author who is on the staff at the William Alanson White Institute of Psychiatry, Psychoanalysis, and Psychology wrote *Man's Search for Himself* and other books. This article is based on his *Love and Will*, which will be published later this year by Norton.

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castrated. Sex and the body are for him not something to be and live out, but tools to be cultivated like a TV announcer's voice. And like all genuine Puritans (very passionate men underneath) the new sophisticate does it by devoting himself passionately to the moral principle of dispersing all passion, loving everybody until love has no power left to scare anyone. He is deathly afraid of his passions unless they are kept under leash, and the theory of total expression is precisely his leash. His dogma of liberty is his repression; and his principle of full libidinal health, full sexual satisfaction, are his puritanism and amount to the same thing as his New England forefathers' denial of sex. The first Puritans repressed sex and were passionate; our new man represses passion and is sexual. Both have the purpose of holding back the body, both are ways of trying to make nature a slave. The modern man's rigid principle of full freedom is not freedom at all but a new straitjacket, in some ways as compulsive as the old. He does all this because he is afraid of his body and his compassionate roots in nature, afraid of the soil and his procreative power. He is our latter-day Baconian devoted to gaining power *over* nature, gaining knowledge in order to get more power. And you gain power over sexuality (like working the slave until all zest for revolt is squeezed out of him) precisely by the role of full expression. Sex becomes our tool like the caveman's wheel, crowbar, or adz. Sex, the new machine, the *Machina Ultima*.

It is not surprising that, confronted by these dilemmas, people become more and more concerned about the technical, mechanical aspects of the sexual act. The questions typically asked about the act of love-making are not whether there was passion or meaning or even pleasure, but how well did one perform? Even the sexologists, whose attitude is generally the more the merrier, are raising their eyebrows these days about the anxious overemphasis on achieving the orgasm and the great importance attached to "satisfying" the partner. The man makes a point of asking the woman if she "made it," or is she "all right," or uses some other such euphemism for an experience for which obviously no euphemism is possible. We men are reminded by Simone de Beauvoir and other women who try to interpret the love act to us, that this is the last thing in the world a woman wants to be asked at that moment.

I OFTEN get the impression, amid the male flexing of sexual biceps, that men are in training to become sexual athletes. But what is the great prize of the game? Now it is well known in psychotherapeutic circles that the overconcern with potency is generally a compensation for feelings of impotence. Men and women both are struggling to prove their sexual power. Another motive of the game is to overcome their own solitariness. A third motive is often the desperate endeavor to escape feelings of emptiness and the threat of apathy: they pant and quiver to find an answering quiver in someone else's body to prove their own is not dead. Out of an ancient conceit we call this love.

The struggle to find an identity is also a central motive in acting out these sexual roles—a goal present in women as well as men, as Betty Friedan in *The Feminine Mystique* made clear. The point I wish to emphasize here is the connection between this dilemma about potency and the tendency in our society for us to become machines or ledger books even in bed. A psychiatrist colleague of mine tells me that one of his patients brought in the following dream. "I was in bed with my wife. Between us was my accountant. He was going to make love to my wife. Somehow it seemed all right."

Along with the overemphasis upon mechanism there goes, understandably enough, a lessening of passion and of feeling itself, which seems to take the form of a kind of anaesthesia in people who otherwise can perfom the mechanical aspects of the sexual act very capably. This is one reason we therapists get a good number of patients these days with problems of impotence, frigidity, and simple lack of feeling in the sexual act. We psychiatrists often hear the disappointed refrain, "We made love, but it wasn't much good."

Sex is the "last frontier," David Riesman meaningfully wrote fifteen years ago in *The Lonely Crowd*. Gerald Sykes in the same vein spoke of sex as the "last green thing." It is surely true that the zest, adventure, the discovering of vast new areas of feeling and passion in one's self, the trying out of one's power to arouse feelings in others—these are indeed "frontier experiences." They are normally present as part of the psychosexual development of every individual, and the young person rightly gets a validation of himself from such experiences. Sex in our society did in fact have this power in the several recent decades since the 1920s, when almost every other activity was becoming "other-directed," jaded, emptied of zest and adventure.

BUT for various reasons—one of them being that sex had to carry by itself the weight for the validation of the personality on practically all other levels as well—the frontier freshness and newness and challenge of sex were more and more lost. We are now living in the post-Riesman age, and are experiencing the difficult implications of the "other-directed," radar behavior. The "last frontier" has become a teeming Las Vegas and no frontier at all.

Young people can no longer get a bootlegged feeling of personal identity

"Pass the word along that I am not to be referred to as the 'gray eminence.'"

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out of the sexual revolt, since there is nothing left to revolt against. A study of drug addiction among young people, published recently in the *New York Times*, reports the young people are saying that the revolt against parents and society, the "kick" of feeling their own "oats" which they used to get from sex, they now have to get from drugs. It is not surprising that for many youngsters what used to be called love-making is now so often experienced as a futile "panting palm to palm," in Aldous Huxley's predictive phrase, and that they tell us that it is hard for them to understand what the poets were talking about.

NOTHING to revolt against, did I say? Well, there is obviously one thing left to revolt against, and that is sex itself. The frontier, the establishing of identity, can be, and not infrequently is for the young people, a revolt against sexuality entirely. A modern Lysistrata in robot's dress is rumbling at the gates of our cities, or if not rumbling, at least hovering. As sex becomes more machine-like, with passion irrelevant and then even pleasure diminishing, the problem comes full circle, and we find, *mirabile dictu*, a progression from an *anaesthetic* attitude to an *antiseptic* one. Sexual contact itself then tends to be avoided. The sexual revolution comes finally back on itself not with a bang but a whimper.

This is another and surely least constructive aspect of the new puritanism: it returns, finally, to an ascetic attitude. This is said graphically in a charming limerick that seems to have sprung up on some sophisticated campus:

> The word has come down from
> the Dean,
> That with the aid of the teaching
> machine,
> King Oedipus Rex
> Could have learned about sex
> Without ever touching the Queen.

What are the sources of these dilemmas? Perhaps if we can get some idea of what went wrong, we shall rediscover values in sex and love that will have genuine relevance for our age.

The essential element, I propose, in the dilemmas we have been discussing is the *banalization of sex and love.* Does not the tendency to make sex and love banal and vapid run through our whole culture? The plethora of books on the subject have one thing in common—they oversimplify sex and love, treating the topic like a combination of learning to play tennis and buying life insurance.

I have said above, describing the modern sophisticated man's dilemmas about sex, that he castrates himself "because he is afraid of his body, afraid of his compassionate roots in nature, afraid of the soil and his procreative powers."

"It happens to a lot of people – you just made more money than you could afford."

That is to say, something much more potent is going on in sexuality than one would gather from the oversimplified books on sex and love—something that still has the power to scare people. I believe banalization serves as a defense against this anxiety.

THE widespread tendency among young people to "go steady"—premature monogamy, as it has been called—is an egregious illustration of our point. In my frequent visits to different college campuses for lectures, I have discussed this phenomenon with students, and something like the following seems to be going on. In our insecure age when all values are in flux, at least "the steady" is steady. Always having a date with the same fellow or girl on Saturday night, dancing with this same person through the entire party at college dances, always knowing this one is available, allays the anxiety of aloneness. But it also gets boring. This leads naturally enough to early sexuality: sex at least is something we can do when we run out of conversation – which happens often when the partners have not developed enough in their own right to be interesting very long to each other as persons. It is a strange fact in our society that what goes into building a relationship—the sharing of tastes, fantasies, dreams, hopes for the future and fears from the past—seems to make people more shy and vulnerable than going to bed with each other. They are more wary of the tenderness that goes with psychological and spiritual nakedness than they are of the physical nakedness in sexual intimacy.

Now substituting premature sexuality for meaningful intimate relationship relieves the young person's anxiety, but at the price of by-passing opportunity for further development. It seems that going steady, paradoxically, is related to promiscuity. I define "promiscuity" with Webster as the indiscriminate practice of sexuality whether with one person or a number: sex is indiscriminate when used in the service of security, or to fill up an emotional vacuum. But promiscuity is a lonely and alienating business. This loneliness becomes one of the pushes toward early marriage. Grasping each other in marriage gives a kind of security—a legal and social security at least – which temporarily allays loneliness, but at the price of the haunting dread of a boring marital future. *Each step in this pattern has within it the banalization of sex and love.*

Now the question rarely asked is, are not these young people—possibly wiser in their innocence than their culture in its sophistication—fleeing from some anxiety that is only too real? I propose that what scares them, like what scares our "new sophisticate," is an element in sex and love which is almost universally repressed in our culture, namely the *tragic, daimonic element.*

By "daimonic"—which I hasten to say does not refer to little "demons"—I mean the natural element within an individual, such as the erotic drive, which has the power to take over the whole person. The erotic urge pushes toward a general physiological aim, namely sexual release. But it can push the individual into all kinds of relationships without relation to the totality of his self.

But the potentially destructive effects of the daimonic are only the reverse side of the person's constructive vitality, his passion and other potentially creative

(*Continued on page* 42)

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A Worried Look at West Germany

By HENRY C. WOLFE

IN LATE AUGUST, during the West German election campaign, Franz Josef Strauss, former Defense Minister, made a speech of more than passing interest. The aggressive and ambitious head of the Christian Social Union party, which is allied with the Christian Democratic Union in the governing coalition, warned the world that if his country is denied participation in the European nuclear force, "a new Fuehrer-type" could come on stage in the Federal Republic. His words jarred all of Europe. West Germany's friends were dismayed; her enemies crowed, "We told you so!"

Because of West Germany's key geographical location, her industrial and financial power, her military strength, and —above all—her historical record, what happens in that divided nation is of prime importance to both West and East.

In the European chancelleries, where experts keep a close watch on German affairs, the Strauss warning did not, of course, call up the prospect of a Nazi revival. Few informed observers of the German scene expect that. Hitler's catastrophic failure is too fresh in German minds. What the sophisticated watchers did note in Strauss's words was another disturbing manifestation of the new nationalism that has been growing almost unnoticed behind the twin façades of West Germany's "economic miracle" and her membership in NATO. The Strauss threat could conceivably be a portent of chilling significance.

The elections, which came three weeks after Strauss flung out his challenge, brought victory to Chancellor Ludwig Erhard and his party. Germany's neighbors were somewhat reassured. During the electoral campaign, they had noted, neither former Chancellor Conrad Adenauer nor his ally, Strauss, gave Erhard more than equivocal support in their speeches and did not mention him by name. Erhard, widely regarded as a man of good will, won added respect because of the obstructive tirades of his authoritarian-minded enemies. Foreign observers were encouraged, too, by the poor showing of the neo-Nazi party which polled only 2 per cent of the vote. Even so, several aspects of the changing situation in West Germany are something less than reassuring.

Perhaps the most serious question facing the Federal Republic is the direction of its foreign policy. The Chancellor and his Foreign Minister, Gerhard Schroeder, are "Atlanticists;" Adenauer and Strauss are nationalists with a pro-French orientation. In a word, the former two would like to build stronger bridges across the Channel and the Atlantic, while the latter are interested in erecting a stronger and wider bridge across the Rhine. Adenauer and Strauss want a more adventurous foreign policy and denounce Erhard as a "rubber lion." Strauss showed their hand when he demanded a German role in the nuclear affairs of the West and made his threat regarding "a new Fuehrer-type" in Germany.

ERHARD'S weakness lies in the composition of his governing coalition. Even with the support of the Bavarian-based Strauss party, the Chancellor would have only 47.6 per cent of the Bundestag. In order to form a government he had to take in the conservative, nationalist, and anticlerical Free Democratic Party. The latter group and Strauss's largely Catholic Christian Social Union are mutually hostile. The Erhard cabinet is, accordingly, an assembly of warring individuals with differing regional, religious, and political motivations. The respected weekly *Die Zeit* of Hamburg writes that "in ruthlessness" this intra-coalition fighting "is comparable only with Renaissance feuds. . . ." This situation is not a strong political base for the "Atlanticists." Moreover, the nationalist members of the Bundestag are attempting to push Erhard into foreign-policy positions that he would otherwise eschew.

With the various local, religious, and ideological factors in mind, a leading banker in a European NATO capital recently remarked to me: "The Federal Republic of Germany is not yet a nation in the true sense. It is a powerful economic machine, a machine that someday could get out of control."

Since World War II, West Germany has gone through two distinct socio-economic-political phases and now appears to be entering a third, a more dynamic and potentially more dangerous one. The first phase was the "cigarette economy" of 1945-49, when many Germans were literally forced to scavenge through rubble heaps in their struggle to survive the chaos in the wake of the Nazi debacle. During those years German minds were occupied with the elementary problems of getting enough to eat and keeping warm enough to stay alive.

In the second phase, when Adenauer and Erhard took charge, the Germans plunged into a drive for economic revival. Erhard's able economic guidance and the fanatically hard work of the German populace produced the *Wirtschaftwunder* (economic miracle) that made West Germany the most prosperous nation in Europe. By the same token, the plenitude of new apartment houses, fast new automobiles and vacations in France and Italy created in the Federal Republic a state of euphoria that lulled the West Germans into forgetting foreign affairs.

TODAY, German politicians are aware, there is restlessness and frustration at the grass roots, a revival of nationalism, and an intensifying Germany-first sentiment. The continued partition of the country is a contributory factor. There is disillusionment with West Germany's allies and a growing conviction that internationalism has not paid off. Referring to NATO's alleged unwillingness to help bring about German reunification, the *Berliner Morgenpost* voices "annoyance with our Western allies who, despite our pleas, are not prepared to lend a hand with a new German thrust."

In many quarters there is impatience over reminders of Nazi crimes. According to a recent poll conducted by the weekly *Spiegel*, for instance, only 12 per cent of the people want the trials of war criminals continued. A heavy majority (73 per cent) want them ended. A beer hall gathering in Munich, where they sing "Germany to the Germans," an SS reunion in Schleswig that pays honor to the Nazis—these may be only isolated incidents. But when President Heinrich Luebke issues a warning that "many habits of the past are reappearing" and "alarming developments" are endangering the nation's freedom and its parliamentary democracy, it is time to pay heed.

It may not be unexpected to find Erich Mende, a cabinet member and the chairman of the Free Democratic Party, declaring: "If we are charged with bringing forth a neo-German nationalism, then I say that I am proud to be a German patriot." It is rather surprising, however, to hear the Socialist Mayor of West Berlin, Willy Brandt, telling an election-campaign audience: "We [West Germany] cannot be an economic giant and a political dwarf at the same time." It is not only that some German politicians are using the language of emer-

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Mr. Wolfe, who was recently in West Germany, wrote the pre-World War II book *The German Octopus: Hitler's Bid for World Power.*

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gent nationalism. The visitor to West Germany notices evidence of it in many places. Perhaps in earlier years of the Federal Republic there existed at bottom no real friendliness to foreigners, but at least the visitor at that time seldom experienced rudeness and only rarely hostility. Today the observer who has known West Germany right through the years since the Nazi collapse may be taken aback to come up against unmistakable unfriendliness. He may encounter it at the desk of a luxury hotel, in the attitude of railway station officials, occasionally in people—officials, even—whom he considered friends. He may travel several hours from Hamburg to Cologne in a train compartment with stony-faced men and women who rebuff even his minimal tender of civility. He is often the target of hard stares from people in restaurants and other public places. Such experiences add up to a new factor in relations between Germans and outsiders. Certainly they constitute a rasping reminder of the changing German mood.

It was Sir Winston Churchill who said the Germans would have to "work their way back" into the ranks of civilized society. Few critics would deny that they have made considerable progress in doing that. But the assumption of so many Germans, especially among the older generation, that they have reached their goal would be challenged by large segments of the population in all neighboring countries. Indeed, it is doubtful that majority sentiment in any of these nations accepts that postulate. This is an unpleasant fact that Germans should recognize, because they alone can live down the memories of the Hitler horror. And extreme nationalism is not the road along which to "work their way back."

Needless to say, nationalists are using the division of Germany to stir opposition to the moderates. The Wall is a constant irritant to the Germans. A public opinion poll conducted recently by the *Emnid Institute* of Bielefeld reported that two-thirds of West Germany's citizens hold that reunification is more important to them than European union. Both the "Atlanticists" and the nationalists want to unite the Federal Republic and the Soviet Zone. The main question at issue is the way to go about it.

Erhard and Schroeder are under the severe disadvantage of having no quick, easy, or dramatic formula for reunification. The Foreign Minister is seeking a solution that "must be brought within the scope of a settlement based on a balancing of power, and not within the scope of a confrontation of power politics." He recognizes that the "growing impatience of the German people" with the partition is finding "increasing political expression." But he counsels patience and advocates the slow course of building up the Federal Republic as a "good neighbor." He would increase trade and cultural contacts with Eastern Europe, encourage mutual understanding and "security for all."

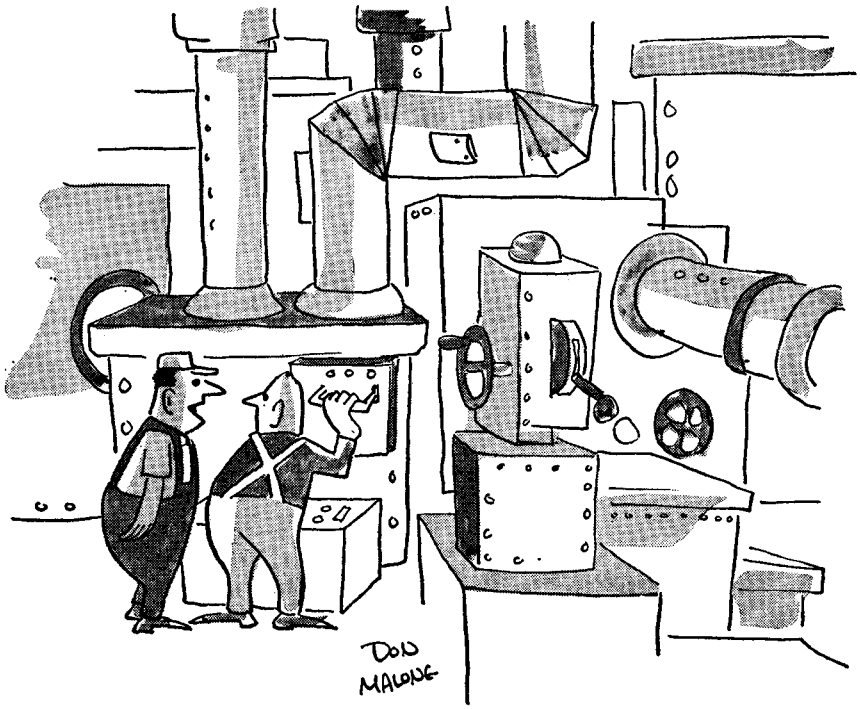
ERHARD, too, takes the long view and realizes that the prolonged, even though unjust, partition is part of the price that Germany must pay for the war that Hitler launched. In September 1965, he sent the able Dr. Karl Carstens on a mission to Moscow in an apparent effort to sound out the Kremlin leaders and explain the Erhard-Schroeder foreign policy. He is quietly trying to convince the Soviet leaders that a united Germany is more to Russia's interest than a divided, increasingly nationalistic nation. In public statements he has asserted that the German government formed after reunification would give guarantees that no threat would be forthcoming against the Soviet Union or the nations of Eastern Europe. The Erhard-Schroeder foreign policies are unspectacular; they anger the various nationalist factions that are looking for more flamboyant solutions.

"Die Frage der deutschen Ostpolitik" (the question of Germany's Eastern relations) has long been integral to German thought. It has a historic background of German-Russian contacts—economic, diplomatic, military — that have powerfully affected the destiny of both peoples. At Tauroggen, in December 1812, Napoleon's Prussian allies deserted him and made a deal with the Russians. Ten months later the combined Prussian-Russian forces inflicted a decisive defeat on Napoleon at Leipzig. Fifteen months after Tauroggen they triumphantly marched into Paris.

A half-century later, Bismarck formulated Prussian, and then German, foreign policy on the premise that friendly relations with Russia were imperative. Wilhelm II's reversal of the Iron Chancellor's Eastern policies played a major role in the Reich's defeat in World War I. At Genoa, in April, 1922, thirty-four nations held a conference in which the "outcasts," Germany and Russia, were allowed to participate. While the victors of World War I were pondering Europe's fate in Genoa, however, the German and Russian delegates slipped off to nearby Rapallo and made a pact of their own that virtually wrecked the Genoa conference. In August, 1939, Hitler and Stalin made their ominous pact of quasi-alliance, a "Second Rapallo." The Fuehrer's betrayal of the pact less than two years later, when he attacked the Soviet Union, culminated in doom for his "thousand-year Reich."

For several years now rumors have been cropping up in European chancelleries to the effect that a "Third Rapallo" is being prepared. Such a deal would be made at the expense of NATO and Germany's Eastern neighbors, Poland and Czechoslovakia. Understandably, these rumors have caused concern to the governments of the nations that would be affected. What gives a measure of justification for their concern is the history of German-Russian relations and the knowledge that certain influential individuals and groups in the Federal Republic are believed to be in favor of pulling away from the West and follow-

(*Continued on page* 48)



"You mean all we make is toothpicks?"

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What Is Owing to the Vietnamese?

THE LIFE EXPECTANCY of the average Vietnamese is about thirty years. This means that most of the people in Vietnam today have known nothing but war in their lifetimes. They were caught in the wild crossfire between the French and the Japanese during World War II. Then, with the defeat of Japan in the larger war, Nationalist Chinese troops occupied the northern half of Indochina and British troops the southern half. Meanwhile, a Vietnam guerilla army under Ho Chi Minh seized Hanoi and proclaimed a war to free the country of all outsiders.

For a time, in 1945, it appeared that Ho Chi Minh would be able to obtain American support, since the United States had proposed international trusteeship for the area once the war against the Japanese had been won. When American aid failed to materialize, Ho Chi Minh entered into a halfway-house-to-freedom agreement with the French under which Vietnam would become an independent republic inside the French Union.

Within a year, the Vietnamese were convinced that the French never intended to give them even token independence. Large-scale fighting between the Vietminh and the French spewed out of a series of episodes and lasted until the middle of 1954. By that time, French casualties were said to have exceeded 170,000. Vietnamese casualties, including civilians, were four times as high. The war created a French government crisis; Prime Minister Pierre Mendes-France arranged for a cease-fire and negotiations at Geneva in 1954.

Out of Geneva came a series of agreements, one of which was that all foreign military activities would cease in Indochina. Another provision was that the political future of North Vietnam and South Vietnam was to be resolved by free elections. South Vietnam decided not to go through with the elections. The Vietcong, aided by North Vietnam, launched a guerilla campaign of terror and assassination against the South.

THE United States, which had not participated in Geneva, established a military and political presence in South Vietnam, Laos, and Thailand. When the South Vietnam government was beset by internal difficulties, the United States turned against the government it said it was trying to save from the Communists and became a silent partner in its overthrow, according to the later testimony of the American ambassador who was there at the time. In 1965, when military disaster seemed imminent, the United States took a direct role, sending its own troops in large numbers into battle and bombing targets in both North and South Vietnam from the air.

The purpose of this brief historical recital is not to make an argument but to ask a question. What is it that the Vietnamese people have done to warrant such unremitting punishment—punishment beyond reason or imagination—over a quarter-century? Their lands have been crossed and crisscrossed by war since before most Vietnamese were born. Their crops have been trampled or burned by soldiers from a half dozen mighty nations. Their little huts have had to be built and rebuilt. And now at night there is the terror of the Communist Vietcong, and during the day there are the pitched battles and the bombing. And if their village is near a road on which military trucks travel or is on the line of march, there is the double jeopardy of having their villages chewed up by the ground fighting or blasted down by dynamite raining out of the sky.

A GENERATION ago, they built thin tunnels under their villages to protect them against the Japanese and French. They still take to their tunnels today. This makes a problem for the Americans, who often have no way of knowing whether Vietcong or innocent families are in the tunnels. We call to them to come out but they are badly frightened and do not always respond. Sometimes we use grenades or other blast-and-fire devices. When the dead bodies are hauled out we sometimes discover we have killed people whom we wish we hadn't. The difficulty from the start, in fact, has been that it is often virtually impossible to distinguish between innocent villagers and the Vietcong we are trying to hunt down. And so there have been lives lost through error. How do we go about rectifying such errors? Is it enough to charge it to the nature of war?

Our officials in the area have complained that the villagers seem to lack conviction and will favor whatever side happens to occupy their area at a given time. Why should conviction come easy after a quarter-century of random war in which many of the underlying issues have to do with the clash of interests of foreign nations? The wonder is not that the Vietnamese seem to bend with the wind but that they can bend at all.

There is a question about Vietnam more important than any of the questions now being asked. How does the rest of the world make it up to the Vietnamese whose constant and unwanted companion has been violence and terror and whose only crime has been their geography? The question applies not just to Americans or French or British or Japanese or Communist Chinese or Nationalist Chinese but to the full category of humans who have the obligation to make better sense of their world.

Whatever one's stand may be on American policy in Vietnam today, all can agree to a single proposition: The Vietnamese have a moral claim on history. How do we go about making it right with them? How do we help give them a horizon? How do we demonstrate that life is a gift and that there are wondrous things to be felt and warm hopes to come true?

If we did nothing else in our lives than to achieve this purpose, we would not be out of balance, focus, or grace.

—N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Science and Religion

CONGRATULATIONS TO Christopher Mooney for his excellent article "A Fresh Look at Man" [*SR*, Feb. 26]. It brought out clearly the true spirit of the work of Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, which attempted to provide a basis for the sorely needed reconciliation of science and religion. For science, divorced from spiritual and human values, is barbarism, while religion, aloof from mankind's material progress, is sterile. Pope John, especially through *Pacem in Terris*, approached this problem from the religious and humanitarian side. Teilhard, on the other hand, came to this difficult question from the scientific viewpoint. These two men are thus complementary, and a knowledge of the work of both is essential for a proper understanding of man's role today as "the axis and leading shoot of evolution." Once again *SR* is to be lauded for providing its readers with this knowledge.

SPENCER STOPA,
Mount Angel Major Seminary.
St. Benedict, Ore.

THE ARTICLE ON Teilhard de Chardin is very enlightening indeed. During the Inquisition both he and Father Mooney would have been burned alive as heretics for their statements. Clearly the world does move. . . .

But the quotation "Teilhard went further than anyone else in dedicating himself to the task of finding positive evidence of agreement between science and religion" just is not so. Mary Baker Eddy preceded him by half a century, as a reading of her books will show.

FLORENCE EATON.
Evanston, Ill.

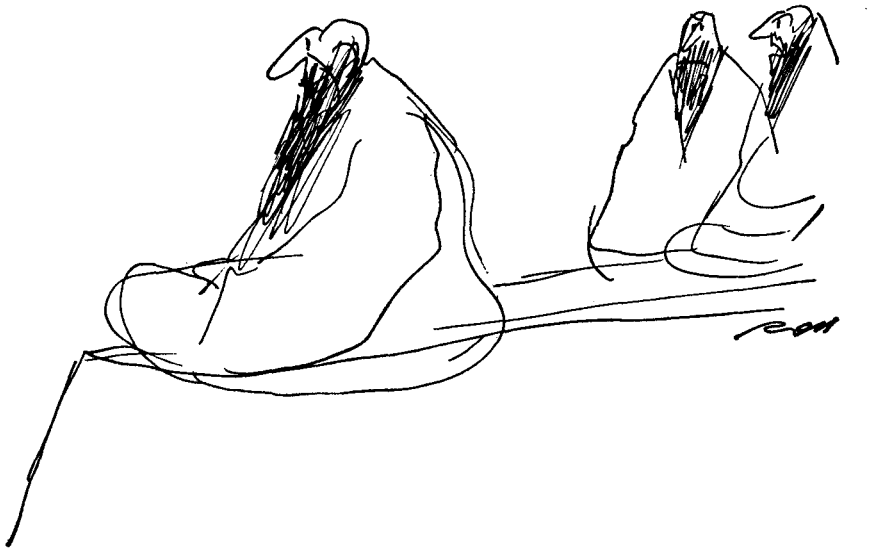
I BELIEVE MANY PEOPLE of liberal religious faith welcome any new approach to truth, from any source, but to say that Teilhard did more to find evidence of agreement between science and religion than anyone else is to ignore completely the investigation of the Unitarians and other liberal religious movements, and of many other scientists as well. . . .

EMILIE V. WIGGINS.
Washington, D.C.

When Work Is Done

PROFESSOR HEILBRONER is much too optimistic in his article "No Room at the Bottom" [*SR*, Feb. 19]. Assuming that we are not destroyed by thermonuclear or population explosions, in the very near future we will be faced with an unprecedented situation in which 1) there is economic plenty for all, and 2) there is no meaningful work for a large portion of our population.

Attempts to train everyone for a useful job are doomed to failure. Highly capable individuals should derive great satisfaction from their indispensability, but less capable ones will not be able to compete successfully with machines.



"Why does he have the number one spot? Because he gets up early, that's why."

Those whom the technological revolution has made useless must go through a value revolution. The age-old, bone-deep "Protestant ethic," which says that one's importance and worth are directly related to his contribution, must be changed if those who cannot contribute are to have self-respect. I do not know how this can be done.

HENRY L. ADAMS,
Western Washington State College.
Bellingham, Wash.

ONE STATEMENT in "No Room at the Bottom" leads me to my typewriter. You see, I am one of those part-time steno-secretaries who did not take the job for laughs (pleasant environment, coffee breaks) but to fill out an otherwise inadequate income. I work approximately twenty-two hours a week and am paid a little over $2 an hour. I pay social security and taxes of about $8 a month. Therefore your statement "If she works less than thirty-five hours a week, Social Security taxes do not apply" leads me to ask who is in error—you or the bookkeeper of the firm I work for?

JANE WEINTRAUB.
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Heilbroner replies: "I have been cudgeling my brains to discover how that cockeyed statement ever got into my piece. Of course Mrs. Weintraub is right. Social Security taxes do apply."*

Justice and the Poor

I READ WITH keen interest the article "Justice in the Courtroom—Can the Poor Get It?" [*SR*, Jan. 29]. I am chairman of the Section on Litigation of the Committee on Post-Admission, Legal Education, of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, and have been asked to develop a program for the defense of the indigent.

Your impressive article was hence both timely and welcome because it is my opinion that only through a public defender system can adequate representation be achieved for the indigent accused of crime. . . .

SAMUEL GOTTLIEB.
New York, N.Y.

Barriers That Aren't

RICHARD L. TOBIN'S excellent editorial "Not According to the Appearance" [*SR*, Feb. 26] suggests that human beings can often overcome severe limitations, either environmental or man made. It also tells us that a great deal more can be done for the mentally retarded in our society.

WILLIAM A. FRAENKEL,
Executive Director,
Association for the
Help of Retarded Children.
New York, N.Y.

Policies and Protests

THE SUGGESTION OF "giving the doves a break" by Robert Lewis Shayon [*SR*, Mar. 5] is an excellent one. My appreciation is based on the fact that normal channels for discussion of our policy in Vietnam are not open. In response to letters asking questions or presenting a point of view, the State Department sends out a printed brochure on its most recent "facts" about Vietnam, the White House forwards the letters to the State Department, and Congressmen reply "Thanks but I disagree," or "I am forwarding your remarks to the State Department." There is little or no serious consideration of one's questions or comments.

Following Mr. Shayon's suggestion, the news media can open new channels for communication . . . and can thus do much to broaden our perspectives where protest and dissent are concerned.

JANE C. MELENEY.
New York, N.Y.

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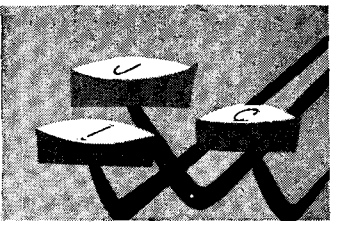
Manner of Speaking



Iowa: The Painter Case: The recent ruling of the Iowa Supreme Court in awarding custody of seven-year-old Mark Painter to his maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Bannister of Ames, Iowa, against the claim of the boy's father, Mr. Harold Painter of Sausalito, California, received wide coverage in the national press. I had not, however, seen the full text of the court's ruling until Mr. Paul Kratoska of Ames clipped it from the Des Moines *Register* for February 11, 1966, and sent it to me. My thanks to Mr. Kratoska. In common with him, I find it an appalling document.

Mark's mother and younger sister were killed in an automobile accident on the West Coast in December of 1962. In July of 1963 the Bannister's went to the West Coast and took Mark back to the farm with them. In 1964 Mr. Painter remarried, acquired a house, decorated a room for Mark with particular care, and asked to have his son back. The Bannisters refused to surrender the boy, and the court action that began with their refusal culminated in the court's ruling against the father's claim, a ruling set forth in such ridiculous terms that it might serve as a lampoon of justice for a Gilbert and Sullivan chorus, were not the issue so solemn.

Is there a simpler legal principle than the right of parents to the custody of their minor children? That right can, of course, be set aside if the parent can be shown to be incompetent, or if substantial evidence indicates that the child might be damaged by being left in the parent's custody. To take a son from his father without a solid demonstration of the parent's incompetence or of the damage the child might suffer, is a crime that subverts all custom.

Dante put Bertrand de Born deep in Hell for dividing father from son. Bertrand's punishment is an endless Promethean cycle of having his head hacked from his body, that bloody division symbolizing over and over again the evil of dividing what is joined by blood ties.

The court, let it be noted, did have the vestigial decency to feel troubled by its violation of first principles. In our new social fetishism, however, it managed to come up with an expiator-in-residence, one Dr. Glenn P. Hawkes, child psychologist, on whose testimony the court placed "a great deal of reliance." Dr. Hawkes had spent twenty-five hours interviewing the boy, and his findings ran to seventy pages of expert testimony, the gist of which is that Mark had forgotten his father in the time he had lived with the Bannisters, and that he had adopted Mr. Bannister as his true "father image." Dr. Hawkes concluded, therefore, that the Bannisters were the right custodians of Mark's emotional security.

Dr. Hawkes is fluent in the jargon of the new exorcism and the court seems devoutly willing to accept as real all the demons he rises to banish. At no point in the ruling, however, do I find any question concerning the custodial fitness of grandparents who allow a small boy to forget his father so completely.

Did the Bannisters ever mention Dad? Did they keep a picture of him in Mark's room? Did they read him Dad's letters? Or, if no letters came, did they read him imaginary letters with the charitable thought of keeping his father alive for him? Did they, in truly devoted affection, support the boy's sense of his father's identity? Or did they do all they could to obliterate the father's memory? Did they, perhaps, have their own motives in seeking to obliterate the memory of the father? The ruling cites the fact that Mr. Painter, at his wife's death, came into possession of $4,300 which he ran through in the next two years. It also mentions that most of that sum "was a gift from her parents." This last piece of information might reasonably be suspected as having been provided by her parents, and it might reasonably suggest to a reasonable court not only that Mr. Painter is careless about money, but that his in-laws might feel some cause for resentment of him.

I do not imply that I know the answers to these questions. I must insist, however, that they are immediately relevant to a careful inquiry into the conduct of the Bannisters in their two years of custody, as a measure of their future merit as custodians.

The court, however, had other things on its mind. Its public conscience having received the clinical absolution of one fetishism, the court proceeded to its own totems:

> The Bannister home provides Mark with a stable, dependable, middle class, middlewest background and an opportunity for a college education and profession, if he desires it. It provides a solid foundation and secure atmosphere.

Nor has the catalogue of the yokel virtues been completed. Further to gild Mark's heritage of hayseed, the court takes pains to point out that:

> His mother was born, raised and educated in rural Iowa. Her parents are college graduates. Her father is agricultural information editor for the Iowa State University Extension Service.

What a Pantheon! It seems not to have occurred to the court that Mark's mother lost little time in marrying as far away as possible from this range of clod-godliness, and that her decision is also part of Mark's heritage. It would not be Iowan for the court to consider such matters.

The court is more evidently concerned with the fact that Mr. Painter has run through many unusual and non-barnyard jobs (always managing to get another), that he reads Zen, that he is not affiliated with any established church, and that he went so far from the route of the corn borers as to support the American Civil Liberties Union, thereby incurring difficulties "in a job at the University of Washington." The court even takes note of the fact that, for esthetic reasons, Mr. Painter prefers weathered unpainted wood on the outside of his house. Clearly the court takes a dim view of Mr. Painter as any solid man's son-in-law, and, Heaven knows, I might take the same dim view of him. The issue is not, however, a question of

(*Continued on page* 44)

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Books

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LITERARY HORIZONS

In Pursuit of a Snake Named Death

I HAVE seldom read a first novel that had such sustained lyric power as Reynolds Price's *A Long and Happy Life* (*SR*, Mar. 10, 1962): not pretty, pseudo-poetic prose but a vigorous, joyful outburst of song. In his second novel, *A Generous Man* (Atheneum, $4.95), Price displays the same gift, but he employs it in a more varied fashion. The first novel was a love story, simple and poignant; this describes the complicated experiences that contribute to a young man's coming-of-age.

The young man—a mere boy in age, fifteen—is Milo Mustian, the older brother of Rosacoke, heroine of *A Long and Happy Life*. The time is several years before that of the first novel and Rosacoke is only eleven, but she already shows something of the capacity for love that is to distinguish her later life. Milo, quite a different sort of person, is a cocky youth, and never cockier than on the morning with which the novel opens. At breakfast he gives his family—mother, grandfather, brother, and two sisters—a bawdy account of the previous night's adventures at the county fair, but he does not tell them—though Rosacoke guesses it—that for the first time he has had a woman.

Emma, Mrs. Mustian, has other matters on her mind, for her second son, Rato, who is less than bright, is in despair over the sickness of his dog, Phillip. So the whole family climbs into a truck, and proceeds to the nearest town to visit the veterinarian, who proves to be an unhappy clown. Milo encounters Lois, his girl of the night before, and the Mustians take her back to the fairground, where she helps her aunt with a snake show, of which the feature is a twenty-foot python named Death. The dog, at least partly recovered, takes off after Death, and Rato pursues them both; though Milo and others do their best, snake, dog, and boy vanish.

The next day a posse is organized under the direction of Sheriff Rooster Pomeroy, a philosophical and loquacious man who has made the mistake of marrying a young wife. The gathering of the posse is a little like the gathering of the searching party in Eudora Welty's "The Wide Net"—partly serious, but mostly a lark. A still figures in the story, and Milo gets drunk for the first time in his life. (Drunk, he tells the members of the party what is quite true—that they are relishing the chance to get away from their wives and talk man talk and aren't really concerned with the boy, the dog, and the snake.)

From this point on, the novel drives further and further away from plausibility. There have been references to a mysterious man named Tommy Ryden, related to the Mustians, who is supposed to have been killed in the Pacific. The sheriff's young wife, identifying Milo with this Tommy, whom she once loved, gives the boy abundant opportunity to practice what he has so recently learned. Then Tommy reappears, and so does the python, and the python nearly kills Milo. Tommy turns out to be Lois's father, and her supposed aunt is really her mother, and Lois inherits a small fortune. And after a while things are straightened out.

Whatever may be going on, the dialogue is a joy. At the outset Rosacoke has gone to Milo's room on her mother's instructions to tell him he must get up.

> "I hadn't got to do nothing but die."
>
> "And you may have to do that shortly," she said, "lying there naked in early October. Where do you think you are?—Africa?"
>
> "I was near enough to Africa late last night." He buried his dark head entirely in pillows (skin dark from sun, hair gold as crowns).
>
> "I knew it when I saw you walking off that porch. I read it on your back as clear as light—Going To The Fair. Well, if the Warren County Fair is your idea of Africa, I pity the natives."
>
> "I'm just talking about that snake."
>
> "What snake?" she said.
>
> Emma called up to her, "Is he wake yet, Rosa?"
>
> Rosa ran to the railing. "Wake and buck-naked. Slept buck-naked on October eighth."
>
> "Naked? You come straight down here then. You're too old for that."
>
> "I'm not but eleven and he's lying on his stomach."
>
> Emma didn't answer. She said, "Get him dressed" and went back to Baby Sister's oatmeal.

There are many conversations as amusing and as pointed as this, and many descriptive and narrative passages that fill the reader with admiration for the acuteness of Price's eye and the precision of his language. But there are other matters about which the reader may have doubts. Is not Milo too precocious, if not in what he does, then certainly in some of the things he says? Aren't the coincidences at the end excessive? Are we to believe that Lois can read palms with absolute accuracy?

The only possible answer to all these questions is that the novel is not intended to be realistic but is a kind of fable about youth and love. As such, it is to be judged in terms of the author's

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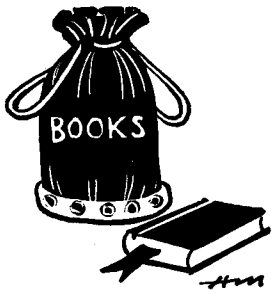
insights into his characters, and it is here that Price is most impressive. There is the relationship between Rosacoke and Milo, with Rosa's painful realization that her brother has grown away from her. There is the subtle relationship between Milo and Sheriff Pomeroy. There is the effect that Tommy Ryden has had on the women in his life. Most important, there is the maturing of Milo in these three or four crucial days, his learning about not only sex but also love, about giving as well as taking.

If Price makes Milo precocious, it may be because he wants to suggest the potentialities of youth. Towards the end Milo talks to Lois of two possibilities before him: he might become a tobacco farmer like his father and grandfather, marry some local girl, "and be whipped



dry, dead but can't lie down for sixty more years"; or he might perform some great, if undefined, mission in the world. We know that he will follow the first path, but Price makes us believe that there are seeds of greatness in him. The novel is rich, original, and profound.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1181

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1181 will be found in the next issue.

W EYHZQ JOSBAJ BONA XAF ODG

EBC W BONA FY DSOSHA SBOF

EBC W BONA YFA.

—UOSY

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1180

Man is the only animal that blushes. Or needs to. —Mark Twain.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Mother Oswald

I was disappointed that the editors of *SR* find Jean Stafford's *A Mother in History* worthy of the lead-off spot in Literary Horizons [*SR*, Mar. 5]. It is hard to determine which is worse—Miss Stafford's book, Mr. Granville Hicks's lengthy article on the same, or Miss Stafford's decision to do the book in the first place. . . .

I fear Miss Stafford has succumbed to Mrs. Marguerite Oswald's commercial suggestion that they "collaborate . . . and make a lot of money." If this book is a sample of what they have to offer, I sincerely hope they both fail.

Virginia B. De Forge.

New York, N.Y.

Granville Hicks writes of Mrs. Oswald (and of how many others!): "Such women, if you don't listen carefully to what they are saying, seem to be making sense, and if you do listen carefully and point out their inconsistencies, they pay no attention to you."

I hope I will never forget that wise and thoughtful sentence; I have heard poorer thoughts, expressed at great length, described as sermons.

Fred E. Galbraith, Jr.

Arlington, Va.

That Mrs. Oswald is a sturdy, egocentric personality given to random outbursts and propositions came as no surprise. . . . Like Mr. Hicks, I have met numerous women with traits such as these and I agree with his tolerant attitude towards them. That he does not pursue this understanding further and see that Miss Stafford's account is verbally abusive and lacking in insight or any grain of compassion for its subject is disappointing. That the aforementioned flaws should appear in a work by Miss Stafford comes as something of a shock. . . .

Perhaps some other author will be as disturbed as I was by [Miss Stafford's] patronizing portrait of Mrs. Oswald and be moved to write a definitive study of her life as an important peripheral work to the most shocking event of our times.

Fred Lawrence Guiles.

New York, N.Y.

Mrs. Oswald was not a Dallas mother in history; she resides in neighboring Fort Worth. . . . Dallas had Lee Harvey as a temporary guest; don't give us his mother.

Lonnie Sears.

Dallas, Tex.

Case for Capital Punishment

As a lawyer, I would like to make the following points in reply to Ned Rorem's letter [*SR*, Mar. 5] concerning *In Cold Blood*:

It is extremely doubtful that fifty thousand dollars—or any other sum—would have saved Smith and Hickock from execution. The statement to which Mr. Rorem refers was made, as I remember it, by one of the killers. The fact that Mr. Capote reports the statement does not, as Mr. Rorem seems to conclude, make the statement factual. . . .

I think Mr. Rorem must be projecting when he says that Capote "presented [a] good case against capital punishment." Capote succeeded admirably in presenting the facts (in so far as facts can ever be known) and the facts alone. His book is not a polemic, and Mr. Rorem misconceives it entirely when he imagines that it presents a case for or against capital punishment.

My personal reaction to the book was that it could easily be taken as a strong factual justification *for* capital punishment (though I do not suggest that Capote intended or "presented" this conclusion).

While I am inclined to think that there is something seriously wrong with persons who commit acts of the sort for which Smith and Hickock were convicted, there is, so far as I know, no "treatment" for the disorder, which is poorly understood. This being the case, the only conceivable reason for keeping such individuals alive would be for scientific study. They are obviously dangerous, since they have no regard for the lives of others, and custody is expensive. . . .

Felix Cayo.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Tolkien's Next Epic

Those who found the three volumes of *The Lord of the Rings* not long enough, even with *The Hobbit* and *Farmer Giles of Ham* and *The Adventures of Tom Bombadil* added to them, will be glad to learn that Professor Tolkien has been at work for some years on another epic, *The Silmarillion*, which takes up the history of the times preceding those outlined in the present trilogy. I understand this is to be published "in the distant future." . . . And his slim little volume, *Tree and Leaf*, is well worth reading for his interesting views on fairy tales and fantasy.

Mrs. Glenn S. Mallison.

Watertown, N.Y.

Two Errors

We were very pleased to find a review of *Harlem: The Making of a Ghetto*, by Gilbert Osofsky, in *SR* Feb. 12. There were, however, two errors. . . . The author's name is spelled Osofsky but it appears as Osopsky, throughout. And we were a bit confused by the brief summary at the beginning of the review. The book covers the period from 1890 to 1930, not 1906-26.

Jeannette Hopkins,
Harper & Row.

New York, N.Y.

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The European Literary Scene

The seven-year sentence meted out to Andrei Sinyavsky ("Abram Tertz") by a Moscow court has not only provoked the expected condemnations in the European literary journals, but has whetted everyone's appetite for a sample of Sinyavsky's forbidden fruit. *La Fiera letteraria* published his unedited essay on Pasternak, *Die Zeit* printed a bouquet of his aphorisms, and *Le Figaro littéraire* extracted passages from his satirical novel *Liubimov, Beloved Town.* Perhaps, like these and other journals, SR should offer a snatch from this last work, which is costing Sinyavsky seven years of his life. Let us take his passage on Russian highways:

> Certain pernicious critics belittle Russian roads. They try to point out that in spring and fall these are merely liquid quagmires and that even heavy vehicles submerge in them like worms. Let us, however, leaf through the pages of our history. We discover therefrom that this bitter ooze of the highways has more than once saved Russia from invasions: French, German, and Polish, all of them by hordes who, under the leadership of their Bonapartes, have sunk into the Russian soil. One may suppose that with time many others will be sucked down with them.

Italo Calvino, storyteller, novelist, and disciple of the late Cesare Pavese, has hit the best-seller rank with a curious collection of fourteen fictions, published by Einaudi under the title *Le Cosmocomiche* (Cosmo-comic Tales). The principal narrator of these reminiscences is a disembodied voice with the radiophonic name of Qfwfq. Whether he is man or mollusk we never learn. Qfwfq is as old as the earth itself, having witnessed all of history and prehistory. Each piece is prefaced by the summary of some scientific or pseudoscientific theory. Galaxies, dinosaurs, solar systems, and geological ages—at the slightest pretext Qfwfq will come forward to relate how he, too, was there. Perhaps this best-seller was prompted by the fine Italian instinct for vendetta. In 1963, after Calvino published his *Giornata di uno scrutatore* (Day of a Researcher), the critic Angelo Guglielmi reproached him for adopting a realism that would win higher sales for his books. This curious work, classifiable somewhere between *fantascienza* (science fiction) and the anti-novel, is Calvino's stunning answer. All this while Alberto Moravia was off lecturing at the universities of Paris and Rennes on "The Death of the Traditional Novel."

For two centuries such Marivaux scholars as Marcel Arland have been uneasily aware that four lost plays by this gracious eighteenth-century dramatist might be lurking in some dusty escritoire. Mme. Sylvie Chevalley, librarian of the Comédie Française, has just turned up one of the four. It is *La Commère* (The Gossip), a one-act comedy which Marivaux wrote for the Théâtre Italien. While it will never steal any limelight from his 1730 masterpiece, *Le Jeu de l'amour et du hasard* (The Game of Love and Chance), it has some of the pleasant badinage (*marivaudage*) so admired by literary antiquarians. Marivaux lifted the plot from his own picaresque novel, *Le Paysan parvenu* (The Upstart Peasant). A spinster of more than fifty, Mlle. Habert, is smitten with the peasant lad Jacob, offering him an assumed identity as her cousin and the elegant name of M. de la Vallée. When this nineteen-year-old Felix Krull agrees to marry her for money and position, the plan is frustrated by the "gossip," Mme. Alain, just as the marriage contract is about to be signed. As in *The Game of Love and Chance,* the point is made that whereas disparity of age need not impede such a match, inequality of station must do so. "All the objections arise from the fact that M. de la Vallée is a minor without personal fortune," cries Mlle. Habert as she sees her marital dreams crumbling. When the scheming bumpkin Jacob declaims against class distinctions ("He calls me a peasant, but my father died the best churchwarden in the region") he is scarcely convincing, since Marivaux himself was never convinced. Rousseau and Beaumarchais could mouth such egalitarian nonsense, but Marivaux had cast his lot with the leisured classes.

—*Wide World.*

(L.) Andrei Sinyavsky ("Abram Tertz") with his lawyer—expected condemnations and a bouquet of aphorisms.

German playwrights become increasingly committed to politics. To the anti-Nazi plays by Peter Weiss and Heinar Kipphardt mentioned here in January one should add new dramas by Wolfgang Graetz, Günther Weisenborn, and Hans Kirst on the plot to assassinate Hitler. Piscator himself, still active, is staging in Berlin Kirst's play *Aufstand* (Rebellion), as he did Weiss's *Investigation.* It is now established that last year's greatest hit in West Germany (over Schiller and Albee) was Kipphardt's "living theater" showpiece *Oppenheimer,* which played in twenty-seven theaters for 540 performances. Another committed drama opened in Wuppertal, the Hungarian Julius Hay's *Gaspar Varro's Right,* the hero of which is a pig-keeper in an agricultural collective. When an epidemic wipes out the pigs, the bureaucratic farm officials who are actually at fault let the swineherd take the rap and be sentenced to eight years of imprisonment.

The awaited three-hour play by Günter Grass on Bertolt Brecht and the East Berlin Riots of June 17 has now been produced in Berlin's Schillertheater. Originally called *Coriolanus* (EUROPEAN LITERARY SCENE, Jan. 30, 1965), this confusing play is now entitled *Die Plebejer proben den Aufstand* (The Proletarians Rehearse the Revolt). Although it generated as much excitement on the stage as Peter Weiss's *Marat/de Sade* (to which Dieter Hildebrandt and other critics liken it), its reception was somewhat hostile. Friedrich Luft in *Die Welt* finds the promising materials handled artificially and abstractly to the point of boredom. In reviewing this play for *Die Zeit,* Marcel Reich-Ranicki makes what is an increasingly obvious comment on the German theater: "Whether we collaborate directly or merely wish to look on or take a side-glance; whether we play roles, are supernumeraries, or consider ourselves mere prompters, politics is our destiny. Nowadays we don't have to remind the German dramatists of this: Peter Weiss, Walser and Hacks, Hochhuth and Kipphardt, Lenz and Michelsen—they all accept the stage as a moral-political institution. Power and the individual—so runs their theme."

—ROBERT J. CLEMENTS.

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The Red Tape Road to Berlin

The Last Battle, *by Cornelius Ryan (Simon & Schuster. 571 pp. $7.50), recreates, largely through eyewitness accounts, the last twenty-one days of the "Thousand-Year Reich." Writer-broadcaster David Schoenbrun was a combat correspondent with the spearheading U.S. Ninth Army. His latest book is "The Three Lives of Charles de Gaulle."*

By DAVID SCHOENBRUN

HITLER once said that he would wring Britain's neck like a chicken's. Churchill squared his massive shoulders and snorted in reply, "Some chicken! Some neck!" And he then went about plans to wring Hitler's neck. His day seemed near early in April 1945, when five powerful army groups closed in around the throat of Berlin: Field Marshal Montgomery's Twenty-First Army group, the thick thumb of the attack in the north, pointed at Wittenberge on the Elbe; General Omar Bradley's Twelfth Army group, four field armies strong, comprising close to one million men—the greatest number of American soldiers ever commanded by a single general—a massive pincer finger, curving out of Montgomery's thumb to the west and south of Berlin, pointing right at the main artery from Magdeburg to Potsdam; and then the three crushing fingers of Soviet steel—Koniev's First Ukrainian, reaching for the jugular vein at Zossen; Zhukov's First Belorussian, the key ring finger, nearest to Berlin, with a bridgehead across the Oder at Küstrin, less than forty miles from the victim; finally, on the northeast, opposite Montgomery's Anglo-Canadians, Rokossovskii's Second Belorussian, the big little finger of the Russian grip around Berlin. The pincer represented an incredible total of some three million combat-toughened, heavily armed soldiers lusting for revenge and victory. The neck would be wrung slowly, agonizingly, bloodily, in twenty-one days of a death-struggle, a Götterdämmerung appropriate to the destruction of the Hitlerian régime and to a city that had sold its soul to the devil.

—*Camera Press-Pix.*

The Soviet banner over the Reichstag — "the war's main prize."

But Churchill's two field armies, along with America's four, were halted at the Elbe, not by the Germans, through whose crumbling defenses they had raced at a pace of twenty miles a day in April, but by their own determination to let the Russians take what Eisenhower had once called "clearly the war's main prize." The decision, one of the most fateful in history, the consequences of which still press heavily on the European balance of forces, was, ironically, not really made at all; it just happened, as a result of a much earlier decision by an official so minor that his name is lost to history.

The entire chain of events is masterfully reconstructed by Cornelius Ryan in *The Last Battle*, a worthy sequel to his justly famed *The Longest Day*. In this latest book we find all of Mr. Ryan's professional skills: the sure control over the minutiae of war; the broad strokes with which he deftly depicts a continental battlefield; the journalist's eye for the human-interest vignette; the simple but startling insights into the lunacy and glory of war.

Of all the insights the most interesting and instructive is the story of the minor British official who took the first, unimportant decision from which all else eventually flowed, a decision that cheated Churchill of his chance to wring the Nazi neck. As Ryan tells it, the incident grew out of an earlier realization by the Allied chiefs of government that they would have to prepare a plan for the occupation of Berlin by their respective national forces. The plan was drawn up for the Anglo-Americans by Britain's Lieutenant General Frederick E. Morgan. When finished it was called "Operation Rankin" and contained three alternatives, depending on what circumstances would prevail.

Basically, General Morgan had taken a map of Germany and, using his pencil like a knife, cut it up into three equal wedges, assigning one slice to each of the main Allies – Britain, the United States, and the USSR. No piece of pie was provided at the time for the French. That came later. After performing his Solomon-like division of the spoils mathematically, Morgan realized as he looked at the map that mathematics had put Berlin far inside the Soviet slice of Germany.

"Were we to continue to regard the place as a capital . . . at all?" he wondered. "The internationality of the operation suggested that occupation of Berlin or any other capital, were there to be one, should be in equal tripartite force, by a division each of the United States, British, and Russian troops."

Without any clear instructions from his political chiefs, the general pondered on this problem. It suddenly struck him that the north-south relationship of the British and American zones had "been predetermined by one seemingly ridiculous but relevant fact: the location of the British and American bases and depots back in England. From the time the first American troops arrived in the United Kingdom they had been quartered first in Northern Ireland and later in the south and southwest of England. British forces were situated in the north and southeast. Thus the concentration of troops, their supplies and communications were separate—the Americans always on the right, the British on the left facing the continent of Europe." Morgan said later: "I do not believe that anyone at the time could have realized the full and ultimate implications of the quartering decision—which in all probability was made by some minor official in the War Office. But from it flowed all the rest."

Roosevelt saw the implications when he examined Morgan's Plan Rankin C. "I do not like that arrangement," he told his military advisers. FDR wanted American armies in northwest not southwest Germany. He demanded access to the ports of Bremen and Hamburg on the mainline to Berlin. "We should go as far as Berlin," he said. "The U.S. should have Berlin." Then he added: "The Soviets can take the territory to the east."

But the Commander-in-Chief of one of the mightiest armies in history could not get what he wanted. All the Allied military staff men, including Roosevelt's own American advisers, formed ranks against him, explaining that it was simply too difficult, too dangerous, too costly to turn the army lines around and send the Americans through to the British sectors and vice versa, criss-crossing all the major lines of communication in the bat-

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tle zones. The unimportant decision made by the minor official, who was concerned only with finding ample barracks and adequate storage facilities in prime bases back in England, prevailed over all the power and prestige of the American President.

One step directed the next down the road that led the Russians to Berlin. The U.S. Army sat on the President's directives while the State Department was kept completely in ignorance, for the President neglected to inform State, and the Army did not feel it necessary to do so. Our negotiators conferred with the British and Russians with blindfolds on. The British kept quiet, for they wanted that northwest sector, particularly the industrial Ruhr, in their occupation zone. Able men, like Professor Philip Mosely, working for State, realized the dangers in Rankin C when they finally got to see the map. Mosely proposed that a corridor linking the western zones to Berlin be cut through the Soviet Zone. After a long wait for an answer to his proposal, he fought his way through the maze of the War Department and found the colonel who was handling the matter. He asked where the plan was. "The colonel opened a bottom drawer of his desk and said, 'It's right here.' Then he leaned back in his chair, put both feet in the drawer and said, 'It's damn well going to stay there, too.' "

There are pages upon pages of similar revelations in *The Last Battle*, as Ryan reconstructs the events that led to the Soviet capture of Berlin. He uses many well-known sources, such as the writings of Mosely, William M. Franklin, Alan Moorehead, and other historians of the period, but he also contributes to future historians his own research, including the handwritten minutes made by General George C. Marshall. The original research in *The Last Battle* would be the envy of any historian and well beyond the capability of even the best researcher. It does not discredit Mr. Ryan to report that he had the assistance of one of the largest, most skillful research teams that ever worked on a single volume of history, the research staff of the *Reader's Digest*. Mr. DeWitt Wallace is "Connie" Ryan's guardian angel. Enthusiastically embracing the idea for *The Longest Day*, Mr. Wallace offered to finance the work and the research. The same aid was provided for *The Last Battle*. It resulted in the myriad anecdotes, descriptions of life in Berlin under siege, interviews with German and Russian survivors of the battle, the accounts of rape and brutality, contrasted with the kind and generous acts on both sides—all the human drama that makes this book marvelous theater and that will surely make an exciting motion picture and another fortune for the happy author.

Ryan's personal interviews make a valuable contribution to history, notably those in the USSR with the Soviet marshals. The Russians also gave him a treasure house of documents and maps, only a fraction of which are used in this book. One hopes that Ryan will donate

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The Author: "I wish someone here would tag me with the cachet of historian," Cornelius Ryan said plaintively the other day, his Irish brogue barely perceptible. "I'm not challenging the great ones like Wheeler-Bennett or Bullock. I'm writing popular history. But it's accurate popular history, and the truth of the matter is it's the best there is. The French, British, Germans, and Russians take me seriously, but the hell of it is the Americans don't."

Ryan's beef is irrelevant. After all, *The Longest Day* is still selling enormously well in many countries, and it is read by schoolchildren, as well as by adults. *The Last Battle*, which required even more work (five years), reveals facts about the fall of Berlin that are available to the Western world solely because Ryan went to Russia, collared the Soviet marshals, and made them talk.

Ryan will write the screenplay for this book, as he did for its predecessor. What with Book-of-the-Month-Club, *Reader's Digest*, paperback, and foreign rights, Ryan stands to make a tremendous killing again. Historians usually don't.

No matter what posterity holds for him, right now "Connie" Ryan is a journalist, and his contemporaries regard him with a certain degree of awe and respect. He has carried reportage to an extreme, something that could probably only be accomplished with the resources of *Reader's Digest* behind him. (Research on each of the books cost $60,000.) Ryan admits it.

"There is nothing new in what I'm doing," he said. "It's only old-fashioned reporting." There is a little more to it than that. Ryan has adopted a diarylike style of describing a relatively brief moment in history which gives that event a you-are-there immediacy. Walter Lord first did it successfully in our time with his masterpiece on the sinking of the *Titanic*. Ryan gives Lord full credit, but he also likes to refer to Thucydides, Stendhal, and Crane as early birds in the same genre. Imitators bother him sometimes.

"A certain book about a certain European city during the war has a man on a bike pulling a handkerchief out of his pocket and wiping the sweat off his brow. Now, I maintain you can't possibly recall a moment like that twenty years later. I don't want my books to be taken as fiction, but as history—readable history."

To accomplish that aim in *The Last Battle*, Ryan accumulated in his Ridgefield, Connecticut, home and studio a dozen file cabinets with thousands of interviews, letters, maps, books, newspapers, and associated material regarding the final weeks of the siege. When you read that there was a knock on a Berliner's door March 21, you know it's literal and not fictional. When you read that a Berliner is one afternoon practicing air-raid procedure and lowering his dachshunds by rope from a balcony, you can be sure that it happened.

Ryan was born in Dublin forty-five years ago, studied music for a while, and then found himself in London, where he got a job as copy boy for Reuter's during the blitz. He then went with the London *Daily Telegraph* and flew on many bombing missions with the U. S. Air Force. Ryan wasn't in Berlin during the battle for the beleagured city; he was a correspondent for the *Telegraph* with Patton's Third Army. (Patton didn't get there, either.) After covering the hostilities in Europe from D-Day to the end, Connie Ryan headed for Tokyo, where he opened the *Telegraph* bureau and moonlighted as a stringer for *Time*. He reported the Bikini bomb tests and in 1948 came to the States as a member of *Time*'s staff. Two years later he joined *Collier's* as a writer. When that magazine folded he had an idea for a book on D-Day. Simon & Schuster took it.

"I was so unsure of it," Ryan recalled, "that the day after I handed in the finished manuscript I went down to the *Saturday Evening Post* looking for work."

Maybe he is still surprised at his success. Today Ryan appears to be a combination of humility and confidence, of Irish friendliness and loquacious worldliness. A person with practically no formal schooling, he was pleased in 1963 to receive an honorary research fellowship at the University of Manchester.

"I had no academic accolades until that came along," he remarked with a grin. "The only piece of parchment I have comes from the music school in Dublin."

Now he and his wife, Kathryn, a journalism-school graduate who has been a major factor in Ryan's success, will start on another book, the subject of which will for a while remain secret.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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this material to a university that will make it available to scholars for more careful analysis than it is accorded here. For *The Last Battle* may contribute to a revival of old myths about the "great German General Staff." Implicit in the book, as written, is a strong case for the brilliance of such professional soldiers as General Gotthard Heinrici, who is said to have worked miracles holding off the Koniev and Zhukov forces as long as he did. From the book one might infer that the collapse of the German positions was due to the meddling and stupidity of Nazis like Himmler and, above all, the madness of Hitler. *The Last Battle* could become very popular with the most retrograde elements in Germany, who could easily distort and exploit the material as it is presented. This was certainly not Ryan's intention, but it may be the outcome of his insistence upon following the methods of the Greek historian Thucydides, whom he quotes in his epigraph. Thucydides set out to record as exactly as possible the battles of the Peloponnesian War, stressing eyewitness accounts. Ryan's use of this scheme results in an exciting, fast-moving narrative; but it is one-dimensional, with little attempt to set the events into a context that goes beyond battle itself. The book would have had more value if such material had been presented not only in the style of a Thucydides but with his conceptual insights.

Politically sensitive readers may resent portions of *The Last Battle* which indicate a certain sympathy for the Berliners. Some veterans of those battles may, like this writer, raise an eyebrow and wonder what our comrade-in-arms meant when he dedicated this book to a German boy born in Berlin during the last battle who was killed on the Berlin Wall, which Ryan calls "the most tragic memorial to the Allied victory." Many Americans despise the Russians for building that wall, but it is a memorial to the failure of Communism and not a memorial to our joint victory over Nazism. A grateful reader can excuse Mr. Ryan for limiting himself in *The Last Battle* to exciting narration—avoiding analysis and conclusions—but he ought to have left it at that.

Underground to Independence

***Haganah,** by Munya M. Mardor, translated from the Hebrew by H. A. G. Schmuckler, edited by D. R. Elston (New American Library. 295 pp. $5.95), unveils the secret activities of Israel's underground army from the period of the British Mandate through the early days of independence. Hal Lehrman wrote "Israel: The Beginning and Tomorrow."*

By HAL LEHRMAN

ARAB spies throughout Islam must have perished in the cold when smuggled copies of these marvelous now-I-can-tell-nearly-all disclosures by a real-life Jewish Bondnik showed up in Cairo souks and Baghdad bazaars. And it must have shaken Arab intelligence chiefs from Alexandria to Mecca to learn exactly how, for example, Jewish skin-divers dispatched a cargo of Syria-bound armaments to the bottom of Bari harbor; and when another ship with guns for Araby managed to make it as far as mid-Mediterranean, exactly how the engines stopped and mysterious strangers swarmed aboard from an innocent fishing boat, overpowered the crew, transferred them and the weapons to two Israeli corvettes heaving by for Haifa, then sank the vessel. Prior to the book's publication, the Arabs had been officially and solemnly blaming that catastrophe (ticketed in Israeli archives under "Operation Pirate") on a Moslem agent who bought the shooting irons in Czechoslovakia but lost them, as well as his heart and his wits, to a "devil in the shape of an extremely beautiful Yugoslav woman," she having been, naturally, "a Zionist and a Communist."

Strictly speaking, Munya M. Mardor is no 007. This nice Jewish boy, who was nineteen when he reached Palestine from his native Russia in 1933 and promptly joined the Haganah underground army, considers food merely as either kosher or nonkosher, motors as just trucks, jeeps, and other contrivances to get away in, and a girl as only for marrying. Also unlike the hard-nosed James B. and imitators, Munya is a sucker for ideology and meaningful self-sacrifice. In fact, the one frailty in this otherwise trim and modest narrative is the reiterated theme (also belabored in ex-Premier David Ben-Gurion's foreword) of silent heroism in all who labored to prepare the Israeli homeland for its immediate defense and then for its survival against massive assault. The message would have been clear enough, or clearer, with just the terse account of the guile, sweat, muscle, blood, and valor invested by these unsung men and women of Haganah in their country's future.

For sheer excitement it is hard to choose between the exploits of the Mandate period, when resistance to the Arabs had to be organized despite and against British obstruction; the World War II period, when refugees had to be rescued, arms collected, and men trained without slowing the fight on Britain's side against the common Nazi foe; or the Independence period, when invasion by a mere six Arab armies in a land composed entirely of open frontiers was the single problem.

EARLY sections of the book deal mostly with adventures in plain and fancy dynamiting. In those days Mardor (now the respectable director general of Israel's Weapons Research Authority) was up to his neck in the secret doings—here blandly unveiled with a candor totally untypical of the normally super-hush Haganah—of such Hebrew-alphabetic agencies as "Phosh" and "Pom." These "field units" and "special-action units," with Mardor in various degrees of command, blew up a village headman's empty house as a warning to others against harboring Arab terrorists, blew up a slice of British pipeline to prove that the whole of Middle Eastern oil could be denied if and when necessary, blew up an armed British coast-guard vessel to weaken the blockade against illegal immigration, and even blew up a ship which the British were preparing to send, loaded with Jewish refugees, to Mauritius.

While World War II picked up speed, Mardor (rubbing underground elbows with Moshe Dayan, Haim Laskov, and others who later emerged as top generals of Israel's Defense Forces) ran in the desperate races to expand the population and to enlarge the arsenal of Palestine's vulnerable Jewish community against the impending showdown with the Arabs.

He established staging posts across the deserts for transport of Oriental Jews from remote Arab territories to Palestinian sanctuary. He arranged the spiriting into Baghdad of a radio transmitter to coordinate a self-defense system for Iraqi Jewry, which he munitioned. Through "Rekhesh," Haganah's arms-procurement branch disguised as a "Flower Growers' Association," which Mardor headed, his teams bought weapons from compliant British troops, or stole them with the poker-faced complicity of Jewish troops under British command. He set up a human bucket-chain which cleaned out, hand-over-hand, the perimeter of one Royal arms depot during an air raid, and he actually drove his larcenous trucks right into another and loaded up with supplies during a pelting rainstorm. "Rekhesh" outdid itself for *chutzpah* by operating

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as far afield as the Western Desert, carrying purchased and pilfered equipment back to Palestine in a German truck emblazoned with Afrika Korps insignia.

After peace in Europe, Mardor and comrades took "Rekhesh" across the Mediterranean. The first haul, of signal equipment and revolvers, was disguised as crates of books from Rhodes. With time off for occasional assistance to "Aliyah Beth," the underground railway from the displaced-persons camps through the still vigilant British blockade, Mardor's group started a flow of assorted armament cargoes labeled as machinery and packed into make-believe "machines" to befuddle Arab stevedores and British inspectors at Palestinian docks.

BUT the stream was only a trickle compared to the torrent needed after the United Nations voted for Palestine's partition. Mardor flew back and forth as supply sources opened in Italy and Czechoslovakia. Yugoslavia agreed to transshipment, and in demobilizing Palestine certain friendly British police and soldiers sold (or put Haganah in contact with) items that included artillery and tanks. With independence and full-scale invasion, "Rekhesh" took to the air: C-46s and Constellations from U.S. Air Force surplus were flown out of Panama by volunteer American-Jewish ex-pilots; Mardor deplaned on an emergency Tel Aviv airstrip with £30,000 in one-pound notes to pay for illegal purchases from British servicemen; "Operation Balak" (named after the son of an Old Testament character called Zippor, or "bird") flew crated Messerschmidt fighters from Czechoslovakia to repel Egyptian air raids; makeshift airfields were drafted in Corsica and near the Yugoslav Adriatic for round-the-clock cargo take-offs.

Toward the end Mardor found himself in charge of a nondescript Air Transport Command, put together from a menagerie of spare parts and lubricated by frenzy. Precursor of Israel's El Al Airlines, this operation ran bombing missions all the way to El Arish and Cairo, provisioned the isolated Negev settlements from airstrips three miles behind the Egyptian lines, and—in Mardor's single proudest moment—caparisoned a creaking DC-4 to make it look like a passenger plane complete with hostesses, fetched Israel's new President Chaim Weizmann from Switzerland, and set him down squarely at Lydda with all the pomp of color guard, passport control, and even customs officials. "It is a great privilege," Dr. Weizmann wrote across the flight report en route, "to travel for the first time in an Israeli aircraft so beautifully turned out and with such an amiable crew."

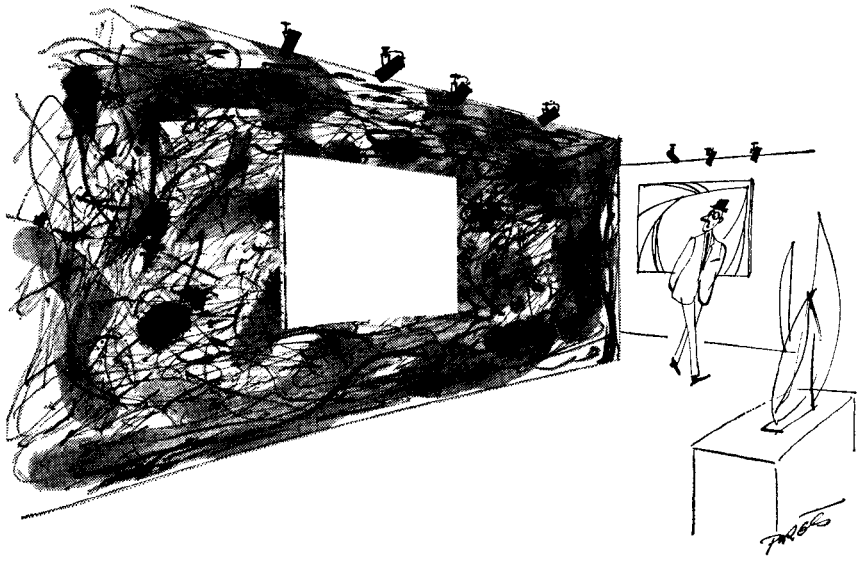
Other Worlds to Conjure

Future Perfect: American Science Fiction of the Nineteenth Century, *by H. Bruce Franklin (Oxford University Press. 401 pp. $6.50),* ***Fantastic Voyage,*** *by Isaac Asimov (Houghton Mifflin. 239 pp. $3.95), and* ***Flowers for Algernon,*** *by Daniel Keyes (Harcourt, Brace & World. 274 pp. $4.95), provide an opportunity to measure examples of today's science fiction against similar work written in the 1800s. In 1962 Mark R. Hillegas taught a course on science fiction at Colgate, which he will repeat next year at Southern Illinois University, where he is associate professor of English.*

By MARK R. HILLEGAS

JUST a few months before his death, C. S. Lewis discussed science fiction in his rooms at Magdalene College, Cambridge, with Kingsley Amis, while Brian Aldiss, British science-fiction writer and editor, taped the conversation (published in America in Amis and Conquest's *Spectrum IV*). It was a subject in which both Lewis and Amis were greatly interested. Lewis, long a reader of science fiction, had brilliantly adapted the form to the purposes of theological romance in his trilogy, *Out of the Silent Planet, Perelandra,* and *That Hideous Strength.* And Amis was the author of *New Maps of Hell,* a study of the satire in such magazine science fiction as Ray Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451* and Frederik Pohl and C. M. Kornbluth's *The Space Merchants.* Lewis and Amis argued that the common prejudice of educated persons against science fiction was unfair and unjust. There were, they said, themes and problems of human life and destiny which could be effectively explored in no other way. Both men felt that science fiction would improve, that so far we were getting only the prolegomena. "Futile books about the next world," Lewis pointed out, "came before Dante; Fanny Burney came before Jane Austen; Marlowe came before Shakespeare." And then he wistfully added, "If only the modern highbrow critics could be induced to take it seriously. . . ."

To a certain extent Lewis's wish is realized in *Future Perfect: American Science Fiction of the Nineteenth Century,* by H. Bruce Franklin, associate professor of English at Stanford, and author of a book on Melville as well as articles on other American authors. An anthology with introductions, *Future Perfect* makes vivid and tangible to a larger audience what was earlier established by J. O. Bailey's *Pilgrims Through Space and Time,* a work probably known only to science-fiction fans and the few scholars who read *Extrapolation,* the newsletter of the Conference on Science Fiction of the Modern Language Association. That is, it demonstrates that science fiction was an important form in nineteenth-century American literature. "There was," Franklin writes, "no major nineteenth-



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century American writer of fiction, and indeed few in the second rank, who did not write some science fiction or at least one utopian romance." Thus *Future Perfect* anthologizes such stories by famous writers as Hawthorne's "Rappaccini's Daughter" and Poe's "A Tale of the Ragged Mountains," such stories by lesser writers as Edward Bellamy's "To Whom This May Come" and Fitz-James O'Brien's "The Diamond Lens." The volume also contains stories likely to be unknown to many students of American literature, such as J. D. Whelpley's "The Atoms of Chladni" and Stanley Waterloo's "Christmas 200,000 B.C." Just to have all this material gathered in one book, especially since some of it has long been unattainable, would alone make the work invaluable as a contribution to that broad area of cultural and intellectual history known as American Studies. And for the science fiction fan, as well as the general reader of American literature, it is also a rich harvest.

I should point out that, while critics generally ignore science fiction, scholars sometimes study the subject. Besides Professor Bailey's book, there are such distinguished works as Martin Schwonke's *Vom Straatsroman zur Science Fiction*, which deals with science fiction and utopian fantasy, and Marjorie Nicolson's *Voyages to the Moon*, the pioneer history of the cosmic voyage. There have also been a number of useful studies by professional science-fiction writers and editors, such as Damon Knight's *In Search of Wonder* and Sam Moskowitz's *Explorers of the Infinite*. But with his introductions Franklin surpasses his predecessors, for he is the first to talk about science fiction as literature using the tools of sophisticated, twentieth-century literary criticism. Here at last is someone who has read with sympathy science fiction from Kepler to Wells to Hoyle and yet is fully at ease with such contemporary preoccupations as ironies and ambiguities, myths and symbols. Even C. S. Lewis, who disliked some of the twentieth-century modes of criticism, would be pleased with what *Future Perfect* manages to say on behalf of science fiction.

Unfortunately, there are no Professor Franklins writing about science fiction as it is appearing today. If there were, the arrival of the masterwork predicted by Amis and Lewis might be speeded up. But I am not sure it will ever develop from stories like *Fantastic Voyage*, by Isaac Asimov, science popularizer and prolific writer of science fiction. Although set in a framework that derives from James Bond and the Cold War, most of *Fantastic Voyage* belongs to the simplest category of science fiction, tales that merely play with the consequences, usually physical, of imagined inventions, discoveries, or scientific hypotheses. In this case the discovery is a process which reduces matter, including human beings, to less than the size of a virus, so that five people journey in a miniaturized submarine through a patient's arteries to reach his brain and remove a blood clot. This sort of thing, much better done by writers like Hal Clement or Arthur Clarke, represents what Martin Green says is true of all science fiction but which I think is consistently true only of this limited category: that is, it is an expression of the imagination of the scientific culture. Reading it may give literary intellectuals an insight into the opposite and for them alien culture, but chiefly it should be enjoyed as an exercise of exuberant imagination.

A second and far more important category of science fiction, and the one Amis and Lewis were talking about, is that which deals with moral, social, psychological, theological, or philosophical problems imagined as resulting from inventions, discoveries, or scientific hypotheses. In recent years we have seen some admirable science fiction of this sort in novels like Kurt Vonnegut's *Player Piano*, a satiric extrapolation of the totally automated society where men are replaced by their own inventions, and Walter Miller's *A Canticle for Leibowitz*, a sadly ironic history of mankind's climb back to civilization and another disaster after nuclear holocaust in the twentieth century. Though considerably less powerful, another work of quality science fiction in this category has now appeared: Daniel Keyes's *Flowers for Algernon*, a novel expanded from a short story originally published in the *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*. *Flowers for Algernon* tells how a psychologist and a surgeon develop a technique to increase the intelligence of the mentally retarded and, after experimentation with a mouse named Algernon, try it on a thirty-two-year-old moron whose job is mopping floors and cleaning toilets. The novel explores his inner world as, with his intelligence tripled, he seeks a new identity and tries to recall the past. In the process the author offers compassionate insight into the situation of the mentally retarded: how they feel, how they are treated by parents, friends, institutions. At moments the novel is profoundly moving, though now and then its impact is marred by a clichéd dialogue or a too predictable description.

This is where Lewis's critics could help. Their intelligent interest would not only encourage writers like Mr. Keyes to persevere but would surely raise the level of achievement in this kind of science fiction. I am not too optimistic though that the current generation of critics will assume this interest, for even Professor Franklin writes about nineteenth-, not twentieth-century science fiction.

Starlings Over the Trenches

***Footbridges and Abysses**, by Aloyzas Baronas, translated from the Lithuanian by J. Zemkalnis (Manyland Books. 229 pp. $5), depicts, through the eyes of a young Lithuanian captive of the Nazis, the plight of a small country caught between the Germans and Russians during the Second World War. Edward M. Potoker teaches English at the City College of New York.*

By EDWARD M. POTOKER

IT IS difficult to find a new book about World War II with subject matter that has not already been sufficiently discussed in several languages. The Lithuanian-born author Aloyzas Baronas has provided us with one, however, in his novel *Footbridges and Abysses*, the first of his major works to be made available in English.

The book deals with the inexorable Russian campaign through Lithuania and East Prussia, which, in bringing the war to a close on the Eastern front, produced some of its fiercest fighting. As Soviet divisions smashed forward, determined to annihilate Hitler's Third Reich, the Germans put up a furious, desperate resistance. Caught between the Soviet and Nazi grindstones, the Lithuanians found themselves utterly at the mercy of equally implacable enemies. To the Germans, Lithuanians were *Untermenschen*, a second-class people to be exploited and, when politically expedient, enslaved. Lithuania, a free state for only twenty years, had already learned that there was no reason to expect much better treatment from the Russians. To this hopeless situation Baronas addresses himself with compassion and outrage.

Footbridges and Abysses is narrated by a nameless, twenty-seven-year-old Lithuanian student whom the Nazis have captured and forced into a front-line labor battalion. He sums up his experiences with the mordant observation that "only a coffin can straighten out a hunchback, but a straight man has had

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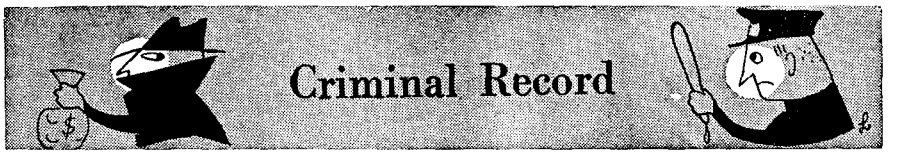
ample occasion to become a hunchback by the time he steps into his grave." From the summer of 1944 through the winter of 1945 he digs trenches, fells trees, and builds pillboxes in a futile effort to stem the Russian offensive. Picks, shovels, muck, lice, and Soviet bullets constitute the grim reality that inspires his flow of sardonic remarks on the absurdity of war and the villainy of men: "The pig-pen is man's best friend. It's nothing less than salvation. Man is rapidly evolving toward the hog."

Nevertheless, much of the digging, which is always spurred on by German beatings and curses, takes place in beautiful Lithuanian forests encompassed by the serene Nemunas and Sešupé Rivers. It is nature alone, observed with the fine sensibility of the Northern European, that offers some relief from the book's incessant violence: "September is walking across the land. Cranes and cobwebs, and the birch leaves yellowing from light frosts. And the birds flying somewhere, and the starlings flocking together, gray and silent, above the fields crisscrossed by trenches. The long-winged storks are winding their way to another, perhaps less mad, end of the world."

The narrator finally receives a leg wound which, though not serious, enables him to leave digging trenches for the relative comfort of a hospital. Here he is well treated by a young German woman doctor named, with a dimension of religious significance, Marija. She is helpful, attractive, and flirtatious, and he contemplates asking her to flee west with him. His horror of German brutality and racial theories, however, prevents him from making such a proposal.

Footbridges and Abysses is a kind of dirge for lost Lithuania, now incorporated into the Soviet Union. In it Baronas, who has lived in the U.S. since 1949, exorcises the hatred and despair of his own past. He has successfully fused lyric poetry with savage realism to create a prose that conveys with elegiac power the recent tragic history of his nation.

But in his excoriating treatment of Lithuania's enemies Baronas is both repetitious and inelegantly dependent upon slogans. The Germans, usually labeled "Teutons" or "Prussians," are sharply condemned for their arrogance and brutality, although—almost as a contradiction—they occasionally emerge as decent human beings. The Russians, on the other hand, generally referred to as "Bolsheviks" or "Mongolians," are caricatured as *Untermenschen*: "Slanting Asian eyes, pock-marked faces, deformed figures, cretinous creatures in abominable uniforms bringing hate and death . . ." Such xenophobic stereotypes, with their unpleasant racial and reactionary overtones, only vitiate one's sympathy for this otherwise impressive book.



FBI Man: A Personal History. *By Louis Cochran. Duell, Sloan & Pearce.* $4.95. This book is precisely what it purports to be: an account of the personal experiences of one special agent who spent six years in the organization (Kansas City, St. Louis, Los Angeles). An eminently readable and well-written autobiographical excursion.

The Case of Joe Hill. *By Philips S. Foner. International Publishers.* $3.50. The Swedish-born laureate of the Wobblies ("Pie in the Sky," etc.) was executed in Salt Lake City in 1915 for murder. This semicentennial account summarizes his trial with a high degree of partisanship.

Plotting and Writing Suspense Fiction. *By Patricia Highsmith. The Writer (8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116).* $4. A successful practitioner of the art of storytelling (*Strangers on a Train*, etc.) here sets forth the secrets of her trade in a useful manual that is highly recommended to penfolk generally.

Hide and Go Seek. *By Andrew Garve. Harper & Row.* $3.95. English tractor-salesman's seduction of strait-laced lass has unfortunate aftermath (he's engaged to a well-heeled gal). Soundly constructed tale by a writer who never lets the side down.

The Cat Who Could Read Backwards. *By Lilian Jackson Braun. Dutton.* $3.95. Art colony in Midwest population center tizzies when death strikes thrice; Siamese feline plays major part and does a spot of detecting himself. Author's first crime novel is gay and gruesome.

The Crack in the Teacup. *By Michael Gilbert. Harper & Row.* $4.50. When politics get real rough in English seaside community, youthful attorney tries to do something about it and then his troubles begin; they end in murder. Lawyers on this side will love it, and so will laymen.

Dead Against the Lawyers. *By Roderic Jeffries. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. Solicitors and barristers have it out in rural England as local election draws natives to the hustings; there are dead. U.S. legal lights and laymen will love this one, too.

Death the Sure Physician. *By John Wakefield. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. Staff dithers when Spanish-born woman aide is slain in English hospital; good police detail handles it; lady surgeon present; ornithology discussed. Fine straightaway yarn, with excellent fringe benefits.

The Silent Cousin. *By Elizabeth Fenwick. Atheneum.* $3.95. Death stalks huge Hudson Valley estate as family crises erupt all over; deft characterization, adroit writing are the passwords here (but "normalcy" appears four times).

The Paint-Stained Flannels. *By Peter Fry. Roy.* $2.95. When English peeper who recites his own adventures gets wind of an impending assassination, he spirits the reluctant slayer-designate to France and Spain; but death takes no holiday. There's a happy minimum of personnel in this engaging little tale.

Patchwork of Death. *By Peter Nichols. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.95. German wartime agent, smuggled into England, quietly defects; his past catches up with him and he lams to Argentina, where trouble and violence await. Well put together and plausible.

Post Mortem. *By Harry Carmichael. Crime Club.* $3.50. John Piper, London insurance shamus, and ——— Quinn (never a first name), ace crime reporter, team again to solve three homicides. Dialogue is employed to good purpose.

The Midnight Man. *By Henry Kane. Macmillan.* $3.95. Pair of Manhattan murders comes under scrutiny of police and of a retired inspector now operating as a private eye; Horace, Carlyle, Goethe, Emerson quoted in context. Ingenious.

The Season to Be Deadly. *By Richard Hardwick. Crime Club.* $3.50. Book salesman in Southern town sees Easy Street ahead when treasure trove pops up; four die ere situation clears. Pleasant old formula is nicely handled.

Thursday at Dawn. *By Werner J. Lüddecke. Crime Club.* $3.50. Death by axe of wealthy Strasbourg widow puts her nephew in peril of death by guillotine. See-all technique is highly effective.

The Crime-Solvers. *Edited by Stewart H. Benedict. Dell. Paperback.* 50¢. These thirteen classic detective stories (Poe, Conan Doyle, Chesterton, Christie, *et al.*) are well selected and are completely prefaced by a brief historical survey.

—Sergeant Cuff.

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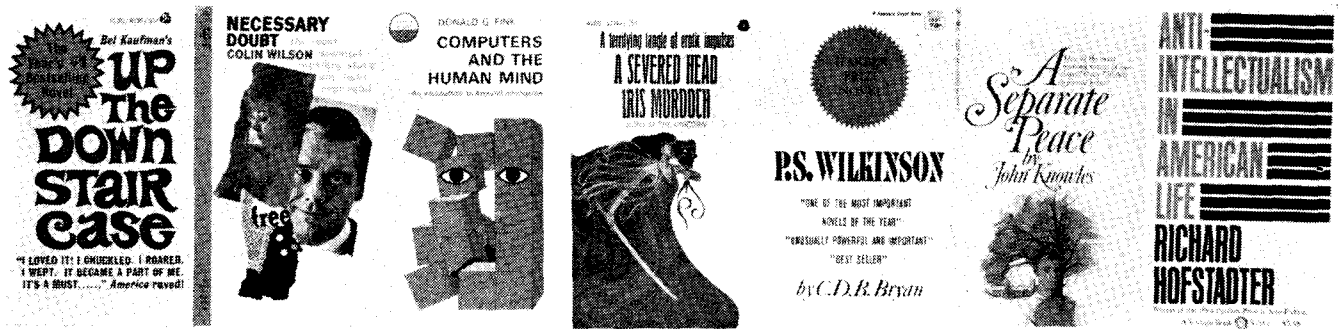
Bel Kaufman's
UP the DOWN STAIR case
"I LOVED IT! I CHUCKLED. I ROARED. I WEPT. IT BECAME A PART OF ME. IT'S A BLAST....." America raved!
NECESSARY DOUBT
COLIN WILSON
free
DONALD G. FINK
COMPUTERS AND THE HUMAN MIND
A terrifying image of erotic magnetism
A SEVERED HEAD
IRIS MURDOCH
P.S. WILKINSON
"ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT NOVELS OF THE YEAR"
"UNUSUALLY POWERFUL AND INSISTENT"
"BEST SELLER"
by C.D.B. Bryan
A Separate Peace
by John Knowles
ANTI-INTELLECTUALISM IN AMERICAN LIFE
RICHARD HOFSTADTER

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

One of the most responsive men in one of the world's most responsible jobs is Theodore M. Bernstein, assistant managing editor of *The New York Times*, and guardian of the 150,000 words that make up the daily edition of that august journal. He's also the author of *Watch Your Language* (Pocket Books, 75¢), a terse, wry guide, most of whose material was collected from *Winners & Sinners*, the *Times*'s own inter-office bulletin, in which Mr. Bernstein hands out brickbats and occasionally a bouquet to his reporters. He has perfect pitch for language, an ear sensitive to clichés, euphemisms, and slang that clutter both speech and writing.

"Everything bothers me," Mr. Bernstein said amiably. "People who say, 'He went to his reward,' instead of simply that he died. Or dictionaries that don't keep up to date. Take 'truculent,' for instance. Most dictionaries insist on defining it as 'savage,' but we don't use it that way any more." The easing of formal prose doesn't disturb him: "Even the Supreme Court decisions are getting more informal. They're almost readable." While the French have their Academy to decree what's properly said, Mr. Bernstein doesn't want any such institution here. "It just freezes the language. For example, the word 'bugging' appeared in a headline recently referring to police using a microphone. There's no such word in the dictionary, yet there's a need for it. If we had an academy we'd probably have to wait twenty years before they got around to voting on it."

Everything for the tourist's convenience. Even publishers are complying. When Blanche Brown's hefty *Five Cities* was published in 1964, only the most esthetic—or strong-armed—traveler could carry this art guide along. Now Anchor has divided the book into five separate, handy volumes: *London, Rome, Athens, Paris, Florence* (95¢ each). Along with a general description of each city's artistic offerings, Mrs. Brown has also provided a list of some individual art works starred for importance.

"The stars are strictly personal. It's simply the way I feel about things," remarked Mrs. Brown. "Certain works of art demand stars. The real blockbusters; I mean the things that just kill you." For Mrs. Brown, who has lectured at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and teaches art history at New York University, rattling off the "killers" was no problem. "The Sistine Chapel. The Acropolis. Sainte-Chapelle. No tourist should overlook them—no matter what out-of-the-way treasures he may come upon."

In the news: No one speaks more eloquently about the plight of the city-dweller than the New Yorker. Power failures, water shortages, transit shut-downs, and newspaper strikes have taken their toll of even the most enthusiastic urbanite. Some of these problems are discussed in *The Urban Complex* (Anchor, $1.25), a straightforward account by Robert C. Weaver, recently named head of the new Department of Housing and Urban Development. Happily, he even has some solutions. . . . A wider world problem constantly on the front pages is overpopulation. Elizabeth Draper, an Englishwoman with years of experience in professional family planning, has some no-nonsense things to say in her new book, *Birth Control* (Pelican, $1.25). She not only points out the perils of too many people but gives specific contraception information up to and including the controversy surrounding "the pill." . . . And what could be more up to the moment than *The Candy Murder Case* (75¢)? Paul Holmes, who covered the Mossler trial in Miami for the Chicago *Tribune* syndicate, was waiting only for the jury to come in with the verdict before writing his final chapters, and Bantam has just rushed it through the presses.

—Rollene W. Saal.

Fiction

"Intellectual excellence, originality, off-campus experience, political action, social protest, and a fierce quest for a non-phony, meaningful way of life are all 'in,'" says Nolan Miller in his introduction to *New Campus Writing* (McGraw-Hill, $1.95). In this collection of prose and poetry, representing twenty-nine writers from twenty-two American colleges, ardent romanticism is still around, too, as in "The Moon and Her Lute: A Chagall," by Walter F. Alexander of Cornell University, and the poem "Say boy—weaver of guile,/Give me a taste of your lollipop smile," by Barbara Purdy of Denison University.

Not much older than these promising collegians is C. D. B. Bryan, whose first novel, *P. S. Wilkinson* (Crest, 75¢), won last year's Harper award. Mr. Bryan, a veteran of Yale ('58) and the Korean War, read not only the novels of his stepfather, John O'Hara, but those of Scott Fitzgerald as well, and his own book offers a smooth story of Ivy League love and upper-class loyalty. A more subtle first novel by another young writer is John Knowles's *A Separate Peace* (Bantam, 75¢), which explores the complex ties that bind two schoolboys. *The Ordways*, by Texas-born William Humphrey (Bantam, 95¢), documents Southwest culture in a meticulous story about a Texas family and a father's search for his lost son.

New and noted: Iris Murdoch's *A Severed Head* (Avon, 75¢), a novel about infidelity marked with the author's characteristic dark irony; Elizabeth Bowen's *The Heat of the Day* (Popular, 75¢), which one critic aptly described as "a Graham Greene thriller projected through the sensibility of Virginia Woolf"; Bel Kaufman's *Up the Down Stair Case* (Avon, 95¢), the harrowing, hilarious misadventures of a New York City schoolteacher; Colin Wilson's *Necessary Doubt* (Pocket Books, 75¢), a philosophical mystery story in which the question is less whodunit than whodun what.

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Theater

While enthusiasm for Brecht's plays continues, Grove Press and editor Eric Bentley are adding to the Works of Bertolt Brecht series. *Jungle of Cities* ($1.95), *The Good Woman of Setzuan, Mother Courage,* and *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* (95¢ each) represent Brechtian drama from the 1920s through the closing years of World War II. The plays, especially if read chronologically, are strikingly innovative.

Brecht is one of the contributors, along with Arthur Miller, Ugo Betti, and Eugene Ionesco, among others, to Robert W. Corrigan's *Theatre in the Twentieth Century* (Evergreen, $1.45). His concern in the essay included here is with a drama that is both instructive and entertaining. For Brecht, instruction, if there must be a choice, comes first.

For all the groans that today's theater is in the doldrums, there are many new plays appearing in paperback. The English seem especially lively. John Arden and John Osborne are represented by editions of their shorter works. Arden's *Three Plays* (Evergreen, $1.65) includes the grimly comic *Live Like Pigs,* while Osborne's *Plays for England/The World of Paul Slickey* (Evergreen, $1.45) chews up a good piece of stately British society. Peter Weiss's agony about delusion and reality, *Marat/de Sade* (Atheneum, $1.95), aroused ire and admiration among the drama critics. It's otherwise known as "The Persecution and Assassination of Jean-Paul Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade." About the only thing *Marat/de Sade* and Robert Bolt's *A Man for All Seasons* (Vintage, $1.45) have in common is historical background.

Ten Early Plays by Chekhov (Bantam, 95¢), mostly one-acters, includes *Ivanov,* in which Sir John Gielgud will star as the neurotic, enervated hero in his own forthcoming Broadway production.

The ancient and honorable theater of Nippon is explored, from the intricacy of the wigs to the symbolism of the masks, in A. C. Scott's *The Kabuki Theatre of Japan* (Collier, $2.95).

Our Times

Former President Eisenhower once defined the intellectual as "a man who takes more words than is necessary to tell more than he knows." *Anti-Intellectualism in American Life,* by Richard Hofstadter (Vintage, $2.45), which won the 1964 Pulitzer Prize for nonfiction, reviews the role—or the plight—of the thinking man. Though the author worries about the egghead's increasing alienation from the mainstream, he hopefully emphasizes that the new technology has given fresh importance to intellectual achievement.

Speaking of nonintellectualism leads us to TV and its critics. *Television and Society* (McGraw-Hill, $2.45), by Harry J. Skornia, former president of the National Association of Educational Broadcasters, sees TV as needing not more restriction but rather "the liberation . . . from the chains, the taboos, and the anachronistic practices which bind it. . . . Television," says Mr. Skornia, "should clarify life and experience, enrich rather than vulgarize, and create conditions in the minds of men which will lead to peace instead of war, to brotherhood, instead of hatred and bitterness." He goes on to discuss such practical matters as big business in broadcasting, censorship and the ratings. TV isn't all bad, even for the young, say Wilbur Schramm, Jack Lyle, and Edwin B. Parker in their comprehensive study, *Television in the Lives of Our Children* (Stanford University Press, $2.95), a substantial study with charts and graphs which plot the complex relationship of the child, his family, and the Big Box.

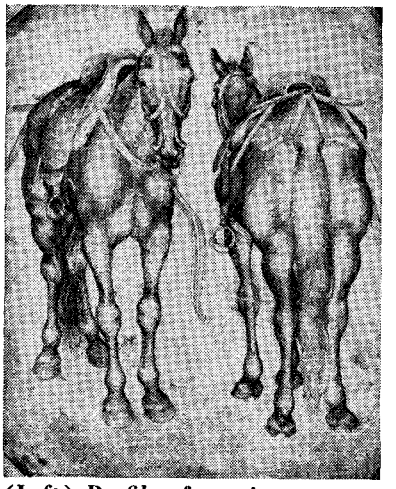
Jeremy Bernstein's *The Analytical Engine* (Vintage, $1.45) has a hero—the computer. This stylish account tells of its role in the recent past and present, and ponders the awesome future. But if anyone is in earnest about how those machines work, Donald G. Fink's *Computers and the Human Mind* (Anchor, $1.45) introduces a score of terms such as "binary digits" and "toroidal memory core," along with sketches of human and mechanical brains in action.

The flexibility of the Constitution of the United States is dramatically demonstrated by Anthony Lewis's *Gideon's Trumpet* (Vintage, $1.95), a compelling record of one man's success in securing justice. Clarence Earl Gideon, imprisoned in Florida for attempting to break into a poolroom, was tried and convicted after having been denied representation by counsel. His petitioning of the Supreme Court for what he was convinced was his right resulted in a reinterpretation of the law. A judicious, fascinating, and eventually triumphant story.

Outdoors

Most animal stories are tales of survival, about how some bird or beast or fish endures and even masters nature's perils. Frank S. Stuart's *A Seal's World* (Pyramid, 75¢) and Allan W. Eckert's *The Great Auk* (Signet, 60¢) are typical of the genre; in the former the harp seal, born in chilly Scandinavia, travels thousands of miles through icy tides to Cape Cod waters; in the latter a similar perilous journey takes place from Iceland to the Carolinas. In each case man is the villainous intruder in nature's realm. The poor auk, a flightless but seaworthy bird, met its Thermopylae more than a hundred years ago when 5,000 were wantonly slaughtered by marauding seamen.

An uncommon book is *Drawings by Pisanello* (Dover, $2), selected by George F. Hill, the British scholar who helped authenticate the famed Louvre collection. Pisanello, born Antonio Pisano c. 1395, was celebrated during his lifetime both for his frescoes, which illumined chapels and palaces from Venice to Rome, and for his medals honoring the great dukes and churchmen of the fifteenth century. Overshadowed by the full power of later Renaissance painting, his fame today rests principally on his extraordinary skill in depicting animals. Pisano's noble horses, kinetic cats, and preening greyhounds remain masterpieces of the draftsman's art.



(Left) Profile of a princess.

(Above) Two horses saddled and harnessed.

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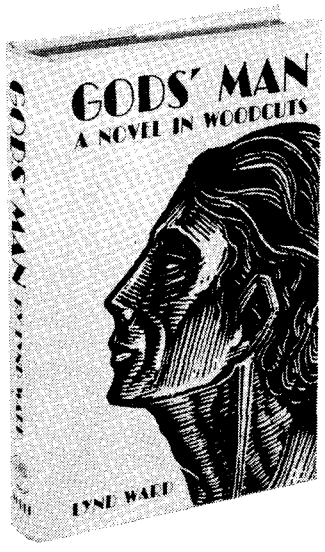
This novel is not written, it's carved.



God's Man, the first novel in woodcut engravings to be published in America, has been out of print and unavailable for over thirty years. Shortly after its publication in 1929, Frank Jewett of the Saturday Review of Literature wrote:

"Here we have a distinct . . . original novel told in . . . one-hundred and twenty woodcuts without the aid of words, and not merely told but told with strength and elegance . . . The romantic themes proper to such a fable are handled with great power and unfailing picturesqueness . . . The sheer decorative beauty of many cuts recall the perfections of old black and gold lacquer. Collectors will be wise to take it in while the taking is good."

". . . more than a mere novelty, for the woodcut is, in itself, the most dramatic of all forms of graphic art, and there are beauty and versatility in Mr. Ward's work." ***BOSTON HERALD.***

Lynd Ward is one of America's most distinguished engravers and illustrators. **Madman's Dream, Wild Pilgrimage,** and **Vertigo** are three of the eight books he has published.

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Orient: A Problem of Nonexistence

Policies Toward China: Views from Six Continents, *edited by A. M. Halpern (McGraw-Hill. 528 pp. $9.95), probes the attitudes of numerous nations toward the problem of two Chinas. William J. Thorbecke, former career diplomat and political scientist, wrote "A New Dimension in Political Thinking."*

By WILLIAM J. THORBECKE

UNDER the auspices of the Council of Foreign Relations a number of remarkable inquiries have been made into the relations of various nations with the Communist government of China and the Nationalist government in Taiwan. These studies have been expertly edited by A. M. Halpern, whose introduction for this book and concluding chapter sometimes offer unexpected insights into the motivations controlling the attitude of various nations toward the China problem.

Britain, which recognizes the government of Mao Tse-tung, does not look upon Taiwan as "a free Western-type government." She considers America's concern with it almost an "obsession," and thinks that its future status should be decided by a referendum, or that the island should be neutralized under United Nations administration and protection. There is a British view that China is being driven in its expansionist policy by nationalistic rather than Communist concerns. This would represent quite a departure from the past since for millennia the semi-autonomous Chinese provinces were united solely by the tenuous thread that linked them to an unseen emperor in a Forbidden City. Chiang Kai-shek tried in vain to forge them into a national unit. What moves China today is less nationalism or Communism than pride in having stood up to the West and wiped out a century of unequal treaties and humiliation—a factor that we are apt to forget in our preoccupation with Communist containment in Asia.

Though "containment of Chinese power has become a more defined basis of British policy" (an attitude recently underlined by the Prime Minister when he sought American support against Rhodesia), to the British public American attitudes toward China seem the most inexplicable and unsympathetic of all U.S. international postures. There is less tendency in Britain than in the United States to see China as a powerful factor because she is "a supporter of revolution throughout the world." Chinese potential "operates on its own periphery and not far beyond." Furthermore, in British eyes, there is a built-in resistance to China throughout South and Southeast Asia, an opinion confirmed by the recent *volte-face* against China in Indonesia.

France's relations with Communist China have a typically Gaullist slant. François Fejtö notes the "lively interest" and "impassioned comment" that this rapprochement between a member of the Atlantic alliance and a Communist power caused. In fact, Fejtö contends that it is the "global condominium of the two big nuclear powers" that caused "the rebellion of the People's Republic of China against Soviet hegemony" and de Gaulle's decision to build his own "*force de frappe.*" In reality, the Franco-Chinese rapprochement amounts to a show of independence for France and a gain of face for Red China.

Fejtö offers as proof that the "era of unconditional obedience seems ended" France's "spectacular" action in regard to China, Britain's attitude in East-West trade, Pakistan's closer ties to China, Peking's rift with Moscow, Albania's defiance, and the gravitation of the satellites toward Western Europe. The author detects in this a revalidation of national sovereignties, and the appearance of national independence as a supreme value.

In a press conference during January 1964 de Gaulle spoke of "a neutrality which, by definition, must be accepted by the States of Southeast Asia, guaranteed on the international level and which would exclude . . . various forms of external intervention." Fejtö asserts that these "proposals aroused keen interest in Hanoi, where Ho Chi Minh . . . continues to maneuver against a total takeover by China."

There is a strange mixture of independence from and solidarity with Europe and the United States in the Gaullist policy. Though its preoccupation with grandeur and the nation-state is jarring, there is an undertone of wisdom in de Gaulle's insistence that ideological extremes are already tending toward a measure of convergence with the West, and there is political realism in his efforts to bring about accommodations in order to buy time before the present ideological tensions give way to even more

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explosive tensions between the have's and have-not's of this world.

Both Germany and Japan, primarily in a spirit of solidarity with the United States, have not recognized the Mao government. However, the Japanese clearly favor a policy of accommodation. Shigeharu Matsumoto recommends that it "might be worthwhile . . . for America to explore the possibility of an understanding with the Soviet Union regarding the security of Japan and Korea, and for Japan to study the conditions for stabilizing relations with Communist China." He climaxes his arguments with "a sincere appeal to the United States for reflection and rethinking on the problem of China. The time has come to face the facts, not the myths." Certainly, Taiwan's claim to sovereignty over all China, as well as the nonrecognition of a régime which for seventeen years has held sway over all China, seems incompatible with the realities of the day. As the Canadians put it: "Recognition of Communist China . . . is not a question of decreeing that Mao's régime is fine, but simply of recognizing that it exists."

ARNOLD Brackman is exceptionally well informed about the Malaysians. In summing up the political situation in Indonesia he reaches the (at the time of his writing) shrewd conclusion that "Djakarta's current China policy is unstable because of the uneasy Sukarno-army-PKI [Indonesian Communist Party] balance of power." Indeed, the army's bloody overthrow of the Communist Party did not come as a surprise to insiders who knew that Defense Minister Nasution had for several years held two crack divisions in readiness for the eventuality of a Communist coup. In the end Sukarno's popularity had to yield to the Moslems' adamant anti-Communist feeling. In the rest of Malaysia the attitude toward Peking is hardening. "Maphilindo," the union of Malay states, is likely to be revived, and the American presence to be sufficient for keeping the Far Eastern nations from falling prey to China's Communism. Even without American recourse to arms.

In his introduction Dr. Halpern starts from two questionable premises. The first is that the recognition of Peking was a relatively simple question for other Communist states. We know today that Mao's seizure of power crossed the wishes of Stalin, who, to the very last, supported Chiang Kai-shek and tricked Mao into the Korean War to place inextricable difficulties before him. The war in Korea was not instigated by Mao, nor did it result from a Russo-Chinese conspiracy, as the United States feared at the time; it was a maneuver calculated to topple Mao Tse-tung and replace him with Kao Kang, Stalin's henchman in Manchuria.

Dr. Halpern's second premise rests on the assumption that other nations are as distressed as the U.S. about how to deal with Taiwan should Peking join the United Nations. While the various contributors show a tactful regard for American sensibilities, none gives Taiwan more than passing attention. From my ten years spent in China, heading a diplomatic mission and afterwards an international consortium, I gained deep respect for the Generalissimo; I was, however, unable to extend it to his government, whose fall was due to graft and ruthless police oppression. In Taiwan, too, the Kuomintang government repressed the local population, so that it seems questionable whether a referendum would perpetuate the present régime once Chiang leaves the scene.

With Vietnam catapulted into the forefront of the world scene, the main theme of this volume—the problem of the two Chinas—obviously suffers some loss of interest. Nevertheless the various studies present rich and varied background material for the crucial decisions that await us in the Far East.

Tourist in Mao's Shanghai

I Saw Red China, *by Lisa Hobbs (McGraw-Hill. 217 pp. $4.95), records the journalist's observations on a three-week "tourist" trip behind the Bamboo Curtain. Welles Hangen, formerly a foreign correspondent for the New York Times and NBC, is currently Press Fellow at the Council on Foreign Relations.*

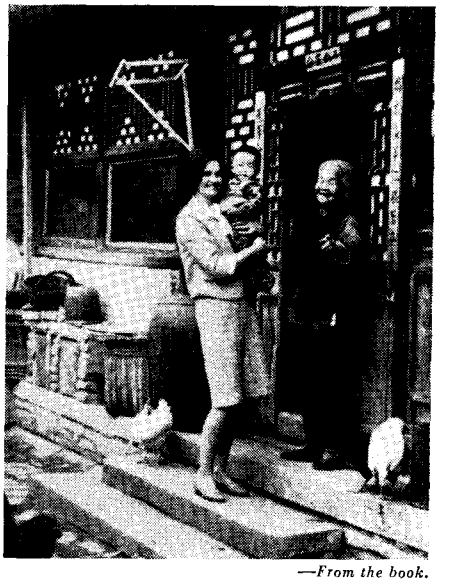
By WELLES HANGEN

EUROPE passed through its "Chinese period" during the Age of Enlightenment. America's latest infatuation with China is the product of fear rather than an intellectual revival; nevertheless, the effect has already been a growth in public awareness of the Chinese colossus. Lisa Hobbs's report on what she observed on a three-week trip to mainland China last spring is a modest contribution to our knowledge. The author is an Australian-born staff reporter on the *San Francisco Examiner*, whose Australian passport enabled her to enter China with a tourist group, thus evading Peking's restrictions against American journalists.

Although she covered 4,000 miles by bus, train, and plane and sojourned in six major cities, Mrs. Hobbs is rightly cautious about upgrading her impressions into "findings" applicable to the whole country. She has a reporter's instinct for detail. When her official hosts told her that one wing of Textile Mill Number Two in Peking was not operating because the workers were "out to lunch," she noted that the room was devoid of the ubiquitous red-and-gold propaganda banners and concluded that the looms had probably been idled by Red China's cotton shortage. Again, when she was told that a partially completed construction project was shut down for a "holiday," she observed that even the small cement mixers usually left on Chinese building sites were absent.

The author seems to have developed real affection and admiration for the official guides and interpreters who accompanied her tourist group. An element of suspense is injected into the narrative by her fears that the Chinese will discover the subterfuge she used to enter the country. After many misgivings and some rather exaggerated fears of Peking's wrath, the author bared her secret to the group's escorts shortly before she was to leave China. I doubt the Chinese ever had any illusions about her real identity.

Mrs. Hobbs was repelled by the crudity of anti-American propaganda, which reached a peak of ferocity on the Vietnam issue while she was in China. She sensed that some educated Chinese may have reservations about the official line, but found jam-packed theater audiences



—*From the book.*

Lisa Hobbs outside Peking with a boy and his grandmother—"a reporter's instinct for detail."

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in every city reacting to Communist stereotypes of American imperialism with what appeared to be genuine frenzy or contempt.

Like most other Western visitors to Communist China, Mrs. Hobbs was impressed by the zeal and dedication of the Chinese she met, especially university students who live eight to a room and spend their spare time poring over Mao's works. On the basis of attentive observation she concludes that the people in Peking, Shanghai, and other cities she saw are adequately fed and clothed, although their housing remains abysmal by Western standards. Mrs. Hobbs is at her best when she reports on her solitary wanderings through the back alleys of Peking and Soochow.

Shanghai, which Mao once called "the city of the four too-manies," is like a "reformed madam" for Mrs. Hobbs: "The physical proportions are still bounteous and there is a sense of old-time grandeur that cannot be erased. But with the same vitality that Shanghai once poured into libidinous pleasure she now pours into rigid purity."

The author is on more doubtful ground when she finds the "authenticity" of the Communist revolution in a farmyard toolshed or in the throngs of foreign buyers who now frequent China's industrial fairs.

If Americans were able to visit China as freely as they now do Russia, Mrs. Hobbs's book would be an ideal traveling companion. Until that day such reports will be valuable in giving some dimensions to the world's largest enigma.

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Crime, Suspense

DOOMSDAY SQUARE. By Ray Ward Taylor. Dutton. $4.95.

A SMALL WAR MADE TO ORDER. By Norman Lewis. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.50.

Current Affairs

THE AMERICAN DISSENT: A Decade of Modern Conservatism. By Jeffrey Hart. Doubleday. $4.95.

BEGINNINGS OF THE COLD WAR. By Martin F. Herz. Univ. of Indiana Press. $4.95.

THE DIMENSIONS OF CONFLICT IN SOUTHEAST ASIA. By Bernard K. Gordon. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $2.45.

INDIA SPEAKS TO AMERICA. By B. N. Chakravarty. John Day. $5.50.

THE NEW EASTERN EUROPE: The Khrushchev Era and After. By J. F. Brown. Praeger. $6.50.

A SURVEY OF UNITED STATES-LATIN AMERICAN RELATIONS. By J. Lloyd Mecham. Houghton Mifflin. $9.50.

Essays

THE HOT GATES AND OTHER OCCASIONAL PIECES. By William Golding. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95.

Fiction

BEST BY FAR. By Roger Eddy. Doubleday. $3.95.

CORBIE. By Robert Newman. Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.95.

THE DESERT'S DUSTY FACE. By Charles Chenevix Trench. Morrow. $3.95.

THE DISPUTED BARRICADE. By James Hulbert. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $6.95.

THE FAR FAMILY. By Wilma Dykeman. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.95.

THE FELL OF DARK. By Judson Jerome. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

FORBUSH AND THE PENGUINS. By Graham Billing. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.95.

GASCOYNE. By Stanley Crawford. Putnam. $4.95.

A GOODLY BABE. By Arturo Vivante. Little, Brown. $3.95.

THE KLOOCHMAN. By Jack Curtis. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

THE LEFT SEAT. By Robert J. Serling. Doubleday. $4.95.

LOVE AND JOY IN THE MABILLON. By Caroline Glyn. Coward-McCann. $4.

MANFREYA IN THE MORNING. By Victoria Holt. Doubleday. $4.50.

MINDSWAP. By Robert Sheckley. Delacorte. $3.95.

THE OUTSIDERS. By Robert Carson. Little, Brown. $6.95.

THE PALACE OF MONEY. By W. H. Manville. Delacorte. $4.95.

THE ROUNDHOUSE, PARADISE AND MR. PICKERING. By Dick Perry. Doubleday. $4.50.

THE SHOOT. By Elleston Trevor. Doubleday. $4.50.

THE SKY CHANGES. By Gilbert Sorrentino. Hill & Wang. $3.95.

THE SOFT MACHINE. By William S. Burroughs. Grove. $5.

THE SWEET BIRDS OF GORHAM. By Ann Birstein. McKay. $3.95.

A YALE MAN. By Milton White. Doubleday. $3.95.

Government, Politics

POLITICAL OPPOSITIONS IN WESTERN DEMOCRACIES. Edited by Robert A. Dahl. Yale Univ. Press. $10.

POLITICS AND POWER: The United States Senate, 1869-1901. By David Rothman. Harvard Univ. Press. $8.75.

History

AGE OF INDUSTRIAL VIOLENCE, 1910-1915. By Graham Adams, Jr. Columbia Univ. Press. $8.50.

THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE. By Henri Isselin. Doubleday. $5.95.

THE GENTLE REFORMERS: Massachusetts Democrats in the Cleveland Era. By Geoffrey Blodgett. Harvard Univ. Press. $6.95.

THE TAIPING REBELLION: History and Documents. Volume I: History. By Franz Michael with Chung-li Chang. Univ. of Washington Press. $7.50.

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THE TIDE TURNS: An Informal History of the Campaign of 1776 in the American Revolution. By Donald Barr Chidsey. Crown. $3.95.

Law

FREEDOM OF SPEECH: The Supreme Court and Judicial Review. By Martin Shapiro. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $2.45.

Literary History, Criticism

CONCEPTIONS OF SHAKESPEARE. By Alfred Harbage. Harvard Univ. Press. $4.95.

D. H. LAWRENCE AS A LITERARY CRITIC. By David J. Gordon. Yale Univ. Press. $4.75.

DYLAN: Druid of the Broken Body. By Aneirin Talfan Davies. Barnes & Noble. $2.50.

INVITATION TO LEARNING: English and American Novels. Edited by George D. Crothers. Basic Books. $7.50.

LANGUAGE OF FICTION. By David Lodge. Columbia Univ. Press. $7.50.

Miscellany

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF DOG TRAINING AND CARE. By J. J. McCoy. Coward-McCann. $5.50. (Revised edition.)

FOOD IS YOUR BEST MEDICINE. By Henry G. Bieler, M.D. Random House. $4.95.

A HISTORY OF RECREATION: America Learns to Play. Foster Rhea Dulles. Appleton-Century. $6.95.

HISTORY OF WITCHCRAFT AND DEMONOLOGY. By Montague Summers. Barnes & Noble. $6.

HOW TO WIN OVER YOUR CHILDREN. By Mary Bolte and Bill Mauldin. Viking Press. $1.95.

JUST FOR THE PUN OF IT. By Louis A. Safian. Abelard-Schuman. $2.50.

THE SWISS BANKS. By T. R. Fehrenbach. McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

YOU DON'T SAY: Studies of Modern American Inhibitions. By Benjamin DeMott. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.50.

YOU NEED HELP, CHARLIE BROWN. By Charles M. Schulz. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. Paperback, $1.

Personal History

BOB PETTIT: The Drive Within Me. By Bob Pettit and Bob Wolff. Prentice-Hall. $4.95.

THE CHALLENGE AND THE TRIUMPH: The Story of General Dwight D. Eisenhower. By the editors of *The Army Times*. Putnam. $6.95.

1933: Characters in Crisis. By Herbert Feis. Little, Brown. $7.50.

FIRE UNDER THE ASHES: The Life of Danilo Dolci. By James McNeish. Beacon. $5.95.

FLORA: A Biography. By Elizabeth Gray Vining. Lippincott. $4.95.

THE ODDS AGAINST ME: The Autobiography of John Scarne. By John Scarne. Simon & Schuster. $6.95.

A. R. ORAGE: A Memoir. By Philip Mairet. University Books. $6.

THE PAPERS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. Volume 9: January 1, 1760 through December 31, 1761. Edited by Leonard W. Labaree. Yale Univ. Press. $10.

VIEW FROM THE SIXTIES. By George Oppenheimer. McKay. $5.

THE VOYAGE HOME. By Richard Church. John Day. $7.50.

Religion, Philosophy

AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY: A Sourcebook from Pragmatism to Philosophical Analysis. Edited by Paul Kurtz. Macmillan. $6.95.

AMERICAN THOUGHT BEFORE 1900: A Sourcebook from Puritanism to Darwinism. Edited by Paul Kurtz. Macmillan. $5.95.

CHRISTIANITY IN WORLD HISTORY. By Arend Th. van Leeuwen. Scribners. $8.50.

THE GOD OF THE BEGINNINGS. By Robert Aron. Morrow. $5.

MAN IN THE UNIVERSE. By Fred Hoyle. Columbia Univ. Press. $3.50.

Sociology

THE ASIANS: Their Heritage and Their Destiny. By Paul Thomas Welty. Lippincott. $4.95. (Revised edition.)

INDIA. By Taya Zinkin. Walker. $6.50.

POLITICAL POWER AND SOCIAL CHANGE. By Peter H. Odegard. Rutgers Univ. Press. $3.50.

Travel

AWAY TO IT ALL. By William Sansom. New American Library. $4.95.

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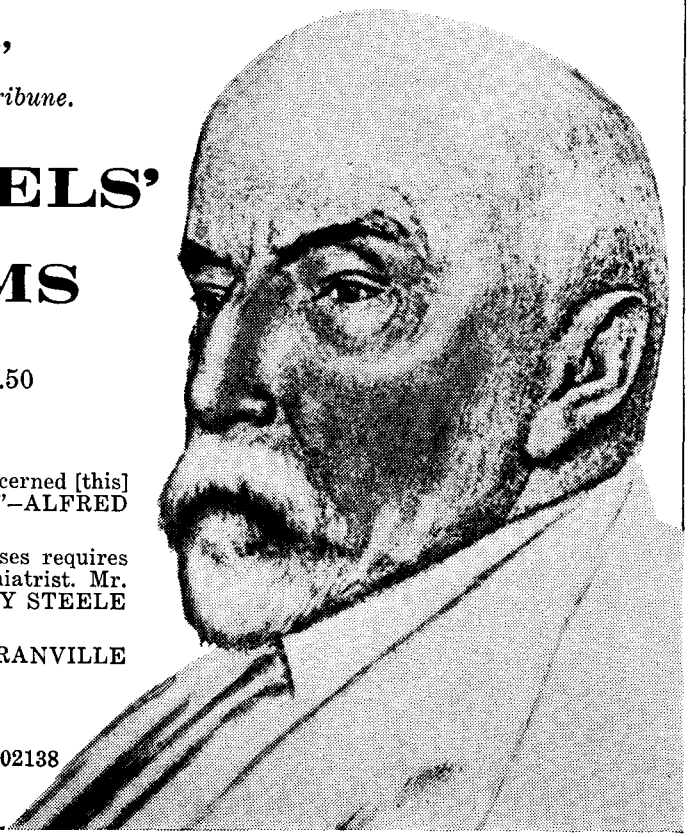

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New Puritanism

Continued from page 21

activities. The Greeks used the term "daimon" to describe the inspired urges of the poet. Socrates, indeed, speaks of his "daimon" as his conscience. When this power goes awry—when one element takes over the total personality and drives the person into disintegrative behavior—it becomes "demon possession," the historical term for psychosis. The daimonic can be either creative or destructive, but either way it certainly is the opposite to banalization. The repression of the daimonic, tragic aspects of sex and love is directly related to their banalization in our culture.

The daimonic is present in all nature as blind, ambiguous power. But only in man does it become allied with the tragic. For tragedy is the self-conscious, personal realization of being in the power of one element; thus the Greeks defined tragedy as "inordinate desire," "pride," "reaching beyond just boundaries." We have only to call to mind Romeo and Juliet, Abelard and Héloise, Tristan and Isolde, Helen of Troy, to see the power of sexual love to seize a man and woman, lift them up into a whirlwind that defies rational control and may destroy not only themselves but others at the same time. These stories are told over and over again in Western classic literature, and passed down from generation to generation, for they come from a depth of human experience in sexual love that is profoundly significant. It is a level largely unmentioned in our day, much to the impoverishment of our talk and writing about sex and love.

If we are to overcome banalization, we must take sex and love on several different dimensions at once. Consider, as an analogy, Mozart's music. In some portions of his music Mozart is engaged in elegant play. In other portions his music comes to us as pure sensuous pleasure, giving us a sheer delight. But in other portions, like the death music at the end of *Don Giovanni*, Mozart is profoundly shaking: we are gripped by fate and the daimonic as the inescapable tragedy rises before us. If Mozart had only the first element, play, he would sooner or later be banal and boring. If he presented only pure sensuality, he would become cloying; or if only the fire and death music, his creations would be too heavy. He is great because he writes on all three dimensions; and he must be listened to on all these levels at once.

Sexuality and love similarly have these three dimensions. Sex not only can be play, but probably an element of sheer play should be fairly regularly present. By this token, casual relationships in sex may have their gratification or meaning in the sharing of pleasure, tenderness, and so on. But if one's whole pattern and attitude toward sex is only casual, then sooner or later the playing itself becomes boring. The same is true about sensuality, obviously an element in any gratifying sex: if it has to carry the whole weight of the relationship, it becomes cloying. If sex is only sensuality, you sooner or later turn against sex itself. The third element, the daimonic and tragic, we emphasized here because that is the one almost wholly repressed in our culture, a fact that has much to do with the banalization of sex and love in our day. In a book like Erich Fromm's *Art of Loving*, for example, the daimonic, tragic element is completely missing.

An appreciation of the tragic and daimonic side of sex and love can help us not only to avoid oversimplification but to love better. Let me illustrate the constructive use of the daimonic. Every person, as a separate individual, experiences aloneness and strives to overcome his loneliness, this striving usually being some kind of love. Sexuality and love require self-assertion: if the person is not to some extent an individual in his own right, he will not only have nothing to give, nothing to relate with, but will be unable to assert himself and therefore unable to be genuinely part of the relationship. Both the man and woman need self-assertion in order to breach the separateness and make some kind of union with each other. Thus there is truth in the vernacular expressions about needing to "let oneself go" and "give oneself over" to the sexual act—or to any creative experience for that matter.

The psychotherapist Dr. Otto Rank once remarked in his latter years of practice that practically all the women who came to him had problems because their husbands were not assertive enough. Despite the oversimplified sound of this sentence, it contains a telling point: our effete cultivation of sex can make us so intellectual and detached about it that the simple power of the act evaporates, and we lose—and this loss is especially serious for women—the important elemental pleasure of "being taken," being "carried away." But the self-assertive power must be integrated with the other aspects of one's own personality, and with the total person of the mate; otherwise it becomes daimonic in the destructive sense.

LET us now summarize some values, potential and actual, in sexual love. There is, first, the overall value of enrichment and fulfilment of personality. This comes from expansion of one's awareness of one's self, one's feelings, one's experience of his capacity to give sexual pleasure and other feelings to the other person, and achieve thereby an expansion of meaning in interpersonal relationship. This fulfilment carries us beyond what we are at any given moment; I become in a literal sense more than I was. The most powerful symbol imaginable for this fulfilment is procreation—the possibility that a new being may be conceived and born. The "birth," however, can and does refer at the same time to the birth of new aspects of one's self.

Tenderness is a second value, a tenderness that is much more than indicated in that most unpoetic of all words, "togetherness." The experience of tenderness comes out of the fact that the two persons, longing as all individuals do to overcome the separateness and isolation to which we are all heir because we are individuals, can participate in a relationship that for the moment is not

"What took you so long?"

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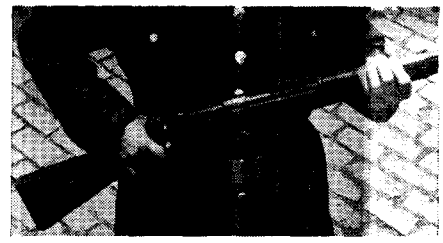
two isolated selves but a union. In this kind of sexual intercourse, the lover often does not know whether a particular sensation of delight is felt by him or by his loved one—and it doesn't make any difference anyway. A sharing takes place which is a new gestalt, a new being, a new field of magnetic force. A gratifying sexual relationship thus has the gestalt of a painting—the various parts, the colors, feelings, forms, unite to become a new whole.

THERE is the third value which occurs ideally at the moment of climax in sexual intercourse. This is the point when the lovers are carried not only beyond their personal isolation, but when a shift in consciousness seems to occur that unites them also with nature. In Hemingway's novel, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, the older woman, Pilar, waits for the hero, Robert Jordan, and the girl he loves when they have gone ahead into the mountain to make love; and when they return, she asks, "Did the earth move?" The shaking of the earth seems to be a normal part of the momentary loss of awareness of the self and the surging up of a sudden consciousness that includes the "earth" as well. There is an accelerating experience of touch, contact, union to the point where for a moment the awareness of separateness is lost, blotted out in a cosmic feeling of oneness with nature. I do not wish this to sound too "ideal," for I think it is a quality, however subtle, in all love-making except the most depersonalized sort. And I also do not wish it to sound simply "mystic," for despite limitations in our awareness, I think it is an inseparable part of actual experience in the love act.

This leads us immediately to the fourth value, sex and love as the affirmation of the self. Despite the fact that many people in our culture use sex to get a short-circuited, ersatz sense of identity, sexual love can and ought to provide a sound and meaningful way to the sense of personal identity. We emerge from love-making normally with renewed vitality, a vitality which comes not from triumph or proof of one's strength but from the expansion of awareness. Probably in love-making there is always some element of sadness—as, to use our previous analogy, there is in practically all music no matter how joyful—in the reminder that we have not succeeded absolutely in losing our separateness, nor is the infantile hope that we could recover the womb made into reality, and even our increased self-awareness can also be a poignant reminder that none of us ever overcomes his loneliness completely. But by one's replenished sense of one's own significance in the love act he can accept these unavoidable human limitations.

A final value inheres in the curious phenomenon in love-making: that to be able to give to the other person is essential to one's own full pleasure in the act. This sounds like a banal moralism in our age of mechanization of sex and "release of tension" in sexual objects. But it is not sentimentality but a point which anyone can confirm in his own experience in the love act, that to give is essential to one's own pleasure. Many patients in psychotherapy find themselves discovering, generally with some surprise, that something is missing if they cannot "do something for," give something to the partner—the normal expression of which is the giving in the act of intercourse itself. Just as giving is essential to one's own full pleasure, the ability to receive is necessary in the love interrelationship also. If you cannot receive, your giving will be a domination of the partner. Conversely, if you cannot give, your receiving will leave you empty. The paradox is demonstrably true that the person who can only receive becomes empty, for he is unable actively to appropriate and make his own what he receives. I speak, thus, not of receiving as a passive phenomenon, but of *active receiving*: one knows he is receiving, feels it, absorbs it into his own experience whether he verbally acknowledges it or not, and is grateful for it.



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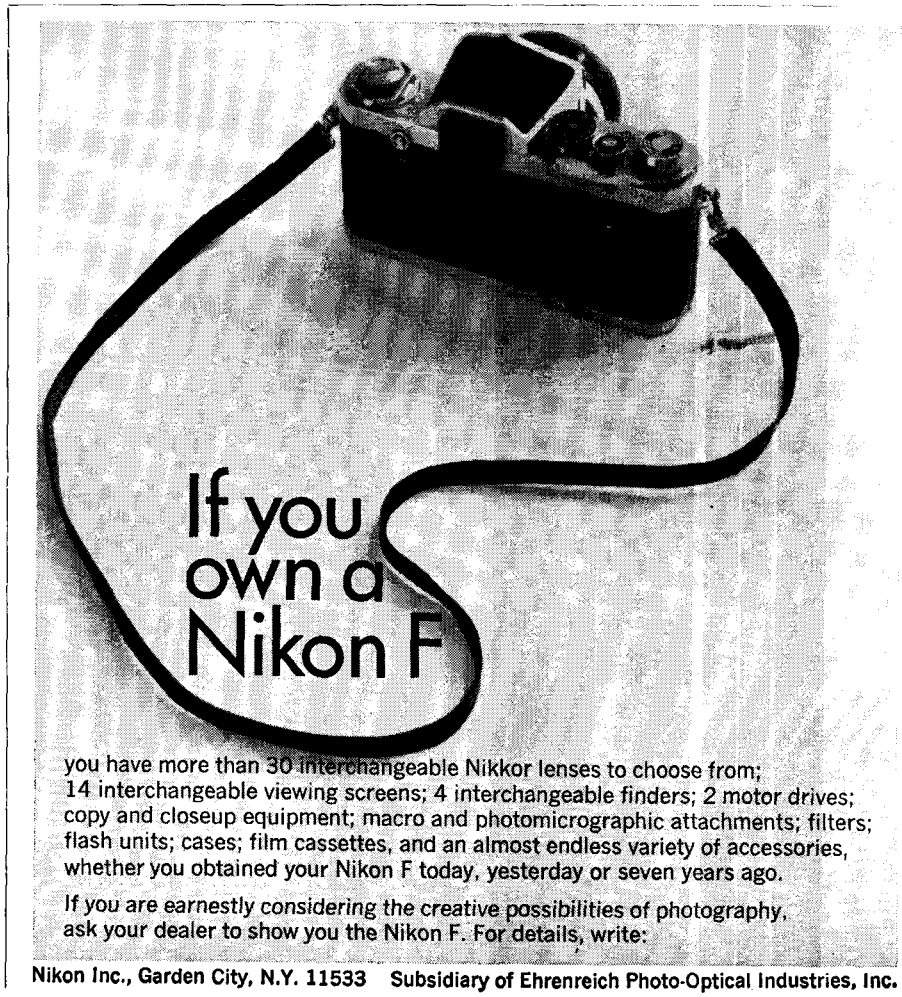

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Manner of Speaking

Continued from page 26

who takes a dim view of whom, but of a father's right to raise his own son by his own lights.

In sweet reason, the court even straightens its robes, and bows to the father's right to be himself:

> These matters are not related as a criticism of Mr. Painter's conduct, way of life, or sense of values. An individual is free to choose his own values, within bounds, which are not exceeded here. They do serve, however, to support our conclusion as to the kind of life Mark would be exposed to in the Painter household. We believe it would be unstable, unconventional, arty, Bohemian, and probably intellectually stimulating.

And in its dread of such un-American activities as intellectual stimulation the court had earlier pronounced:

> In the Painter home, Mark would have more freedom of conduct and thought with an opportunity to develop his individual talents. It would be more exciting and challenging in many respects, but romantic, impractical, and unstable.

So the corn-fed voice of justice. On the side of virtue the terms are: *stable, conventional, middle class, middlewest,* and (supreme beatitude) *college education.* On the other side—to which Mr. Painter is, of course, entitled, though not, of course, in Iowa, and which the court does not mean to be taken as relevant criticism except, of course, that it bases its ruling on the irrelevance—the terms are: *unstable, unconventional, arty, Bohemian, intellectually stimulating, exciting,* and *challenging,* but *romantic, impractical,* and again *unstable,* this last and oft-repeated term meaning, I take it, "not of the barnyards and piggeries of the Iowan complacency."

And for these reasons, and in such terms, a man is denied his own son!

In Iowa, I suppose, such yokel justice wears a halo—or is that just hayseed caught in the judicial hair?

And still the ruling remains an infamous distortion of natural right, infamously based on a clod-hopping self-righteousness so smug that contempt of court is not a sufficient response to it, and even derision is only a beginning. The court in its fat-headed apotheosis of the yokel has cited wantonly provincial reasons for denying one of the most natural ties known to man. It is not enough to cite the court for incompetence. It has been nothing less than sinfully self-laudatory of its own barren mores.

And of that sin may Dante yet be the judge. —JOHN CIARDI.

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Journey Into a North Wind

SINCE THE American theatergoing public is more predominantly middle-class than its British counterpart, it may have more difficulty appreciating the works of John Arden. For, as his new play, *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance,* demonstrates, Arden finds earthy and crude people a richer soil than those with "civilized" logic.

In this unique new work, which seven years ago raised Arden's name to equal rank with John Osborne, Arnold Wesker, Harold Pinter, and Robert Bolt, the then thirty-year-old architect-turned-playwright followed the grim journey of four British army deserters back to the source of war and killing. The source these mid-nineteenth century soldiers select is a North Country coal-mining town, from which had come a now killed fellow enlisted man. Their "holy" mission is to demonstrate for all time the horror of war, and in it they are led by Black Jack Musgrave, a hard Scottish religious fanatic. In Stuart Burge's New York production the outcome of the venture seems less interesting than the atmosphere created along the way. Certainly this is a fault. However, it is also to some degree inherent in Arden's writing, the chief virtue of which is its slightly hallucinated use of language, popular ballads, and grizzly realities. Through these elements and the inspired collaboration of scene designer Ed Wittstein, lighting designer Jules Fisher, and costume designer Theoni V. Aldredge, the play emerges as a unique and moody theatrical incantation.

The hardness of a soldier's life and the cruelty of its disciplines are suggested not by rebellion against it but by the dispirited spectacle of its acceptance. As in a dream, the duty-drilled soldiers reach their destination via the last barge up a canal before it freezes over. And, also as in a dream, each character in this town of striking miners carries a sense of superstition and awareness of the evil that lies under their traditions. Says the mayor, who also operates the colliery: "There's loyal hearts and true here, and we're every man jack of us keen to see our best lads flock to the colors." Then there's Annie, "whoor-to-the soldiers," who sees Musgrave as the product of a strange heredity. She tells him, "The north wind in a pair of millstones/was your father and your mother./They got you in a cold grinding./ God help us all if they get you a brother."

Most evocative of all is one of the soldiers' description of their mission. He says, "We're wild-wood mad and raging. We caught it overseas and now we've got to run around the English streets biting every leg to give it to *them.*"

While it would have been rousing to see this mission erupt into its full madness, or significant to see the men cured of their lunacy, either would have been less true to Arden's struggle with his own pacifism in today's violent world.

Since the dialogue requires mastery of a difficult North Country dialect by the actors, the cast must be generally praised for its convincing performances. However, aside from Jeanne Hepple, who vividly shows us many facets of the proud and bitter girl who lost her lover to the army and her deformed baby to God, most of the performers don't go much beyond the primary task of achieving the sound and look of Arden's dour characters. In the leading role, John Colicos labors hard and intelligently to capture Musgrave's black austerity, but the evenness of his portrayal makes it less interesting.

Nevertheless, this production will do. For not only is it an opportunity to see a remarkable new playwright, but *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance* is also a deeply evocative and earth-rich dramatic experience.

IT IS also rare in the theater to find a revue that disarms you enough with its good-naturedness that you forgive it an amount of unoriginality and ordinariness that would sink a more ambitious project. *Wait a Minim,* which began in South Africa and developed considerably during a long London engagement, is such a revue. By choice or design all of its British and South African cast members are white, although they tell us to color them black whenever they appear in a pointed straw hat.

The evening also includes some charming use of strange South African musical instruments played mostly by Paul and Andrew Tracey, some effective singing by Dana Valery, and one nice political parody in which an Afrikaner asks the government to "stem the tide of Communist-inspired requests for employment." Yet there is a not inconsiderable amount of pure silliness, and quiet singing of familiar folk songs most of us have heard more excitingly performed by other artists. Thus, *Wait a Minim* really adds up to not much more than a pleasant party with agreeable neighbors. —HENRY HEWES.

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Group Analysis

THE FIRST FIFTEEN MINUTES or so of *The Group,* an ambitious film rendering of the Mary McCarthy novel about post-Vassar life in the Thirties, made me wonder if what I was seeing was the sequel to some other picture. Eight young ladies appear, behave as if we know all about them, and belatedly sort themselves out into reasonably recognizable personalities. However, the effort involved in unraveling the who's who of the film seems to me worthwhile; most of the young actresses, who play girls with names like Priss, Polly, Kay, Pokey, and Libby, are first-rate workers and engaging to watch; and, merely having extracted such good performances from so many means that the director, Sidney Lumet, had to be in top form himself; in addition to that, for all the film's two-and-a-half-hours and its slightly confusing beginning, it proceeds with remarkable briskness.

The movie doesn't mention that the institution from which the girls emerged to make their way through the murky Depression years is, presumably, Vassar. United Artists wasn't taking chances, perhaps, that Vassar would join Notre Dame in the law courts. I, for one, intend to take Mary McCarthy's word for it; *she* said Vassar. The girls of the group all belonged to a select little circle, and they keep in touch with each other after graduation. When they meet they gossip, and they do have a lot to gossip about. If their lives aren't quite as eventful as the doings in Peyton Place, what happens to them has a more convincing ring and manages at the same time to reflect (albeit superficially) the mood of the latter years of the Depression. They experiment with sex, social reform, careers, marriages, and motherhood. They talk about Roosevelt, Marxism, birth control, breast feeding, and psychoanalysis, and much of it I found delightfully and poignantly nostalgic. Maybe our younger generations will regard all the fuss about such matters as naïve and unbelievably square; a pity, if so, because they'll miss a lot of the fun.

This kind of nostalgic re-creation is hard to do in films, for not only do times change, but so does the look of things. The 1930s was another world and looked it. (One shot of New York City has a couple of rectilinear skyscrapers projecting a jarring, anachronistic note.) Lumet and Sidney Buchman, the screenwriter, must have been faced with the choice of explaining how things were or simply letting it happen. They took the latter course, and allowed the girls—and their men—to tell and express the story. Notably successful is Hal Holbrook, as a publisher's editor hung up on psychoanalysis and guilt over not joining the barricades in Spain. Yes, Virginia, there were such types—a lot of them. Absolutely first-rate is Larry Hagman, as husband of one of the girls, who drinks away his talent as a director and playwright, overcome by the grim economic realities of the time. And Richard Mulligan, as a seedy Greenwich Village seducer, is altogether memorable.

But back to the girls. Unfortunately they don't all shine, because not all their parts are of the same size and potentiality. But brilliant indeed is Joan Hackett—she's pathetic, funny, believable—as the girl who decides her hampering virginity must be put aside in a cold-water flat. Kay Strong, as the girl who marries the unsuccessful playwright, has the widest range and does well with her opportunities. Shirley Knight is the "nicest" girl, and is affecting in an affair with the editor and a romance with a psychiatrist. Jessica Walter is appropriately brittle as the catty, frigid product of an old Boston family. The others seem weaker, and weakest of all is Candace Bergen, who may have had some of her scenes cut out, so seldom does she appear. She appears as the Lesbian of the group, and presumably as some sort of catalyst in the destinies of the others, and plays the role with tight-lipped embarrassment, as if to say: "Look, girls, I didn't *choose* this part."

WITH so many skeins to unravel, Mr. Buchman's screenplay has some weaknesses. No sooner are we thoroughly interested in Joan Hackett's Dottie than she is dropped, except for brief appearances at get-togethers. We're never informed just what it is about Miss Bergen's Lakey that makes her so fascinating to the others, and they all seem remarkably innocent, even for the period, when it comes to assessing her relationship with the most balefully mannish female I've seen in films since Lotte Lenya's appearance in *From Russia with Love.* These various objections aside, there's still a lot left to intrigue.

Boris Kaufman's color photography is more than ordinarily subtle. And Mr. Lumet, for a change, doesn't use the last ten minutes to harangue us with the meaning of it all. We get a look into some feminine lives, and eventually they disappear from view, those lives now quite unlike what each had envisioned at graduation, their milieu crushed by the onrush of history. To do this much in an American film is, it must be admitted, somewhat out of the ordinary.

HOSANNAS of critical praise have greeted *The Gospel According to St. Matthew,* a film made by the Italian novelist and poet Pier Paolo Pasolini (who, we are told, is atheistically inclined), with a cast made up of nonprofessionals. The sole dissenter from the general mood of approval seems to be Brendan Gill of *The New Yorker,* who complains, among other things, that the great words emerge from the mouths of unskilled and untalented players and especially from a young Spanish student of economics, chosen to play Jesus. I find this section of Mr. Gill's criticism difficult to comprehend, first of all because the words are spoken in Italian, and secondly because it is clearly stated in the credits that a professional actor dubbed in the voice of the Spanish student. Nor do I quite follow Mr. Gill and other critics when they mention the scrupulous exactitude with which the screenplay adheres to the text.

I suspect that what we have here in this critical acclamation is a carefully implied slap on the cheek to those inflated Hollywood versions of the New and Old Testaments, and a consequent inflation of the merits of Mr. Pasolini's version, since its intent seems to be modest and even humble and, above all, literal. A careful examination of the film, however, reveals that Mr. Pasolini has taken certain liberties with the text, at least as I read it in my King James version. One example: the angel of the Lord appears in Chapter 28 at the Resurrection and is clearly identified as male. Pasolini has the angel appear in his film as a pretty, buxom peasant girl in a white shift, the very same angel having appeared before Joseph earlier in the film, whereas, according to the text, *that* angel, sex unspecified, appeared to Joseph in a dream.

But more important is the fact that Mr. Pasolini, while following several parts of the text with a certain literalness, has quite obviously made his own selections of material, much of it emphasizing the angrier elements of Christ's personality, as he refuses admittance to his kingdom of various Gentiles, scribes, and Pharisees who fail to acknowledge him. In other words, this Christ is portrayed as a sort of uncompromising revolutionary who is out to change the world

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as he knows it, and being pretty exclusive about it, too. Mr. Pasolini shows a few of the miracles and abandons most of the others; he scants the more charitable, gentle, and noble Jesus of the Sermon on the Mount; and what the director seems to be after is a primitive, neorealistic telling of the Gospel events, on the one hand neglecting any rational explanation of such miracles as walking on water and healing a leper and, on the other, showing the leper and the palsied man in as gruesome detail as possible.

This version, for all its modesty, its shabby costuming, has the same faults of arbitrariness and unclear motivation, as any of the others. I remember that George Stevens was hit heavily for allowing the Hallelujah Chorus to thunder forth, but Mr. Pasolini seems to have been entirely forgiven for a hodgepodge musical score that mingles snatches of Bach and Mozart with African chants and, at a most inopportune moment, a Negro spiritual sung in English. What is affecting and impressive about the film is the casting; the faces of those chosen to play the biblical characters are haunting in themselves, the young Virgin Mary, the nubile Salome, and the troubled, scowling Judas. (Matthew is again forsaken in the chapter in which the disciples complain about the anointing of Jesus with expensive oil by Mary of Bethany, for in the film only Judas complains, as in the St. John version.)

All that Mr. Pasolini manages to prove is that simply done biblical films are as unsatisfactory, either as narrative or as Gospel, as the more lushly budgeted spectacles, and that it appears all but impossible to exploit the Bible in films for anything but commercial success.

A thousand years of Polish Jewry is purportedly the subject of a documentary compilation called *The Last Chapter*, but it mainly deals, since the film records are scanty, with Polish Jewry just before the Nazi dive bombers swooped down and the horrendous genocide took place. Theodore Bikel narrates on the soundtrack with compassionate eloquence, and the film, often admittedly crude technically, manages to limn the faces of some of those innocents who were so soon, unsuspectingly, to be murdered. Not left out of the record is an account of the Polish town which, in 1946, murdered a surviving remnant of its former Jewish inhabitants who had returned. What is effectively emphasized is how much in the way of culture and science and art the Polish Jews contributed to their homeland and to Europe, while left unspoken is the implication that stupidity, falsehood, and superstition can be as entirely murderous in their effects as the machinery of war or the exigencies of politics. See *The Last Chapter*, if you can stand it.

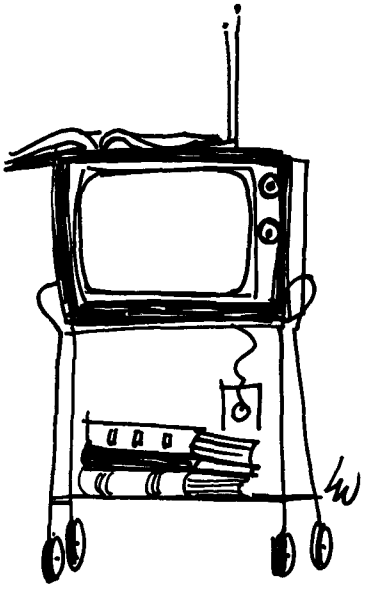
—Hollis Alpert.

Something Special

THE AMERICAN NEGRO entertainer, as he begins to enjoy wider opportunities in television, has a problem. How can he keep working and yet avoid a neo-Uncle Tomism that would vitiate his artistry and impoverish the medium? Wrapped in the problem is the dilemma of how a subculture can at the same time preserve its uniqueness and contribute to the consensus that must cement a variety of subgroups in a pluralistic society. The current television season has witnessed important breakthroughs for these performers in prime-time programs on major networks. On NBC-TV, Bill Cosby plays a regular role as an intelligence agent in the series *I Spy* (Wednesday), and Sammy Davis, Jr., hosts his own weekly variety show (Friday). On CBS-TV, the night before Washington's Birthday, Harry Belafonte presented *The Strollin' Twenties*, a musical special in color, starring Sidney Poitier, Diahann Carroll, Sammy Davis, Jr., Duke Ellington, and other outstanding Negro entertainers. Langston Hughes wrote the narration for the hour of nostalgic variety recalling the Harlem of the period. If color television's shifting shades of green, purple, sepia, and yellow did not deceive my eyes, there wasn't a single white performer in the entire Belafonte company, comprising leading players, singers, and dancers.

This was solid integration in reverse: it was good to see so many talented performers on television's big time. Yet the Belafonte special was a disappointment. The role written for Bill Cosby on *I Spy* has been less than satisfactory to this viewer. Sammy Davis, Jr., hasn't lived up to expectations on his show. In fact, the show will end with the season. It is necessary that Negroes have equal opportunities in the popular arts; it is also desirable that they contribute to the diversity of our culture. The sets of *The Strollin' Twenties* were devised with taste and imagination. Sidney Poitier strolled through typical Harlem exteriors and interiors, introducing, in meter and rhyme, various aspects of life in the "black ghetto" on a Sunday. The vignettes were sung and danced in a sort of *Our Town* reminiscence, with Poitier as the observer. Yet the total effect was a homogenized blandness undistinguishable from television's typical variety show.

Langston Hughes's poetry was doggerel ("Long, slender legs like a Kentucky filly: Makes a man feel like actin' silly"). Harlem's poverty was suggested, and the "struggle for survival" in "the dusky slash across Manhattan." I doubt that this is the way Poitier, Hughes, Davis, Carroll, or Ellington remembers the real Harlem. Accommodation to the prevailing white styles of television entertainment was also the key to Sammy Davis, Jr.'s faltering start on his first NBC show. He is reputed to be a man of wit, sharpness, and bite; yet in his introductions and his commentary he lacked a point of view. His expression of gratitude to the network for giving him his break was overly profuse. Incidentally, Mr. Davis has another problem in hosting a television variety program: he works too hard. An artist trained in



the vaudeville and nightclub traditions, he is far too "hot" in style for the "cool" television cameras delivering the full impact of a performer's energy to the detached intimacy of the living room. In *I Spy*, Bill Cosby's intelligence agent could just as well be a white man; his attitudes, opinions, beliefs are hardly unique. It could be argued that there should be no difference; an actor is an actor and the color of his skin is irrelevant. Yet this is the heart of the dilemma.

Negro performers do have something special to contribute—a flavor, tone, passion—the sum of their experience in a dominant white culture. Shall all this be ignored as they merely add more of the same to the present television scene, or shall they try to enrich the general culture by their special experience?

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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West Germany

Continued from page 23

ing a new "Eastern orientation." Under present conditions, however, the Rapallo-minded German nationalists appear to be stalled.

What is of more immediate concern is the offensive being waged by the nationalists against Erhard and his foreign policy of "gradualism." Although Adenauer never showed any ambition to be a dictator, some of his followers might, conceivably, not share his restraint. Certain it is that *Der Alte's* personal policies reflect his bitter disappointment in America's failure to follow through on the "roll back of Communism" talked about by the late Secretary of State Dulles. It is a tragedy that this valiant foe of the Nazis, who labored so constructively in bringing the new republic through its early years, should now, in his old age, turn obstructive.

Adenauer protests the "encircling" of Germany just as Wilhelm II did before him. Attacking American efforts at Geneva to reach an agreement with the Soviets to stop the proliferation of nuclear weapons, the ex-Chancellor called our draft plan a "terrible thing" that would hand Europe over to the Soviets. In his bitterness he has reportedly gone so far as to toy with an idea of truly dangerous potentiality. The latter may have originated in President de Gaulle's slogan of a "Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals."

Here, in general, is the way the Adenauer group is believed to interpret the French President's views. He is said to foresee the time when China will move in on Siberia and eventually seize all Soviet territory east of the Urals. The Kremlin, according to this reasoning, would then turn to the West for help and Europe would be united in resisting the drive from the east. It is a short step from this line of thought to the Adenauer flirtation with the idea of building up the Chinese threat to the Soviet Union, thereby forcing a Russian retreat from the Elbe, perhaps even from the Oder. Last September, Adenauer wrote that, if he were free to do so, he would bolster the Federal Republic's ties with Red China. It is not hard to envision some of the complications and dangers to the world at large and to Germany in particular if Bonn began to intrigue in the often inscrutable ideological warfare between Peking and Moscow. Fortunately, Erhard has shown no stomach for such adventurism.

The changing mood in the Federal Republic is not unnaturally mirrored in German youth. A few years ago older Germans complained that when their students went abroad to study, "they left home good Germans and returned Europeans." Today many of these formerly international-minded young people manifest symptoms of nationalism. It is a nationalism, fortunately, in which Nazism plays no part. Even the more truculent among them have told me that, when they have seen old newsreels of Hitler and listened to his hysterical tirades, they were mystified by his attraction for many of their elders. They used such words as "ludicrous," "idiotic," and "incredible" to describe their impression of the late Fuehrer. At the same time these youthful Germans, who had not yet been born when Hitler invaded Poland, are emphatic in their repudiation of any sense of personal guilt for the atrocious Nazi record. "I wept when I saw the story of Anne Frank in the cinema," one young woman told me, "but what has that got to do with the continuing division of Germany? And what about your wanton destruction of Dresden?"

TO BE sure, the brusqueness of some young Germans on mention of the *Kristall-Nacht* or Buchenwald is easier to understand than the self-righteousness and self-pity voiced by many citizens who were adults when Hitler came to power. But something like a trend from internationalism to nationalism seems to be discernible among the Federal Republic's young generation. And that, if it develops, may bode little encouragement for the future.

Some observers of the German scene, however, believe that nationalism will not become a major threat within the fairly near future, unless there is a depression. As an economist, Erhard does not hide the concern he feels about his country's economic health. Two years ago, for instance, he spoke of this to Pietro Nenni. German nationalism, the Chancellor remarked, "sleeps now but would awaken strongly in an economic crisis." Inflation, unemployment, and a drop in the standard of living would probably do more than discredit Erhard and his "economic miracle." Such factors could also discredit democracy in the eyes of millions of Germans who attribute their present well being to the free way of life.

After several years of prosperity and phenomenal economic growth, the German economy is beginning to have trouble. The German budget is unbalanced. Erhard recently called attention to "threatening signs which are making themselves felt in the economy and the society."

In a West European capital, a few weeks back, a well-informed man expressed apprehension regarding Germany. Erhard, I reminded him, is an able man and has promised to "fight nationalism with all my strength." My friend was not reassured. "True, but who comes after Erhard? Will it be Strauss or someone like him?" That is, of course, the root of the uneasiness in the capitals of Germany's neighbors. That is why friends of peace and freedom devoutly hope that, in the Federal Republic, men like Erhard can stay the course.

"Admit it. You're not even trying to make your first million!"

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Eastward Ho!—Part 1

I FOUND MYSELF, the other week, time problems and inland commitments being what they were, faced with the problem, in flying across the Pacific, of having to make shorter shrift than I would have liked of Japan. In thinking about it later, it made about as much sense as rushing through Paris because one had to get to Bulgaria. If I had been faced with *that* problem, I would probably have applied to Air France in order to inhale as much Gallic culture as possible along the way.

In this instance I turned myself over to Japan Air Lines, which I had remembered as an airline of modest size during my early days in this calling, and boarded an early-afternoon flight out of Honolulu. There lay ahead an effortless glide across the Pacific, chasing the sun every inch of the way. The airline helps the Japanese illusion (as Air India helps theirs with sari-clad girls) by putting its hostesses in kimonos and its passengers in *happi* coats. The *happi* coat is worn by workers in Japan, each coat differing according to its owner's calling. It saves the suit jacket, I guess, and it identifies the wearer as butcher or baker. Candlestick makers are hard to find. I'm not sure I understand what purpose the *happi* coat serves a passenger, but they are popular and can be purchased for about $4. Credit it to a reportorial lapse that I never inquired what the calligraphy on a traveler's *happi* coat says or whether he would be instantly identifiable to other *happi* coat wearers in Japan. I have a suspicion it sports a disguised commercial.

It is perfectly possible, while floating about five miles above the Pacific on a sunny afternoon, to nibble on bridge-party open sandwiches of ham, cheese, and a number of camouflaged cocktail-hour delights proffered in the Western world. It is much more fun to get used to chopsticks again and try the sushi, cold clods of rice decorated with some morsel out of the sea. In Honolulu they are catered for JAL by Kyo-ya, a Japanese restaurant in Waikiki owned by a Japanese millionaire entrepreneur named Kenji Osano. Mr. Osano lives in Tokyo, where he owns a string of buses, a string of hotels, and some railroads. In Hawaii he owns three of the best-known Waikiki hotels, the Princess Kaiulani, the Moana, and the Surf Rider. There is nothing at all Japanese about his Waikiki hotels, which are operated by Sheraton, but his Japanese restaurant is authentic. The sushi Kyo-ya puts aboard the planes comes decorated with bits of abalone or a snippet of raw, red tuna or raw, white sea bass. It is to be dipped in soy sauce which has been highly charged with a hot green radish paste called *wasabi*.

With smoke eddying out of the ears, and mind and body refreshed by a high tea that would horrify the British, one can relax and look forward to dinner. The steward puts out a tray of rice flour crackers, some sweet, some flavored with seaweed; and an order of beer is always accompanied by a paper boat with a peanut baked in rice flour and tied with a string of seaweed, and rice flour crackers, one shaped like a wheel, one orange-hued and fashioned into a carrot. The incredible artistry and delicacy of the Japanese never fail to perplex me in a people who, when unleashed in a cavernous railway station, become an impersonal, callous, thundering mob.

ONE could wish, the Japanese passengers perhaps more than I, that the dual cuisine would be continued into the main meals. Here the airline, now spread as far as London and soon to be flying across the U.S. with an inevitable link-up that will make it an around-the-world carrier, bows to its preponderance of Western passengers. At dinner the Japanese air is only an accent—*sake* in a lovely crock, served cold on the wine cart, green tea instead of Lipton's best if you want it. The commencement is grand—caviar, oysters galantine, a chicken cooked with shrimp, snow peas, and the usual parade of ice cream, pastries, coffee, liqueurs. After almost a double decade spent caroming around the world I had long ago discovered that the key to my personal well-being in the air is to get off a plane hungry. On long jet flights where the water loss and the jet lag is a downright uncomfortable affliction, I drink water and beer and rarely hard liquor. I stop the long drawn-out dinner—in days when planes were slower, Air France called it the 400-mile meal—after the first course and conclude with a salad. This procedure often dismays stewardesses who sometimes take on the persuasive mien of Jewish mommas, or worse yet consider it an affront to their national cuisine; it aids immeasurably in digesting a nearly 3,880-mile trip covered in nine hours, with a five-hour time change, not to mention a calendar loss of a day.

The immigration, health, and customs went with dispatch and a friend sent his car to bring us home for cocktails. The hour was just right, considering the time change, but the sky was already dark. A barrage of neon assaults the eye coming out of Haneda Airport, and the elevated freeway does nothing to spoil the illusion of an Oriental town gone west. We stopped for cocktails, admired the antiquities that were not Western at all, and the car took us onward to the Okura, a hotel I had hitherto inspected, but at which I had never stayed.

By now the time and the day were something of a confusion, but it was time, since we hadn't really eaten dinner, for a midnight snack. Seven restaurants faced us, the formal Orchid Room just off the lobby, the Emerald Room (bouillabaisse à la Marseillaise and charcoal broiled steaks), Yamazato (tempura Kansai style), Toh-Ka-Lin (shark's fin soup with crab eggs), Continental Room (paella Valenciana and fettuccine all' Alfredo). We were too late for the Camellia Corner, a coffee shop (beef stew and gratin sandwiches) and too early for the Terrace Restaurant, open only in summer (fried prawns with rice), so the choice was narrowed. We slipped down to the oyster bar for oysters, served correctly with dark bread, then, in pursuit of Instant Japan, sat down at the counter of Yamazato to dabble with the tempura. The tempura bar of an international hotel can be a clubby place, particularly after the second beer, and the companions on the adjoining stools were a fascinating lot. They included a Swede who wore heavy-rimmed glasses of the type affected by Hollywood and televi-

Mealtime aloft—a *happi* time.

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—HORACE SUTTON, *Saturday Review*

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sion executives in the USA, spoke good enough English to pass as a spy, is a chemical engineer and a graduate of Stanford. Alongside him was an Indian diplomat, perfectly tailored by Savile Row and equipped with an exquisite Cambridge accent and air to match. Alongside him was their host, for what past favor or prospect of future business Buddha only knows.

The conversation between us was so interesting and the performance of the cook behind the counter so fascinating that I hardly knew on which to concentrate. From the cook came delicately fried prawns, bits of whitefish, blocks of squid, fried lotus root, sweet potato, bits of onion, all to be dipped in sauce spiced with shredded *daikon,* an outsized radish. From my international companions came, in accents more varied even than the fare, a running discourse on the détente between Pakistan and India, the war in Vietnam and the Japanese attitude toward it, and the available ladies who are said to be on hand in the suburban resorts of Taiwan. The Swede thought the Pak-Indian cease-fire had been engineered by Kosygin only with the connivance of the United States, a theory that perplexed me. The Indian urged me to be sure to visit him in Bombay, which I promised to do. The Japanese said he would really like to visit Taiwan, but right now he was too busy fighting Communism to leave the country.

It was, to say only the least, a spirited beginning to my invasion of the Far East, and elated as I was when I took the elevator upstairs I slept in the Okura's foamy bed until the wake-up call sounded in the morning. It was so early

In the restaurant, Instant Japan.

there was nothing open but the Orchid Room and we dined alone in its splendor, attended by a maître d'hôtel in cutaway and two waitresses who scurried to fetch giant strawberries, croissants and brioches, and pots of coffee. On the way back to the airport, snug in a heated taxi, I watched Mount Fuji suddenly bloom in the starboard window swathed in a marshmallow cape of snow. The driver turned around to smile. Up in the air again we flew right over its shoulder and the view, if anything, was even more spectacular. It was an auspicious and lucky omen for a trip that was taking me onward to Hong Kong, Bangkok, and then into India.

—HORACE SUTTON.

(This is the first of a series of articles on the Far East.)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

MURDER WILL OUT

Each of these fictional works is based—admittedly or not—upon an actual murder case. Olive W. Burt of Salt Lake City wants to know how many you can match correctly. Solution on page 65.

Dreiser: *An American Tragedy* ( )
Maxwell Anderson: *Gods of the Lightning* ( )
David Dotort: *The Burial of the Fruit* ( )

Peter Packer: *The Love Thieves* ( )
Ward Greene: *Death in the Deep South* ( )

Mary Roberts Rinehart: *The After House* ( )
Robert Wilder: *Written on the Wind* ( )
Stephen Longstreet: *The Crime* ( )
Poe: *The Mystery of Marie Roget* ( )
Richard Wright: *Native Son* ( )
Tabor Rawson: *I Want to Live* ( )

John Colton: *Nine Pine Street* ( )

1. Mary Cecilia Rogers
2. Murders on the *Robert Fuller*
3. Libby Holman and Smith Reynolds
4. Starr Faithfull
5. Chester Gillette and Grace Brown
6. Sacco-Vanzetti case
7. Hall-Mills case
8. Murder, Inc.
9. Barbara Graham
10. Lizzie Borden
11. Robert Nixon and Flora Johnson
12. Leo Frank and Mary Phagan

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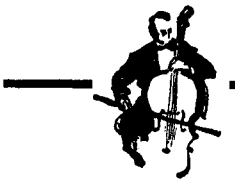

MUSIC TO MY EARS

A French Parsifal—Stewart—Orchestras

ALTHOUGH CLAUDE DEBUSSY is commonly listed among the anti-Wagnerites, he was also responsible for the description of *Parsifal* as "one of the loveliest monuments of sound ever raised to the serene glory of music." The essay in which this statement is contained does not spell out in every detail the specifics behind this opinion, but there are other French musicians (descended from the line that produced Debussy) who are capable of such a demonstration. In the forefront currently are Georges Prêtre, who conducted and Régine Crespin, who had the pivotal part of Kundry in the first Metropolitan *Parsifal* in five years.

Affiliated with them was a new Parsifal, Sándor Kónya. This made a match of three essentially lyric performers, with both singers possessed of the vocal sound and the artistic sensitivity to complement Prêtre's idea of what Wagner was about in this score. The result, especially in Act II, was of a pervasive feeling and a common accent that glorified an aspect of *Parsifal* too often slighted. That is its flow of flexible melody and insinuating tonal colorations, not only in the voices but also in the orchestra. Contributing to this outcome was not only a superior group of Flower Maidens (effectively "led" by Heidi Krall) but also a better-sounding Klingsor from Morley Meredith than from any predecessor in years.

Much of this, of course, wars against the principle that *Parsifal* is a heavily Germanic work that can best be recreated by those to whom its ethic as well as its language are in the bloodstream. But just as Renoir found something French in the physical Wagner to recreate in his famous portrait, so such fellow countrymen as Fauré, Franck, and Chausson found something especially appealing to their taste in the spiritual Wagner. There is, indeed, a substantial segment of French music that is not merely Wagner-derived but, specifically, *Parsifal*-derived. In this respect, then, Debussy was not enunciating a revolutionary opinion but providing a summation for what was widely accepted among the French *avant-garde* as then constituted.

Prêtre's Prelude was beautifully defined, as was everything else about the score that was purely orchestral. This was in the nature of the expectable, but not so the largely underplayed Kundry of Crespin. Her altogether novel concept placed a feelingful reliance in delicacy rather than force in the sometimes clumsy seduction episode of Act II (which she performed in a black and crimson gown that could be worn to an after-opera reception without change). It was cleverly calculated, vocally, to make the climaxes impressive within the range of a voice that cannot really compare—in quantity—with those Kundries who are also Brünnhildes and Isoldes. This was accomplished by treating "*Ich sah' das Kind*" almost as a *chanson*, in a manner that fitted both key words of Debussy's summation—"lovely" and "serene." In some circumstances it might have been insufficient, but in those that prevailed under Prêtre's finely calculated dynamic values it was arresting by its subtlety alone.

Kónya's Parsifal will doubtless grow in definition and stature as his ease in the part accumulates, but he has, at present, a blend of qualities altogether uncommon. First among them is his ability to suggest the youthful innocent imagined by Wagner, who must yet have a vocal power to dominate the scene in "*Amfortas, die Wunde.*" This was not the best of Kónya's effort by any means, for he lunged at it, vocally, rather than attacking it with confidence; but this was a tolerable insufficiency considering what he could do with the quieter moments of Act III, and his capacity to shape a vocal line as he does in *Lohengrin* and *Meistersinger*.

Acts I and III were somewhat different, as well as lower on the scale of values, perhaps because of a lack of more French-trained musicians to take the place of the Germans who were absent in any case. Neither the Gurnemanz of Jerome Hines nor the Amfortas of George London is what it used to be—the former for what sounds like a steady erosion of his topmost tones, the latter for what appeared to be an aftermath of his recent operation, which made his upper register extremely tentative. Justino Diaz as the offstage Titurel may be in the wings for a future venture as Gurnemanz as well.

Doubtless this series of performances is the last that shall be seen of the present makeshift production, with its projections by Leo Kerz and semicircular ramp for playing space. But it points the way in which, with more illusive projections, an imaginative employment of the turntable, and stage wagons to be available in Lincoln Center, *Parsifal* could be reborn as a Metropolitan speciality. Nathaniel Merrill's unusually adept staging of the Flower Maidens episode showed a resource of good ideas that may, in the brighter uptown future, achieve full expression.

Thomas Stewart, who made his debut as Ford in a *Falstaff* of the same week, has the look as well as the sound of an interesting operatic performer. He is tall and well proportioned and he moves well, with a voice that is not quite so tall, but is well proportioned and shows the flexibility to be moved well. As Ford, he looks more like a landed English gentleman should (and probably hasn't) since Lawrence Tibbett. Vocally, Stewart (Texas-born, German-experienced) has a solid sound up to the area of F and G. He seemed, in this first encounter with the spaces of stage and auditorium, to be pushing for volume, which needn't concern him, as he can readily be heard. It is possible, too, that some of the tenderness at the top was a result of the condition that caused him to miss his first Ford, scheduled for five days before. Dramatically, Stewart indulged in more business than was absolutely essential, perhaps to deal with the dilemma caused by sharing the stage with Tito Gobbi as Falstaff. But Stewart is too good a performer on his own to resort to this kind of in-fighting. What is required, vocally as well as dramatically, is for him to refine what he does, focus his effort more productively, and get all the results inherent in the means at his disposal.

When last heard as a conductor in New York, Wolfgang Sawallisch was directing the touring Vienna Symphony in Carnegie Hall season before last. He

(*Continued on page* 73)

Audience

By Robin Johnson

UNACKNOWLEDGMENT is mutual.
The old man watching me
is Henry Miller, but I pretend
I do not know it's he

and keep on serving down the court,
then lob the ball sky-high
and risk a glance. I watch him
following my partner's thigh.

I've heard that he's a church man now.
I see him ride his bike
along my quiet street each noon,
and wonder what he's like.

Here, propped on arms, he lolls on grass
where every day he comes to skirt.
A younger man would come to play, or
half to play and half to flirt

but not our wanderer-anonymous
(. . . all of us know,) . . . and we pace
a dazzling game for him, and wonder
if the word, today, is grace.

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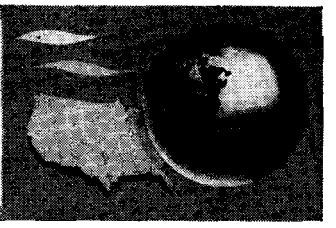
As Others See Us



OTTAWA:

A Question of Purpose

THE CRISIS OF CONSCIENCE through which the American people have been passing during the past year because of the Vietnam war has stemmed from the unanswered question: What is America's moral purpose in Vietnam? This question goes beyond the simplistic stand that the U.S. is in Vietnam merely to deter foreign aggression, or to prove that so-called wars of liberation are a form of aggression and will not be tolerated. For in South Vietnam there has been little doubt that the Communist Vietcong represents a genuine popular movement, based on rebellion against corrupt and tyrannical officials in Saigon and rapacious landlords in the countryside.

Flowing from this fact has been Senator Robert Kennedy's recent suggestion that the Vietcong should be allowed to participate in a South Vietnamese government following peace negotiations. General Maxwell D. Taylor, former U.S. ambassador to South Vietnam, has said he would support Senator Kennedy's position provided free elections are held first. And Secretary of State Dean Rusk has told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, in response to a question by Senator J. W. Fulbright, its chairman, that he also would support free elections after a truce is achieved.

These views should help clarify American purposes in South Vietnam. Until recently there has been much confusion over these goals, and an understandable assumption that the U.S. was intent on using brute power to impose an unpopular regime on the South Vietnamese people. It has even been openly admitted that the U.S. opposed free elections in 1956 because the resulting vote might favor the Communists. Yet such opposition undermines the democratic principles that the U.S. professes, and makes an absurdity out of early American attacks on such people as Fidel Castro of Cuba, because he does not believe in free elections.

The line between a "war of liberation" and a true civil war aimed at deposing an oppressive regime can be very thin. Ideally, the issue should be settled without outside interference from anyone. If it can be settled through elections, so much the better. Having indicated that they favor free elections in South Vietnam, even if it means participation by the Vietcong in the government of the country, the U.S. Government should now make specific proposals toward that end. . . . —*Ottawa Citizen.*

TORONTO:

Lessons of the Debate

AMERICAN FREEDOM has never rung so clearly as during the debate on President Johnson's Vietnam policy. Resulting in an overwhelming mandate for the present Washington Administration, it has demonstrated the strength of the nation's democratic system and spirit.

The U.S. is at war in Vietnam, with hundreds of thousands of men and its arms machinery geared to the fighting. War usually induces a repressive climate in the name of security. But it would be hard to find a parallel example of a nation at war giving full rein to the voices of opposition. Against the background of teach-ins and demonstrations, the debate in the Senate and House of Representatives went on under the glare of publicity. It was especially nerve-wracking for the soldiers in the field and their loved ones at home, raising doubts and fears that the nation might be dangerously divided and the war effort impaired. But the conclusion leaves no misgivings as to where the U.S. stands on the issue of halting aggression. Indeed, its citizens have been strengthened and uplifted by the exercise of unrestrained expression.

Free men everywhere will take heart from this evidence of faith in democratic principles, and as the details of the debate trickle into despotic lands the hopes and dreams of men there, too, will be nourished.

The unbridled play of opinion in the U.S. in recent weeks will be seen, above all, as an expression of the validity of the individual within the state.

From that stems, in turn, the concept of the consent of the governed from which the state derives its just powers.

The ideas implicit in this concept are relatively new in parts of the emergent world, and it is important and valuable to have had them laid out under the blazing light of the public gaze. They will strengthen the spirit of discontent wherever the despot's mandate runs among the oppressed.

All this cannot be but discomfiting to the forces that seek to overrun Vietnam. They are a tough and resourceful enemy, but they have now been presented with an object lesson of how tough and irresistible is the will of a people untrammeled by the vigilantes of thought police. . . . —*Toronto Telegram.*

—*Krokodil (Moscow).*

From a diplomat's diary: "In Latin America the abundance of fruit strikes you in the eye."

GLASGOW:

An Eye on China

ALTHOUGH THE HEARINGS are over and Congress has confirmed the President's wide control over the war and the total military commitment in Vietnam, the great debate is far from over. The average American's views on Vietnam can never be the same after the much-publicized and televised Senate hearing. For the first time since American involvement in Vietnam assumed the proportions of a major war, the unquestioned though uneasy consensus in favor of the President was threatened. The final effect of the debate is still unclear. Few voices advocated withdrawal; most critics emphasized the threat of an escalation of the conflict into a general war with China.

There is a risk that this healthy, democratic voicing of genuine doubts will be interpreted in Hanoi as a weakening of America's will to fight. Such a misreading of the debate could make Hanoi more determined to fight on and refuse all American offers of a peaceful settlement. And, ironically, the demands of many of the critics for a rapid end to the war could lead to its prolongment. Despite this, the debate, by clarifying the aims of the United States and the doubts of the critics, is likely to prove healthy in the longer run. Morale in a country fighting a long war deteriorates most rapidly

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when the aims are unclear and the doubts and fears expressed only in whispers. —*Glasgow Herald.*

PEKING:

Words of Warning

ALTHOUGH THERE ARE groups with different interests within the monopoly capitalist class in the United States and although there are acute conflicts of interests among these groups, they are completely at one in their goal of the enslavement of the people at home and abroad; they are all reactionaries. . . . There is no such thing as supra-class "sensibleness." If the representatives of U.S. monopoly capital are "sensible" at all, they are "sensible" only in safeguarding the fundamental interests of their own class, in oppressing the American people at home and plundering other peoples abroad, and in executing their policies of aggression and war. The new leaders of the Soviet Union are keen on dividing U.S. ruling circles into the "sensible" and the "reactionary," but what other interpretation of their real intention is possible except that it is to provide a cover for U.S. imperialism and help it lull the people of the world?

Sometimes the new leaders of the Soviet Union mouth a few phrases attacking Johnson. This is only a smokescreen. For Soviet books demonstrate that, like Khrushchev, they portray the Presidents of the United States as angels of peace and absolute representatives of the American people. The reason is very simple. It is that the Khrushchev revisionists invariably put their stakes on the chieftain of U.S. imperialism. They always do their utmost to prettify the President of the United States, whoever he is. —*Peking Review.*

MOSCOW:

The Missing Bomb

FOR SEVERAL WEEKS now world public opinion has been alarmed by the hazards to human life and health arising from the loss of a ten-megaton American atomic bomb off the shores of Spain. . . . The harmful consequences of nuclear radiation, from which the Spanish population may suffer, show how dangerous for the peaceful population is this monstrous sporting about with bombs and planes, even if they are not put to their intended uses. . . . —*Tass.*

PERTH:

Support for Saigon

HAVING HAD HIS peace feelers rebuffed by Hanoi, President Johnson is faced with further military commitments aimed at producing a situation in which the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese leaders would be willing to negotiate peace. In this light, his first purpose in meeting Marshal Ky and other South Vietnamese leaders at Honolulu seems to have been to counter Communist propaganda that this is a war of U.S. imperialists against the Vietnamese people.

The meeting was designed to demonstrate that Washington is helping the legitimate government of South Vietnam, at the wish of the Vietnamese, to fight Communist aggression. Marshal Ky contributed to this end by taking a disconcertingly tougher line than the President and insisting in his part of the communiqué that the Vietcong must be defeated.

President Johnson's second purpose is clearly to show that the United States has no interest in conquest but is determined to hold the line against Communism and anxious to improve the social and political lot of the people. Marshal Ky has yet to show that he is willing or able to carry out the program of U.S.-financed economic and social reform outlined in the communiqué. He, at least, is the first South Vietnamese leader to recognize that the regime in Saigon must be more popularly based if it is to justify the principles on which the Vietcong is being fought.

—*West Australian.*

The Press and the President: With the President's critics in Congress overwhelmed, the American press stands today as Lyndon Johnson's most formidable foe on Vietnam. It is important, of course, not to exaggerate: on the whole the "popular" press—with the New York *Daily News* as its cheerleader—is vociferous in its support of LBJ's policies and merciless toward those who, like Robert Kennedy, attack them. But among what in England would be called "the quality papers," led by the *New York Times*, there is a growing mood of doubt and questioning—a mood that is plainly beginning to make an impact, if only in terms of irritation, on the White House.

The syndicated columnists have so far been the main targets of Presidential ire. I had not, for example, been in Washington a fortnight before I was drawn to one side by what is known here as "a high source" and solemnly assured that Walter Lippmann was "senile"—a diagnosis which those who have met Mr. Lippmann know to be totally absurd.

James Reston, who has lately been writing some sharp columns on "rhetoric and reality," is now getting much the same treatment. Go to any Washington dinner party and a moment arrives when the Administration spokesman will lean earnestly across the table and confide that "as an old newspaperman" he finds "nothing sadder than the decline in Scottie Reston's reputation." With the boot now going in, too, for Marquis Childs . . . it is hard not to recognize in all this part of a concerted plan of professional demolition of the President's newspaper critics.

Its personal background, however, is not so much one of brutality as of sheer bewilderment. No President has ever wanted, or worked harder for, the good will of the press than has LBJ since he came to office. Practically every newspaperman in Washington has his tale of how LBJ has rung him up at home—the tone sometimes wheedling, often peevish, occasionally downright furious, but always holding out the invitation for a kiss to make it all better. No one disputes the President's desire to be loved, but it did not take long to detect that what he had in mind was a rather special form of love—love, in fact, on Big Brother's terms.

In the U.S., newspapers have always until now enjoyed a far more formative role in policy than they have ever been allowed in Britain: it was, indeed, one of Mr. Johnson's own White House aides—Mr. Douglass Cater, formerly of the *Reporter* magazine—who once called the press "the fourth branch of government."

The President is plainly more than content for the arrangement to continue, provided only that the press takes its place on the government benches. What he will not tolerate is their lining up with the opposition. It is precisely because the opposition in the U.S. is at the moment so fragile that the threat goes well beyond the considerations of mere journalistic *amour-propre*. It touches, in fact, on the whole place of dissent in LBJ's America.

No one would suggest that Lyndon Johnson is currently behaving like a Kwame Nkrumah or even an Ian Smith. But though the methods are clearly different, the objective does not appear to be wholly dissimilar. Bonds, after all, can be made of silk, just as easily as of steel. Having crushed Congress, can it really be LBJ's desire now to castrate the press?

—*Anthony Howard in the Observer (London).*

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When Rudolf Serkin made his American debut with the New York Philharmonic under Arturo Toscanini in February, 1936, Olin Downes wrote in the New York *Times*: "When a soloist of such capacity arrives, it is an occasion to remember." Since that historic date, audiences in this country and abroad have found Serkin's performances...on records, in concert halls, at the Marlboro Festival... unforgettable.

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Tape recorder in attaché case ready for concertgoing.

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PIRACY ON THE HIGH C'S

By RICHARD FREED

UNTIL RECENTLY the printed programs at Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall, like those in many other concert halls and theaters, carried a line reading, "The use of cameras in this auditorium is not permitted." Two months ago, at the request of the New York Philharmonic, the line was changed to read, "The taking of photographs and use of recording equipment in this auditorium is not allowed."

The admonition comes a little late, for determined hunters of sonic souvenirs have been at it for years, beginning when their equipment was a good deal more primitive and conditions much more difficult than today's. Moreover, the proliferation of transistorized and "sub-miniaturized" tape recording devices—many of them easily concealed or disguised—not only makes the activity more intriguing, but makes its proscription all but impossible to enforce.

It has always been relatively simple, of course, to record broadcast performances by such organizations as the Metropolitan Opera and the New York Philharmonic, but the surreptitious record-maker has never limited himself to that easy course: it is only in the hall itself, after all, that his sound source is pure and not subject to interference or interruption. The Metropolitan, for example, has been rather spectacularly documented on unauthorized discs, many of which preserve performances that were *not* broadcast, and there is a sizable assortment of similarly produced recordings of concerts, operas, and recitals from other sources in New York, London, Vienna, Milan, and virtually every festival city in Europe.

Such recordings are usually meant to be shared, and they are, not through ordinary merchandising channels but in limited editions (usually about 100 to 300 pressings) whose labels bear the words "Private Edition" instead of a trademark. Barely a month after Montserrat Caballé made her sensational New York debut in Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia* with the American Opera Society at Carnegie Hall last April, a New Yorker received a letter from a friend in Germany asking if he would like to have a recording of the performance. The recording, which has circulated in a limited edition (one copy is even on display at the Lincoln Center Library and Museum of the Performing Arts) was not issued by a record "company." The labels identify no manufacturer or producer, only the performing personnel. But the sound (mono only) is excellent, and an exciting musical event is thus preserved.

FROM time to time comparable matter has found its way into the *Schwann Catalog*, often with the performers' names changed (as in the Bayreuth *Ring* formerly on Allegro, and several operas from the mythical "Patagonia Festival" on Period). New York Philharmonic broadcasts provided material circulated on odd labels in the early Fifties, with the performances attributed to such conductors as Karl Alwin and the Russian composer Reinhold Glière. One distributor of "pirated" material even called his label "Jolly Roger." But what there is, or has been, in *Schwann* of recordings taken from "airchecks" and other unauthorized sources must be regarded as only a tiny fraction of the vast quantity available to those interested enough to seek it out in Private Editions.

The opera-lover whose appetites range beyond what is offered in *Schwann* can find not only "Golden Age" performances of the standard repertory from the Met—Bruno Walter's 1942 *Don Giovanni* with Pinza, the same conductor's 1941 *Fidelio* with Flagstad and René Maison, a whole slew of *Aïdas* and *Bohèmes*, much of the Wagner canon with Flagstad and Melchior—but also such "nonbasic" works as Howard Hanson's *Merry Mount*, Deems Taylor's *Peter Ibbetson*, and Italo Montemezzi's *L'Amore dei Tre Re* (conducted by the composer in 1941, with Grace Moore and Charles Kullman). From European and Latin-American sources there are more recent recordings of such rarities as Donizetti's *Il Furioso*, Gomes's *Il Guarany*, Fauré's *Pénélope*, Rossini's *Zelmira*, Giordano's *Siberia*, Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini*, more composer-conducted Montemezzi (*L'Incantesimo*), a Berlin *Ariadne auf Naxos* (dating from 1935, with Ursuleac, Roswaenge, and Berger), and the Strauss operas *Intermezzo*, *Guntram*, *Die Liebe der Danae* (première broadcast under Clemens Krauss, 1952), and *Feuersnot* (1964 Vienna Festival performances under Peter Maag).

If the operatic-and-vocal category seems to get the bulk of this kind of attention, it does not get it all. An aston-

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ishing number of important musical events of the last four decades can be recreated from discs—Wanda Landowska in two Mozart concertos with the Philharmonic, Josef Hofmann playing two Rubinstein concertos, and a Chopin concerto played by Moritz Rosenthal.

Obviously, not all such offerings are of equal value musically (and there is a huge variation in sound quality, since the recordings are often made by persons with more enthusiasm than skill), but they do offer something a lot of listeners feel is invaluable: the sound of an actual "live" performance, given under normal public-performance conditions. And, since the mastering is generally done by professionals (custom sound studios), the pressings are often good ones.

Conservation, not profit, seems to be the main motive in making such recordings. The objective, almost invariably, is neither to do the artist out of a fee nor to make a killing, but to preserve a musical experience too valuable to be lost. The prices generally run about $3 to $3.25 per disc, which, considering the limited production runs, is just about a break-even figure. Gouging becomes part of the picture only when the discs are picked up by stores and marketed as premium items. Very few stores bother with them, but those that do may ask up to $10 per disc. While some collectors may not mind paying $30 for the Pinza/Walter *Don Giovanni*, the direct price is only $9, and those who want such material usually have a way of knowing where to find it.

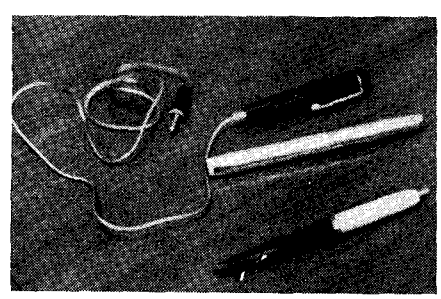
It might be assumed that musicians recorded without their knowledge or consent would be irritated, but this is not always true. Gérard Souzay was distressed to learn that part of his Metropolitan debut was issued on "Private Edition" (it was *not* broadcast, by the way), but Rosa Ponselle enthusiastically made her *Carmen* available for "Private Editions" circulation, and other singers are said to be pleased (at least secretly) to have their material in circulation. Miss Caballé was reported to have been annoyed at first by the clandestine recording of her *Lucrezia Borgia*, particularly because she does not care to have "live" performances recorded in any case (in a recent interview, Miss Caballé remarked, ". . . in the studio where I am relaxed I can give 100 per cent of my voice, where in performance my voice is only 70 per cent . . ."), but her annoyance is said to have changed to pleasure when she noted the additional enthusiasm whipped up by the discs.

In any event, there has been relatively little litigation over the circulation of unauthorized discs made by amateur record-makers, since no real profits are involved and legal action often costs more than it is worth. The most a complainant can count on winning if he goes to court is an order prohibiting additional pressings or sales of the disc in question. Such an order can have no effect on copies already sold, and issues of this type are almost always limited to a single small run, anyway, so the net effect is nil.

Wired for sound—The "accessories"—shirt button, cuff links, watch and an invisible fountain pen—are all microphones.

Whether individual solo artists are pro or anti, or simply couldn't care less, the sponsoring organizations, hall managements, and, in particular, the American Federation of Musicians all take a very dim view of this extremely free enterprise. But forbidding it in print is not going to put a stop to it when it can be carried on without any visible (or, at least, recognizable) recording equipment. And here is where the music-lover enters into the incredible (and a little frightening) world of private eyes, spies, counterspies, industrial espionage agents, and other more or less glamorized snoops.

The American Opera Society production of Boïto's *Mefistofele*, with Renata Tebaldi, Carlo Bergonzi, and Nicolai Ghiaurov (Lamberto Gardelli conducting), given in Carnegie Hall two months ago, is on tape. The same organization's recent production of *Roberto Devereux*, again with Miss Caballé, may soon be available as a "Private Edition" *in stereo*. Rumor has it the latter was accomplished without having any tape machinery in the hall: two members of the audience, one on each side of the seating area equidistant from the stage, *wore* "sub-miniature" microphones and pocket transmitters which beamed the music to recording equipment in another building. Nephews, no doubt, of the man from U.N.C.L.E.



Three "fountain pens." The first two are microphones, the third a device for jamming a recorder.

A visit to the Continental Telephone Supply Company, on Manhattan's West 46th Street, was most illuminating. The firm specializes in "industrial security" and "electronic surveillance" devices—phone monitors, wall probes, etc.; its *chef d'oeuvre* is the "Continental 4000L Security Recording System," which, like many similar systems, is hidden in an inconspicuous and innocent-looking attaché case (such as the one with which a "student" was observed in the third ring of the New York State Theater during the New York City Opera's recent dress rehearsal of Ginastera's *Don Rodrigo*). It is built around the German-made Uher "4000 Report L," a self-powered four-speed tape recorder (top speed, 7½ i.p.s.) which takes five-inch reels. A "sub-miniature, ultra-sensitive microphone" and a switch are hidden in the case's handle. No need to bother with the switch, though, for the unit can be voice-activated, starting or stopping itself in the presence, or absence, of sound in just two seconds. Thus it is not necessary to touch the system, or even have it near its operator (perhaps "beneficiary" would be a better word, since the "operator" doesn't do much operating). With the use of cleverly designed accessories, it could even be set up in another building a block away.

One of these accessories is the "0007" FM wireless transmitter, a transistorized miniature sending station to be used in conjunction with an FM receiver that can be built into the attaché case with the recorder itself. The transmitter, which will send a good signal about two blocks, weighs only five ounces, can be hidden inside a cigarette package, and even has its own built-in microphone, but, since the microphone is the most critical element in making these recordings, an auxiliary mike is preferred. There are excellent ones small enough to be hidden from view, but when they do show they look like microphones, so Continental features miniatures disguised as fountain pens, tie clips, shirt buttons, cuff links, and even paper clips, for which a sensitivity of about 35 to 20,000 c.p.s. is claimed.

The complete Continental/Uher system, with the transmitter, FM receiver, and a fountain-pen or cuff-link microphone, comes to more than $800. There are cheaper systems (one self-contained, self-powered recorder is so small it may

(*Continued on page* 65)

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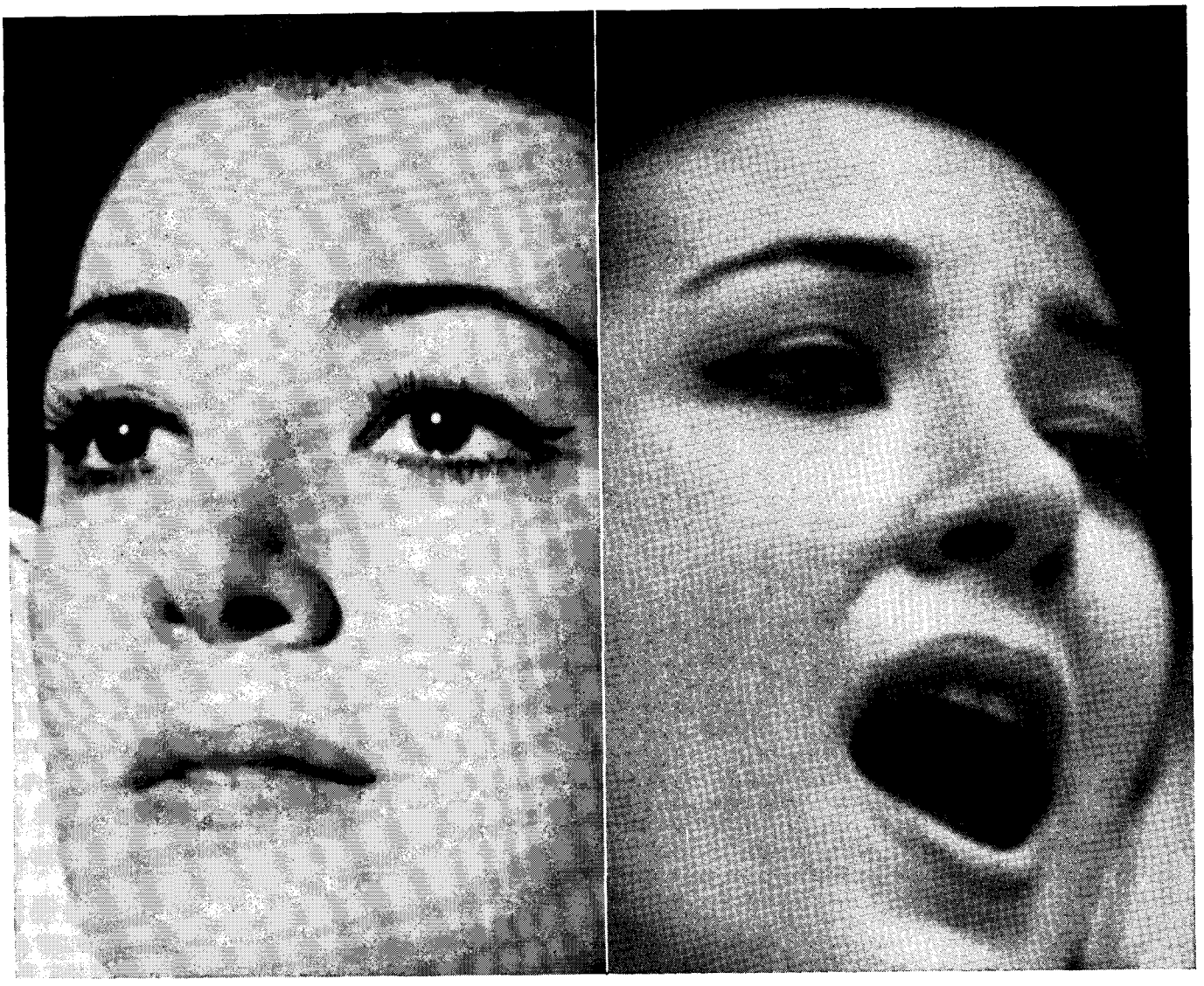

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Guide to European Music Festivals—1966

PRELIMINARY FORECAST

DATE	LOCATION	TITLE	DETAILS NOW AVAILABLE	INFORMATION & TICKETS
May 7- June 19	Wiesbaden, Germany	International May Festival	OPERA: Vienna State Opera, Zagreb Opera. BALLET: Bolshoi, Covent Garden. DRAMA: Comédie Française.	State Theatre, Wiesbaden. Tel. 3 93 31
May 10- June 30	Florence, Italy	May Music Festival	OPERA: CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET; RECITALS.	Teatro Communale, 16 Corso Italia, Florence. Tel. 27 62 53
May 12- June 4	Prague, Czechoslovakia	International Music Festival "Prague Spring"	OPERA; CONCERTS: CHAMBER MUSIC. London Symphony, Moscow Symphony, Berlin Philharmonic. Oistrakh, Rubinstein, Richter, Szeryng, et al.	"Prague Spring," House of Artists, Alesovo Nabrezi 12, Prague 1. Tel. 635 82
May 13- May 29	Bordeaux, France	Festival of Music	OPERA; CONCERTS; Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, Bordeaux Symphony. BALLET; DRAMA; ART EXHIBITION.	Commissariat du Festival, 252 Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris 8. Tel. WAG 97 28
May 14- June 5	Lisbon, Portugal	Festival Gulbenkian	OPERA: World Première of Messiaen's "Transfiguration." CONCERTS: Orchestre de la Société du Conservatoire; CHAMBER MUSIC: Gulbenkian Chamber Orchestra. RECITALS: Rostropovitch, et al. DRAMA; BALLET.	Fundaçao Calouste Gulbenkian, Lisbon. Tel. 76 21 46
May 15- May 31	Copenhagen, Denmark	Royal Danish Ballet and Music Festival	Guest performances of Italian artists. OPERA; CONCERTS; BALLET.	Festival Ticket Office, Kongens Nytorv 21, Copenhagen. Tel. Byen 648- Telex: 5473
May 21- June 19	Vienna, Austria	Vienna Festival Weeks	OPERA: Performances in Vienna State Opera, Volksoper, Theater an der Wien; World première of "The Black Spider" (Hauer) and "The Mysterious Mr. X" (Uhl); OPERETTA: "Princess of Trapezunt" (Offenbach, new version). CONCERTS: Vienna Philharmonic, Vienna Symphony, Israel Philharmonic, Philharmonic of Hungary, Berliner Staatskapelle, et al. RECITALS: Oistrakh, Odnoposoff, Backhaus, Fischer-Dieskau, Hermann Prey, Demus, et al. DRAMA.	Oesterreichisches Verkehrsbüro, Friedrichstr. 7, Vienna. Tel. 57 23 15
May 26- June 12	Bergen, Norway	International Grieg Festival	OPERA: World première of "Jeppe" (Tveitt); "Così" (Mozart). CONCERTS: Daily recital at Grieg's home, etc. Berlin Radio Symphony, Polish Radio Symphony, Bergen Symphony. Van Cliburn, Shankar, et al. DRAMA; BALLET.	Festspillene I. Sverresgate 11, Bergen. Tel. 30 0 10
May 29- July 31	Glyndebourne, Great Britain	Glyndebourne Festival Opera		Glyndebourne Box Office, 23 Baker Street, London W. 1; or Lewes, Sussex.
May (late)- July (early)	Zürich, Switzerland	Zürich June Festival	OPERA: New productions of "Trovatore" (Verdi) and "Iphigenie auf Tauris" (Gluck); RECITALS: Casadesus, Francescatti, Szeryng, Wunderlich, et al. DRAMA: performances in German, French, English, Italian.	Tourist Office, Hauptbahnhof, Postfach 8023, Zürich. Tel. 051 25 67 00
June 10- June 26	Strasbourg, France	International Music Festival	"Requiem" (Verdi); CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS. Crespin, Milstein, et al.	Festival de Strasbourg, 24 Rue de la Mésange, Strasbourg. Tel. 32 43 10
June 15- June 26	Bath, Great Britain	Bath Festival	CONCERTS: Czech Chamber Orchestra, Bath Festival Orchestra; Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin, Ashkenazy, Nadia Boulanger, Bream, Pears, et al. CHAMBER MUSIC; DRAMA.	Bath Festival, Linley House, Pierrepont Place, Bath. Tel. BATH 2531
June 15- July 15	The Hague, Amsterdam, Scheveningen, The Netherlands	Holland Festival	OPERA: "Labyrint" (Schat, world première), "Le Pescatrici" (Haydn), "Don Carlo" (Verdi), "I Capuletti ed i Montecchi" (Bellini); CONCERTS; BALLET; DRAMA. Concertgebouw Orchestra, Hague Residentie Orchestra, et al.	Amsterdam: Honthorstraat 10. Tel. 72 33 20. The Hague: Tel. 55 87 00
June 24- July 17	Spoleto, Italy	Festival of the Two Worlds	OPERA: "Pelléas et Mélisande" (Debussy), "Requiem" (Verdi); CHAMBER MUSIC.	Festival Foundation, 119 W. 57 Street, New York 19. Tel. Ju 2-2746; Rome: Tel. 671 863

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Guide to European Music Festivals—1966

PRELIMINARY FORECAST

DATE	LOCATION	TITLE	DETAILS NOW AVAILABLE	INFORMATION & TICKETS
June 25-July 8	Granada, Spain	International Festival of Music and Dance	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET; RECITALS. Orquesta Nacional, et al. de los Angeles, Vasary, Segovia, Zabaleta.	Dirección Bellas Artes, Alcalá 34, Madrid. Tel. 2 21 06 46
July 10-July 31	Aix-en-Provence, France	International Music Festival	OPERA: "Don Giovanni," "Idomeneo" (Mozart), "Ariadne" (Strauss), "Pelléas et Mélisande (Debussy); CONCERTS. Boulez, Crespin, Gilels, Richter.	Casino D'Aix-en-Provence, Boulevard de la République, Aix-en-Provence. Tel. 26 30 33
July 10-August 24	Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia	Festival of Music, Drama, and Folklore	OPERA; BALLET; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; DRAMA; FOLKLORE.	Dubrovnik Festival, Ul. Od Sigurate, Dubrovnik. Tel. 2617-2339
July 16-August 17	Munich, Germany	Opera Festival	OPERA: "Arabella," "Ariadne," "Capriccio," "Elektra," "Intermezzo" "Rosenkavalier" (Strauss), "Così," "Don Giovanni," "Magic Flute," "Marriage of Figaro" (Mozart), "Falstaff," "Simon Boccanegra" (Verdi), "Meistersinger" (Wagner), "Verlobung in San Domingo" (Egk), "Pietra del Paragone" (Rossini), "Agrippina" (Handel), "Cardillac" (Hindemith); RECITALS; BALLET.	Opera Festival, Bayerische Staatsoper, P.O. Box 1, Munich 1. Tel. 21851
July 22-August 21	Bregenz, Austria	Bregenz Festival	OPERA: "Il Turco in Italia" (Rossini), "La belle Hélène" (Offenbach); CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET; DRAMA.	Austrian State Tourist Department, 444 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. Tel. MU 8-0355
July 24-August 28	Bayreuth, Germany	Richard Wagner Festival	"Tannhäuser," "Tristan," "Parsifal," "Ring" cycle.	Ticket Office, Bayreuth 8580, P.O. Box 2148. Tel. 57 22
July 24-August 30	Salzburg, Austria	Salzburg Music Festival	OPERA: "Marriage of Figaro," "Abduction from the Seraglio," "La Finta Giardiniera," (Mozart), "Carmen" (Bizet), "Die Bassariden" (Henze), "Boris Godunov" (Mussorgsky); CONCERTS; RECITALS; DRAMA.	Austrian State Tourist Department, 444 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. Tel. MU 8-0355
July-August	Rome and Verona, Italy	Open air opera at the Baths of Caracalla, Rome, and the Verona Arena.	Verona: "Aida," "Rigoletto," "Requiem" (Verdi), "Tosca," (Puccini). Rome: to be announced.	Rome: Teatro dell' Opera. Verona: Via G. Patucci 9.
July-August	Athens, Greece	Athens Festival	OPERA; CONCERTS; BALLET; DRAMA: Aeschylos, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes.	4 Philhellinon Street, Athens. Tel. 230-049
July 29-August 10	Prades, France	Pablo Casals Festival		Pablo Casals Festival, Prades.
August 1-August 14	Menton, France	International Festival of Chamber Music		Bureau du Festival, 45 Rue la Boetie, Paris 8.
August 1-August 31	Santander, Spain	International Music Festival	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET; RECITALS; DRAMA; ART EXHIBITS.	Dirección del Festival, Plaza Velarde, P.O. Box 258. Santander. Tel. 22 4 25 27 3 82
August 13-September 8	Lucerne, Switzerland	International Festival of Music	CONCERTS; RECITALS; DRAMA. Swiss Festival Orchestra, Lucerne Festival Strings, Vienna Philharmonic, Cincinnati Symphony, English Chamber Orchestra. Milstein, Rubinstein, Bar Illan, de los Angeles, Nilsson, et al.	Tourist Office, Schweizerhofquai 4, Lucerne. Tel. 041-252 22
August 15-August 31	Gstaad, Switzerland	Yehudi Menuhin Festival		Tourist Office, Gstaad.
August 22-September 11	Edinburgh, Scotland	Edinburgh International Festival	OPERA: "Wozzeck," "Lulu" (Berg), "Lohengrin" (Wagner), "Tales of Hoffmann" (Offenbach); CONCERTS; RECITALS. New Philharmonia, Moscow Radio Orchestra, English Chamber Orchestra; Fischer-Dieskau, Gilels, Grumiaux, Fournier, et al.	Festival Office, 11 Cambridge Street, Edinburgh. Tel. FOU 14 32
August 25-September 15	Ghent, Belgium	Festival of Flanders	OPERA; CONCERTS; RECITALS; BALLET.	BRT Studio Ghent, 26 St. Margrietstraat, Ghent. Tel. 09 259 740

HEDY D. JELLINEK

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Recordings in Review

Nielsen for Violin

NIELSEN: *Concerto for Violin, Op. 33. Tibor Varga, violin, with the Royal Danish Orchestra conducted by Jerzy Semkow.* Turnabout stereo 34043S, $2.50; mono TV 4043, $2.50.

Bit by bit, work by work, as the *corpus* of Nielsen is revealed, so is revealed the character of a musician who was wholly consistent from early to late, with a representative body of minor works (such as the recent *Commotio*) to balance the major ones. Among the latter, the present concerto is the latest (but one doubts, the last), with a character that makes baffling the almost total indifference to it of two generations of virtuosi since it was first performed in 1912. (The Menuhin recording, issued here as RCA LHMV 22, has long been unavailable.) It doesn't have the questing originality of the later Flute Concerto (1926) or the economy-packed Clarinet Concerto (1928), but it does have something comparably exciting—a direct line of connection with the great nineteenth-century violin concerti, of which it may well be the last.

That is less the first line of the big symphonic works from Beethoven to Sibelius, but rather the secondary sequence that includes Bruch, Dvořák, Saint-Saëns, Glazounov. It is certainly a better work than the Goldmark, which is still played from time to time. Indeed, it has some qualities to suggest what might have happened had Grieg been minded to write a violin concerto (aside from the circumstance that it was written while Nielsen was visiting at the Norwegian's home at Troldhaugen, a few years after that master's death).

—*Paul Moor (Boosey & Hawkes).*

Aaron Copland—"a persuasive exponent of his own music. . . ."

What makes *this* Nielsen outstanding is the abundant flow of melody, which, like moisture, waters the soil of his writing and makes it fruitful. A creation of the same period as the *Expansiva* (No. 3) Symphony—they were introduced together at a concert in 1912—it is the most outgoing, appealing work of Nielsen yet to be recorded, an event that should mark the beginning of a long-delayed popularity.

If that result should accrue, it would be in large part a tribute to the partisanship of Varga. A far from unknown virtuoso—he is Budapest born, and now approaching fifty—Varga is as much a master of this work as he is of the Bartók (which he recorded some years ago with the Berlin Philharmonic). What is more, he adds enthusiasm to authority, with the result that everything about the work is placed in the best light (even the somewhat conventionalized—which is to say Tchaikovskyized—kind of passage work toward the end of the finale). Semkow is identified as a principal conductor at the Warsaw Opera who previously was associated with the Leningrad Philharmonic. He is, in any case, a suitable associate for Varga, and the recording is wholly satisfactory.

The Tender Copland

COPLAND: *"The Tender Land" (Abridged). The composer conducting the New York Philharmonic and a cast including Joy Clements (Laurie), Claramae Turner (Ma Moss), Norman Treigle (Grandpa Moss), Richard Cassily (Martin), Richard Fredricks (Top) and the Choral Art Society directed by William Jonson.* Columbia stereo MS 6814, $5.79; mono ML 6214, $4.79.

When *The Tender Land* was first presented at the New York City Center in 1954, it seemed appropriate to describe it by the title above. What was pervasively apparent about it was the identification of Copland with his characters—a Kansas farm girl who meets a drifter and falls in love with him, only to discover that his desire to settle down and her urge to find "freedom" are incompatible—and his endeavor to make that identification lyrically meaningful.

One barrier to that achievement was a faulty libretto by a collaborator then (and still) described by the *nom de stage* of Horace Everett. After observing its effect in the theater (as I recall the circumstances, Copland was not at all eager to have the work produced as a "professional theater piece," having conceived it as something further along the line of his *Second Hurricane*), the collaborators decided to amend the script, extend the two acts into three in order to allow "the *dramatis personae* to be more roundly drawn." In this form, it was first presented at Oberlin in May, 1955—but, so far as I know, not in New York since.

As the annotation of Jack Gottlieb also refers to sizable excisions from the prior score and the addition of new material, it is difficult to identify how much of the present "abridged" version (parts of all three acts, adding to sixty-two minutes and thirty-four seconds of music) duplicates what was heard previously. Readily recognizable is the fine quintet at the end of Act I, well remembered from its earlier hearing, and a duet in Act II. Otherwise my powers of identification are nil. I would suggest that the whole would be best served by a new City Opera production, in the State Theater, preferably with the present cast (most of whom, with the exception of Miss Clements, a Metropolitan performer, are members of that company). It is noteworthy that Norman Treigle (who performed the part originally) is a better Grandpa Moss than ever.

As has been demonstrated in the past, Copland is a persuasive exponent of his own music, and the best of it insinuates, as always. Here and there it tends to echo other expressions of the "land" in his own works, such as *Rodeo* and *Appalachian Spring*. The reproduction is as idiomatic as the performance.

Szell, Mahlerite

MAHLER: *Symphony No. 4 in G. George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra with Judith Raskin, soprano.* Columbia stereo MS 6833, $5.79; mono ML 6233, $4.79.

Like the late Fritz Reiner, George Szell has come to the exposition of Mahler at an advanced point of his career as a conductor. That may be, in part, because his musical orientation, among composers of the relatively recent past, was to Richard Strauss (as, so it happens, was Reiner's). But on the evidence of this performance, which was much acclaimed in the "live" presentations of 1964, which preceded the recording, he has much to say on the subject that is worth heeding (as was the case, of course, with his treatment of No. 10 in its first, "fragmentary" form).

Unlike most of his predecessors in the recording of this work, whose principal objective had been to show how much better they understood (than others) what Mahler *felt* when he wrote this

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work, Szell's concern is primarily with Mahler's thinking. That is to say, he has turned his customarily penetrating eye on the score and perceived that it is not all melody and counter-melody, that there is a subtlety of texture in it that adds measurably to the interest of the total creation when it is as carefully expounded as it is here. An example may be cited in the section preceding the vocal finale: few conductors prior to Szell have perceived that the timpani have a *melodic* as well as rhythmic function. Or if others have perceived it, they have not made it nearly so apparent.

There are numerous other details of the sort that reach the listener at unexpected moments and illuminate anew the flow of Mahler's thought. Some of the most rewarding are in the vocal finale itself, which is taken at a sufficiently measured pace to enable Miss Raskin to articulate the text clearly, as well as the vocal line beautifully. (When Szell chooses to accelerate, it is only in the orchestral interludes between the sung strophes.) A beautiful performance, and what is more, a provocatively inquisitive one.

Schubert from First to Last

SCHUBERT: *Fantasy (Op. 159); Sonatinas (No. 1 in D and No. 3 in G minor). Zino Francescatti, violin, with Eugenio Bagnoli, piano.* Columbia stereo MS 6829, $5.79; mono ML 6229, $4.79.

Zino Francescatti's equipment for playing Schubert may be described as something more than ideal (meaning that he has power beyond its needs, brilliance over and above the amount suitable to it). Thus the commendation he earns with these appealing performances goes beyond the customary, in appreciation for what he has forborne to do, as well as what he has done with exceptional taste and insight.

This applies not only to the sizable, and sometimes profound, Fantasy (which represents Schubert's thought processes at their most expansive), but no less to the slighter, less complex Sonatinas. The span between them is from 1816 to 1827, which is to say, from the first to the last phase of his compositional career. Between them lay not only all the orchestral works, the quartets, quintets, and octet, but also all but a few of Schubert's hundreds of songs. And the Fantasy bears within itself all the finesse the composer had acquired in this hardly precedented output, as the Sonatinas contain the wellsprings of the invention embodied in all the others.

In this dual feat Francescatti shows himself a true disciple of his instrument's most ingratiating tradition — which means, in relatively contemporary terms,

—*Columbia Records.*

Zino Francescatti—"something more than ideal."

the art of the late Fritz Kreisler. There is nothing in the least similar in Francescatti's sound to Kreisler's, and the emotion he applies merely soaks rather than floods the ground, but there is a similar comprehension of the function of each note. This means not only in the violin part but also in the partnering piano, which asks as much tonal variety as, say, the whole of *Die Winterreise* or the *Forellen* Quintet.

That it gets much of what it asks from Eugenio Bagnoli is about the highest commendation that could be spoken for him. But who he is, like Schubert's *Sylvia*, is left unanswered so far as the jacket of this issue is concerned. It is part of the maddening irresponsibility with which these functions are supervised that we are provided with paraphrases of the same generalities about Schubert that are available in the nearest reference book and nothing at all about the performer who contributes so much to the success of the result.

Gilels's Shostakovich

SHOSTAKOVICH: *Sonata No. 2.* BACH: *French Suite No. 5. (in G). Emil Gilels, piano.* RCA Victor stereo LSC 2868, $5.79; mono LM 2868, $4.79.

The second of Dimitri Shostakovich's piano sonatas may well have a history of performance in this country aside from this new recording by Gilels, but it does not appear to have been recorded since the effort by Menahem Pressler that was offered on the MGM label (3079) in the late Fifties. As that has been unavailable for some years, it will likely come as a new experience to many whose interest may be aroused by Gilels's sponsorship of it.

A product of the early Forties, when Shostakovich's creative energies flowed on despite the distractions about him, it offers an interesting example of a composer trying to recapture the mood and atmosphere, as well as the discipline, of his predecessors. That is, the first movement displays many characteristics of traditional "sonata form," with its strongly contrasted themes, development of them, and restatement; the slow movement is reflective; and the third movement (finale) takes a turn to a contrapuntal treatment in the manner of Schumann. Of these, the Largo comes closest to realizing Shostakovich's purpose, for it develops a productive melodic idea with the imaginative resource that has characterized similar movements of his since the composition of the First Symphony.

Despite his skill, this sonata seems to belong to a more distant past than the earlier works (chronologically) of Prokofiev. That may be, in part, because Shostakovich has had less success than his predecessor in finding a new point of view on the problem to which he addressed himself; or, simply, that he tried to make his ideas fit the form rather than finding a new form to accommodate the ideas. Certainly no performer could do more on its behalf than Gilels does. His Bach, on the whole, is best in the slow movements, where his ability to differentiate, subtly, the successive notes in a melodic statement makes for illuminating contrast. The faster movements are conceived rather ascetically for my taste, so that what emerges are largely tonal arabesques.

The Surface of Wolf

WOLF: *Elfenlied; Das verlassene Mägdelein; Begegnung; Zitronenfalter in April; Agnes; In der Frühe; An eine Aeolsharfe; Lied vom Winde; Verborgenheit; Gebet; Schlafendes Jesuskind; Auf ein altes Bild; Denk' es, O Seele; Neue Liebe; Wo find' ich Trost; Nimmersatte Liebe; Rat einer Alten; and Erstes Liebeslied eines Mädchens. Evelyn Lear, soprano, with Erik Werba, piano.* DGG stereo 138 979, $5.79.

It is one of the canons of the critical faith that Hugo Wolf is a composer whose expressions are best rendered by performers of venerable years and much experience. It is also one of the reasons why one rarely hears such a sequence of the *Mörikelieder* (so called because they are all settings of texts by the same poet) as the one listed above, per-

(*Continued on page* 71)

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORKS, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Concerto in D minor. Chopin: Concerto No. 2. Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, with David Zinman conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. London stereo CS 6440, $5.79; mono CM 9440, $4.79.	Opportunities to measure Ashkenazy in terms of Bach have not been so frequent as they have been vis-à-vis Chopin, but the demonstration herein provided is no less convincing in one case than the other. That is, Ashkenazy is no longer to be measured in terms of a "young" pianist, but as a fine interpreter without consideration of age. It might be said that he still has something to learn about Bach phrasing from Glenn Gould, but there are few contemporaries of whom the same could not be said. At the same time, when Ashkenazy puts his magical fingers to work for the benefit of the swift-moving passages of the finale, the effect is no less than exhilarating. It is also to his credit that he shares his opportunity with Zinman, the American who was the late Monteux's last protégé and appears to have the talent to have profited from that association.
Brahms: Symphony No. 2 in D. István Kertész conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. London stereo CS 6435, $5.79; mono CM 9435, $4.79.	As the Vienna Philharmonic has been playing the Brahms No. 2 practically from the time it was written, there is little about it that the present membership hasn't inherited from its predecessor personnel. Thus the problem of the conductor is of a rather special sort. Kertész does not undertake to reform the orchestra's idea of what it is to play, but he does not quite succeed in generating the kind of warm response that makes for a new fusion of elements. What results is a well-balanced, relaxed re-statement of rather generalized ideas on the subject of Brahms's Symphony No. 2, which lacks positive defects as well as virtues.
Dvořák: Symphony No. 7 (old No. 2) in D minor. Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic. Columbia stereo MS 6828, $5.79; mono ML 6228, $4.79.	The common complaint against Bernstein interpretations is that they tend to be over-energetic, excessive in dynamic range, propulsive, etc. In this instance the character inclines to the other tendency: a shade earthbound and without the special kind of zest that entered into Dvořák's music making (as, for example, in the sadly gay scherzo, which is as close to Schubertian as any later composer ever came). What it may be, simply, is that there has been such a succession of performances under conductors to whom the idiom is second nature (Szell's is the most recent) that the "outside" approach simply does not quite make it. Not the best Philharmonic recording either—the sound is lacking the resonance commonly considered desirable.
Haydn, Joseph: Concerto in A. Haydn, Michael: Concerto in B flat. Robert Gerle, violin, with orchestra conducted by Robert Zeller. Westminster stereo WST 17106, $4.79; mono XWN 19106, $4.79.	Assuming that the habit patterns of violin virtuosi could be changed—an assumption advanced with no particular confidence—the A-major ("Melker") Concerto of Haydn could provide a welcome link, in the public repertory, between the works of Bach and Mozart. It is spirited, carefully elaborated, and otherwise worthy of a place among the best of his works uncovered in recent years (this one was discovered in Austria in the Forties, hence its name). On the other hand, the work of Michael Haydn is no invitation to greater exploration of his literature. It pursues a placid way of competent workmanship but no real distinction. Gerle's style is admirably suited to solution of the problems presented to him, and Zeller's direction has the qualities of animation and proportion that are desired.
Haydn: Symphonies No. 96 (in D) and No. 101 (in D). Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia stereo MS 6812, $5.79; mono ML 6212, $4.79.	Ormandy's treatment of these two works may not meet with the total satisfaction of present-day Haydn scholars (as to size of ensemble, doublings, etc.) but they are virtually unsurpassable statements of the patterns in sound as he conceives them. This is especially true of the Symphony No. 101 ("Clock") which has always challenged its performers to the utmost in precision and uniformity of accent. Perhaps it was played as well or better in the famous version by Toscanini and the NBC Symphony, but the recent reissue of it (RCA Victor LM 1038) can hardly match the degree of sonority or instrumental fidelity possible with today's techniques, which Columbia has utilized with high success. The other D-major ("Miracle") does not profit so much from what the players have to offer (it lacks a little in character, too), but it is a beautiful piece of execution nonetheless.
Hummel: Concerto in A minor, Op. 85. Martin Galling, piano, with the Stuttgart Philharmonic conducted by Alexander Paulmüller. Double Concerto in G, Op. 17. Galling, piano, with Susanne Lautenbacher, violin, and Paulmüller conducting. Turnabout stereo TV 34028S, $2.50; mono TV 4028, $2.50.	Hummel is something of a chameleon among composers, with one coloration in one work, a different one in another. In the A-minor Concerto (which was previously recorded by Artur Balsam) his impulses are Weberesque; in the "Double," they are quite otherwise. The annotation by Dr. Dorothy S. Packer is interesting but it fails to tell us the two things most desirable to know —that is, when were the works written? It is also questionable that her conjecture that "Hummel probably modeled his Double Concerto . . . after Mozart's *Sinfonia Concertante* . . ." is the closest source she might have suggested. It presents, to me, more likeness to the Beethoven "Triple" with the cello omitted. With or without respect for this background it is a completely enjoyable experience—fresh, flowing, and, above all, with no pretension to "greatness." Galling commands just the right combination of delicacy and force to provide Hummel with what he requires, and Miss Lautenbacher has, of course, long ago established herself as a "specialist" in whatever music she happens to be recording. The bright sound of the recording is finely complementary to the works themselves.
Moussorgsky-Stokowski: *Pictures at an Exhibition*. Debussy-Stokowski: *"La Cathédrale Engloutie."* Leopold Stokowski conducting the New Philharmonia Orchestra. London stereo SPC 21006, $5.79; mono PM 55004, $4.79.	What has been created in the studio under Stokowski's direction could hardly be reproduced with greater vividness than it is in this latest example of London's "Phase 4" technique. From this point of view, it is unfortunate that the liner does not contain something touching on the methods used to achieve these results. Musically, the hyphenation of Moussorgsky-Stokowski is like referring to Jonah as having swallowed the whale. Not only in colorations (which are not as appropriate as those of the familiar Ravel transcription) but also in the bowings and other phraseology introduced by Stokowski the ideas of Moussorgsky come out as more related to a billboard than to the modest paintings of Hartmann. Some of the playing is marvelous however (both "Tuileries" and "The Market at Limoges" are omitted). For some reason, this technique of reproduction does more for the high than it does for the low. The *"Cathédrale"* arrangement is better suited to its subject matter and more considerately performed.
Tchaikovsky: Andante cantabile (Quartet, Op. 11). Strauss, J. and J.: *Pizzicato* Polka. Kreisler: *Liebesfreud*. Dvořák: *Humoresque* (arr. by Hayman). Mendelssohn: Concerto in E minor (Finale), etc. The Boston Pops Orchestra conducted by Arthur Fiedler. RCA Victor stereo LSC 2885, $5.79; mono LM 2885, $4.79.	The billing of this collection as *Holiday for Strings* and the use of David Rose's tidbit as curtain raiser more or less puts it off-limits for this department, but one or two items merit mention. One is the promise in the arrangement by Richard Hayman of Dvořák's *"Humoresque"* and Foster's "Old Folks at Home" that this common citation as an explanation of "counterpoint" will finally be realized in sound. Alas! Hayman is equal to the task only insofar as the beginning is concerned, whereupon it becomes straight Dvořák with overtones of Foster. It is hardly necessary to add that the eighteen violins utilized for the Finale of the Mendelssohn Concerto are as capable of playing the solo part in unison as they are of performing the orchestral part behind a single soloist. There is also a degree of charm in the performance by Alfred Krips and George Zazofsky of the Lumbye Concerto-Polka for two violins, and in James Pappoutsakis's artful fluting of the "Flight of the Bumble Bee." For the rest, the "etc." applies to a mass "breakdown" on "Arkansas Traveler," Morton Gould's arrangement of "Surrey with the Fringe on Top," Rose's "Our Waltz," a hardly Cuban arrangement of "Malagueña" (by Ferde Grofé), and Hayman's own "No Strings Attached." —Irving Kolodin.

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THE COMIC MASK OF FATS WALLER

THOMAS ("FATS") WALLER was a pianist, singer, and song writer, but his first love was the organ. He would play the instrument whenever he could, alone and deeply absorbed, for hours at a time, performing all kinds of music on it and particularly Bach. "But," he would remark, "who wants a colored organist?"

The answer is that a few hundred ambitiously middle-class Negro churches around the country would have wanted one—such churches as undertake baroque chorales rather than Gospel songs—these churches would have wanted one, provided the organist were content to live in modest obscurity. But obscurity was not for Fats Waller; both by destiny and by choice, success and fame were. In gaining that fame, Waller paid a price that involved not only sacrificing the organ but sacrificing perhaps half of his talent.

To be sure, the successful Fats is pretty nearly irresistible. This is the Waller who entered a recording studio with his "Rhythm" (usually a sextet), to be handed some inane current ditty and who proceeded to record it with frequently hilarious vocal parody and general good musical spirits. We are reminded of this Fats again and again on RCA Victor's new Vintage reissue of sixteen Waller numbers (LPV-525), most of them recorded during 1935 and 1936, and on the Waller Vintage release of a few months back (LPV 517).

Waller's pseudo-operatic histrionics in undertaking a Bobby Breen specialty called "Let's Sing Again" are side-splitting. His mock misery in reheating the "Sugar Blues" did the sort of permanent damage to subsequent performances of that piece that the Marx Brothers did to *Il Trovatore*.

The effect of Waller's vocal mugging is immediate, winning, complete—and it all sounds easy. It *was* easy, I think, and, for most of the musical aspects of Waller's talent, it was also limiting. Only a complex man could have held experience at arm's length by means of such good comedy, to be sure, but a complex and musically gifted man like Waller might have done a lot more.

Waller was so good a composer that, given a chance to record some piano originals, he might walk into the studio virtually unprepared and simply knock off a couple of pieces. They would be respectable and probably good—or good enough. Of course, if Fats Waller were not capable of excellence, it wouldn't matter too much. But Waller was capable of excellence, and he showed it often enough to make the totality of his musical output a joy, a frustration, and finally a tragedy.

Fats Waller — "pretty nearly irresistible."

A respected younger musician wondered recently if any of Waller's music could be said to survive. I confess I was shocked that he would even pose such a question. In the first place, the bursting joy with which Waller's piano could interpret a line like "Why Do I Lie to Myself About You?" or the pensiveness he brought to "Thief in the Night," or his technical jubilance on "I Got Rhythm" are enough to make one want to hear him.

Second, Waller wrote at least three superb and somewhat neglected melodies: "Squeeze Me," "Black and Blue," and "Honeysuckle Rose" (and incidentally, himself recorded only the latter in an adequate version). These to me are the great Waller compositions and not the post-ragtime piano pieces, of which we have examples in "Valentine Stomp" and "Goin' About" on the Vintage releases.

Then there is Waller's sense of structure as an improviser, a quality in which his predecessors and teachers like James P. Johnson and Willie ("the Lion") Smith gave him good lessons. There is a fine example of this in the Vintage series in the blues he called "Numb Fumblin'"; he alternates robust percussive choruses with highly lyric episodes back and forth, building each in complexity, until the two moods come together in choruses of shimmering virtuosity at the end.

Personally, I am still waiting for the LP appearance of several of Waller's best solo recordings, including his superb variations on "Keepin' out of Mischief Now," his pensive reading of "Georgia on My Mind," his "Tea for Two," and his solo version of "Honeysuckle Rose."

Waller did burlesque and cajole the poor tunes he was handed to record, but it was not often given to him to work a change by spontaneously rewriting such ditties as Billie Holiday did. Nor was it given to him to fuse together his penchant for comedy and his musicality, as a successor like Thelonious Monk has done. On occasion Waller did use his talents as a clown to hold his audience while he also offered them the gifted and reflective musician who lay under the surface, but, alas, it was all too infrequently.

If Waller had managed against odds that were admittedly great, to bring together all the elements within him— the fine pianist, the irresistible clown, the exceptional composer, the introspective after-hours organist—he would, I think, belong with that handful of geniuses that jazz has so far produced.

As it is, he does belong in a place of his own, very carefully labeled "Thomas ('Fats') Waller." And in that place Waller the clown shines in spite of everything we say. His antics on "Somebody Stole My Gal," "Dust Off That Old Pianna," and "If This Isn't Love" might almost be taken as definitive of Negro American humor and its attitudes. And those attitudes include a penetrating and unexpected parody of the kind of "shiftless darky" humor that White America has expected of Negroes. Such comedy, done as well as Fats Waller did it, has its place in the scheme of things—as the gods surely will agree.

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Arensky: Trio in D minor. Jascha Heifetz, violin, Gregor Piatigorsky, cello, and Leonard Pennario, piano. Martinu: Duo. Heifetz, violin, and Piatigorsky, cello. Vivaldi: Concerto in B flat. Heifetz, Piatigorsky, Malcolm Hamilton, harpsichord, and string ensemble. RCA Victor stereo LSC 2867, $5.79; mono LM 2867, $4.79.	The quality of effort here is vouched for by the identity of the performers, and is consistent throughout. The suitability of it to the music being performed goes in the same alphabetical sequence as the citations above, with A for Arensky at the beginning, and Martinu not far behind. However this kind of Vivaldi is a little too soloistic in its emphasis for my taste, with the string ensemble enjoying more or less prominence according to whether the soloists are performing or not. However it is hard to imagine the duet which makes up the slow movement better performed than it is by Heifetz and Piatigorsky.
Beethoven: Trio in B flat, Op. 97. Isaac Stern, violin, Leonard Rose, cello, and Eugene Istomin, piano. Columbia stereo MS 6819, $5.79; mono ML 6219, $4.79.	This is the performance of the "Archduke" which the admirers of the Stern-Rose-Istomin trio have been waiting for since it was organized five years ago. That is to say, it is both brainy and hearty, taking in the implications of those words as respects intellect, vigor, and emotional identification. If there is a complaint—and only one reared on all the successive "Archdukes" from Murdoch-Sammons-Squire on would dare to make it—it is that Istomin inclines to sit somewhat heavily on certain passages in the first movement. But, it is doubtful if the transition from the third movement to the finale has ever been made (on a record, that is) with a more sensitive appreciation of what a heavenly moment of musical expression it is. The finale, like the first movement, is bruised here and there by Istomin's quest for "meaning," and he is never what could really be called light-handed. The reproduction has the sound of having been derived from a session in a small concert hall (Grace Rainey Rogers, perhaps?) which is fine for resonance, a little overpowering even when reduced for living-room-sized listening.
Haydn: Sonatas in A (No. 12), A flat (No. 31), B minor (No. 47) and G major (No. 52). Ray Dudley, piano. Lyrichord stereo LLST 7149, $5.95; mono LL 149, $4.98.	Reputations for musicianship based on the performance of Haydn sonatas are not only hard to come by: they are all but unknown. However if the exemplary performance of four such works is an index to the competence of a musician, then Dudley has the highest possible marks to recommend him. In addition to the kind of clarity in execution that accounts for meaning as well as design, Dudley has the aptitude for putting just the right emphasis on the important notes without slighting the ones before and after. In addition to the general qualities that make for esteem, Dudley has warmed to these works in a way that makes him their choicest interpreter. That means, automatically, that he has put these works in a proper perspective vis-a-vis those of Haydn's two great, younger contemporaries, Mozart and Beethoven. Aside from all other considerations, the disc is notable as an example of bright, full-toned piano recording at its best.
Mozart: Concertos No. 19 in F (K. 459) and No. 26 in D (K. 537). Lili Kraus, piano, with orchestra conducted by Gianfranco Rivoli. Monitor stereo MCS 2089, $4.79; mono MC 2089, $4.79.	It would appear from the release of these performances concurrently with the series of "complete" Mozart concerti that she is recording for Epic that Lili Kraus is engaged in a competitive venture with herself. However well played the Monitor issue is—and the "Coronation" in particular is artfully expounded—the quality of sound is decidedly inferior, suggesting some by-gone enterprise that has been revived for purposes of advantage in the present circumstances. Aside from the usual and high standard of performance by Miss Kraus there is no great share of attractiveness in the total result: Signor Rivoli (otherwise unknown to Schwann, so far as I can determine) is not above rushing a tempo here and there, and the orchestra is smallish.
Mozart: Serenades (No. 11 in E flat, K. 375 and No. 12 in C, K. 388). Wind ensembles conducted by Arthur Winograd. Heliodor simulated stereo HS 25103, $2.49.	As a sample of the results achieved by the transfer of material formerly on MGM to the Heliodor label, this pair of performances is something less than persuasive. The re-channelling for stereo is, at best, a dubious benefit, and in this instance the lack of resonance in the original recording is not materially altered by the electrical "enhancement." This factor aside, nothing could be done to upgrade the quality of the performances, which are technically competent (the E flat is a little below that level, the C minor a bit above) but lacking in real vitality or the kind of stylistic sense that makes for listening interest. The appeal of the reissue thus is restricted to the kind of appeal it may have for the price-conscious.
Pescetti: Sonata (No. 4). Bach: Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue. Mozart: Fantasy in C minor (K. 396). Handel: Chaccone and Variations in G. Sophie Svirsky, piano. Monitor stereo MCS 2086, $4.79; mono MC 2086, $4.79.	The interests of this "first" performance are more in the performer than in what she performs. Mme. Svirsky is identified, verbally, as a student of Esipov, who has lived in Paris since 1924 (save for the war years), performing and teaching. The musical evidence identifies her as well qualified to do either, with a particularly strong-fingered articulation, and a keen sense of tonal values. In the slow movement of the Pescetti sonata, for example, she gives uncommon dynamic variation to successive statements of the same phrase, while avoiding anachronistic use of pedal (the composer is identified as of Venetian birth, c. 1704). The more familiar works are played with similar purposefulness and a high sense of musical meaning. The recording is not very resonant, but otherwise good.
Rodrigo: *Concierto de Aranuez*. Castelnuovo-Tedesco: Concerto in D. John Williams, guitar, with Eugene Ormandy conducting members of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia stereo MS 6834, $5.79; mono ML 6234, $4.79.	None of the entities involved in the description above is unfamiliar, but the combination of them produces something provocative in itself. That is to say, both Rodrigo and Castelnuovo-Tedesco's affection for the guitar has been demonstrated by others, but Williams's kind of execution adds value of its own to their creations, as does the collaboration of Ormandy and his "members." Of the two works, the Rodrigo is the more rewarding as this composer (now approaching sixty-five) not only has the Spanish idiom in his blood but is gifted, also, with the ability to reconstitute in his own image. Castelnuovo-Tedesco, however, is as ambivalent as his name (which means "German New Castle," in Italian) mixing a good deal of French flavor into the Spanish. However it is all never less than entertaining.
Schubert: Quintet in C (Op. 163). Vienna Philharmonic Quartet, with Richard Harand, cello. Trio in B flat. Willi Boskovsky, violin, Rudolf Streng, viola, and Robert Schweinen, cello. London stereo CS 6441, $5.79; mono CM 9441, $4.79.	Unlike the Quartet (Weller) recently introduced as being made up of members of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, this one is the authentic Vienna Philharmonic Quartet which, under Boskovsky, sets up another and higher order of expectations. They are, moreover, unfailingly fulfilled in this powerful, strongly felt, and immaculately articulated effort. Unlike some other performances of equal (or perhaps greater) instrumental virtuosity which give one the sense of an expression not quite mellowed, this one is aged in the wood . . . some of which may be in the instruments utilized, on which Schubert has been played for generations, but even more is in the sentiment itself. The trio is an attractive addition to Schubertian experience (it is, of course, for strings only). —I.K.

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Piracy

Continued from page 56

be worn in a "pistol type shoulder holster," though its limited frequency range rules it out for music), but the Continental/Uher right now is regarded as the ultimate in versatility and dependability. Whether with this particular rig or a more modest one, those who wish can carry their own "studios" instead of waiting for whatever they are offered in the way of recordings. Such equipment is so portable and easy to use that tourists may soon be bringing home complete operas from Salzburg and Bayreuth as casually as they now photograph each other in the Prater and the Bois de Boulogne, adding to what they can swap for "Callas in Dallas" or Rysanek in *Die aegyptische Helena* (Munich, 1956).

IT looks as if there will be more of this do-it-yourself recording activity, not less, as miniaturization is developed further, and little that musicians, theater managers or unions can do in the way of curtailing it. Even if members of a concert audience were required to pass through special dressing rooms, check their clothes and belongings and change into hospital smocks for the performance, it is possible for someone to have a transmitter hidden in a molar (even X-raying the audience would not help too much).

Possible answers are found in Continental's own catalogue, however. Here we find the "Detecto F202" ($200), an instrument "used to locate the frequency of transmission and to determine the location of any transmitter hidden on premises or concealed upon a person. This is *the* unit most frequently used by investigators for searching houses or offices for 'bugging' devices." Then there is the "Detecto F201" ($250), a "precautionary warning instrument [which] automatically indicates with a blinking light the presence of any transmitters, whether 'planted' or surreptitiously carried by a person. Its small inconspicuous size enables it to be mounted atop . . . entrance door . . ."

And, if "the pen is mightier," it can work both ways. Miss Caballé, Mr. Souzay, or any member of Local 802 can fight back by wearing his own phony fountain pen, Continental's "Pen Scrambler" ($250), "deceptively concealed in a regular pen case but will positively jam the signal of any transmitter."

And if *that* doesn't do the trick, then there's only one hope. Yes, Commissioner—the Batphone!

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 5, 6, 8, 4, 12, 2, 3, 7, 1, 11, 9, 10.

*

VERDI

DON CARLO

RENATA TEBALDI
GRACE BUMBRY
CARLO BERGONZI
DIETRICH FISCHER-DIESKAU
NICOLAI GHIAUROV
MARTTI TALVELA
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•

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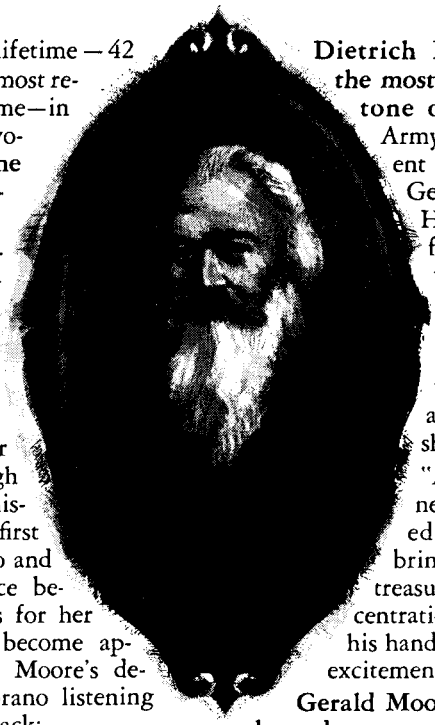
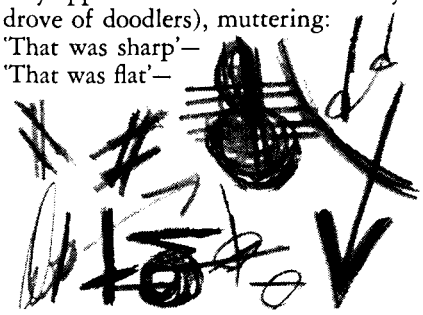
BRAHMS' FAVORITE FOLK SONGS FROM BAWDY TO BIBLICAL.



Brahms' labor of a lifetime — 42 folk song settings — *most recorded for the first time* — in an extraordinary two-disc album — **Deutsche Volkslieder** — performed by the "summit powers" of lieder.

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf — lieder soprano supreme. Today, it seems strange that Miss Schwarzkopf once despaired of ever singing at all. Through a voice teacher's misjudgment, she was first trained as a contralto and nearly lost her voice because of it. Reasons for her subsequent success become apparent with Gerald Moore's description of the soprano listening to a recorded playback:

"She is the most cruelly self-critical person imaginable... every other second she will mark her music with penciled arrows, stabs, slashes, and digs (her scores have to be seen to be believed; they appear to have been attacked by a drove of doodlers), muttering: 'That was sharp'— 'That was flat'—



'My God, how awful'— I sometimes despair of our ever making a record."
(From "Am I Too Loud?" Macmillan, 1962)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau — the most gifted lieder baritone of all. The Allied Army quickly saw his talent when he became a German POW in 1945. He sang so beautifully for his captors, he was one of the last prisoners released from the camp in 1947. Today, he is without a peer, and again, Gerald Moore shows us why:

"At rehearsal he is as nervous and transported as an archeologist bringing a long-hidden treasure to light. His concentration is so intense that his hands are twitching with excitement."

Gerald Moore — the truly "unashamed accompanist." He once accompanied silent movies on a theater organ. Because of his intensity, he would often become oblivious to what was on the screen. This resulted in such bizarre artistry as love scenes accompanied by fife-and-drum marching music or murder scenes accompanied by harp-like strains of angels. The manager of the theater did not foresee greatness in Mr. Moore.

A 10-day recording session. It took two years to find 10 days when all three artists were available. The recording finally took place early this year at the Zehlendorf Studios in Berlin. All three have been good friends for many years, and it was obvious during the spacious rehearsals that each had the greatest respect for the

others. They would argue vigorously over tempi and dynamics, then agree, then perform so faultlessly that rarely would an entire song have to be recorded more than once.

Songs that are bawdy, Biblical, naive, cynical, craggy as Scottish ballads and ethereal as Greek lyric. Perhaps the finest compliment that can be paid to the **Deutsche Volkslieder** came from Brahms himself 72 years ago: "Never have I written anything with so much love, or with so much *being* in love; nor need I be ashamed of being in love with something that is not my own."

If you do not yet own a lieder album, this is the one. And for more recordings by these great stars, see the adjoining page.

Angel

SB 3675

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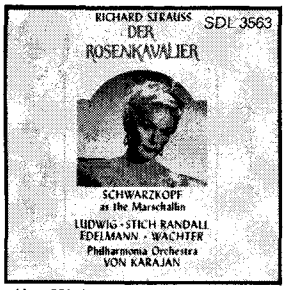
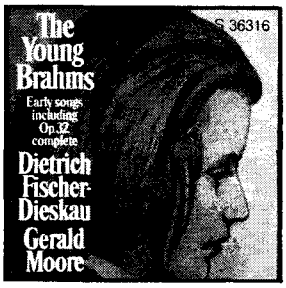


Also Highlights: S 35645

Also Highlights: S 36340



Mozart and Opera Seria

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

BY MOZART'S ERA, *opera seria,* so long rigid in its patterns and demands, was in full decline. Its conventions were very unlikely to house Mozart's uniquely human universality. Yet before he was twenty-five, he had composed three *opere serie*, the latest of them having been *Idomeneo, re di Creta* (1781), a masterpiece. And after he had produced not only *Le nozze di Figaro, Don Giovanni,* and *Così fan tutte,* but also *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* and much of *Die Zauberflöte* as well, he was forced hurriedly to compose another *opera seria, La clemenza di Tito.* Of his four formally "serious" operas, only *Idomeneo* is staged, very occasionally, in our time. For *Mitridate, Lucio Silla,* and *La clemenza,* nearly two centuries later, we must depend upon recordings.

Lucio Silla, composed for that predecessor of La Scala, the Teatro Regio Ducal at Milan, was produced there to open a season, on December 26, 1772. It has a stiff libretto by Giovanni da Gamerra, which was "touched up" by that emperor of librettists, Metastasio. A recorded version of it, complete except for omission of the "dry" (harpsichord-accompanied) recitatives, has been issued here on the Harmonia Mundi label (HM 30611/13, monaural only, $20.94) four years after its first publication in Europe. Recorded in Milan not far from the site of its first performance, it is conducted by Carlo Felice Cillario. The solo singers are Dora Gatta (Giunia), Rena Gary Falachi (Celia), Fiorenza Cossotto (Cecilio, originally a *castrato* role), Anna Maria Rota (Cinna), Ferrando Ferrari (Lucio Silla), and Luigi Pontiggia (Aufidio); with them are the Coro Polifonico di Milano and the Orchestra da Camera dell'Angelicum di Milano.

All of the singers but one have serious flaws of voice, vocal technique, or understanding of either verbal text or musical motion or both. The exception is Fiorenza Cossotto, who uses a superior voice with understanding that can convince us that she really is Cecilio (she makes no attempt to sound male). Cillario, the orchestra, and the chorus are excellent. But even a performance up to their standard would not hide the fact that the sixteen-year-old Mozart, though a marvel of the world, was not a master of opera, its requirements and its ways. Much of *Lucio Silla* is extremely competent; some of it is less than that; only a few pages are so light-filled that only Mozart could have created them. These last include the tremendous "tomb scene" that ends Act I and includes the wonderful Giunia-Cecilio duet *"D'Eliso in sen m'attendi";* the latter half of the final scene of Act II, especially the Giunia-Cecilio-Lucio Silla trio beginning *"Questa costanza intrepida";* Cecilio's troubling aria in Scene 3 of Act II, *"Quest'improvviso tremito";* his aria *"Pupille amate"* in Scene 4 of Act III (magnificently sung by Cossotto); and, perhaps best of all (not magnificently sung by Gatta), Giunia's last aria, *"Fra i pensier più funesti di morte."*

The recording of *Lucio Silla,* rendered eerie by reverberations that diminish into each interval between numbers, does little to mar the best the participants gave. It includes an excellent short note on the opera by Carl de Nyrs and the sung libretto; all the printed matter is given in Italian, German, French, and English.

Altogether more satisfying as performance and recording is *La clemenza di Tito,* now reissued under the Dover label (HCR 5251/3, monaural only, $6). This recording was issued here earlier under other labels, and was listed in the 1953 second supplement to the Clough-Cuming encyclopedia as having appeared in England as a Nixa recording. Gustav Lund conducts the Swabian Choral Society, the Tonstudio Orchestra of Stuttgart, and these soloists (not one of whom pronounces *questo* as *kvesto*!): Albert Weikenmeier (Tito), Käthe Nentwig (Vitellia,) Hetty Plümacher (Sesto), Margot Mangold (Annio), Friederike Sailer (Servilia), and Bruno Müller (Publio).

This time, Mozart's libretto, by Caterino Mazzolà, was "after" Metastasio himself. Mazzolà spoiled the original in an understandable attempt to make its lines and situations more human, whereas its enduring strength (by 1791 it had been set as an opera by at least thirty-five composers, including Gluck) lay precisely in its inhuman, its Metastasian perfection. When called upon to compose it, Mozart was in the midst of both

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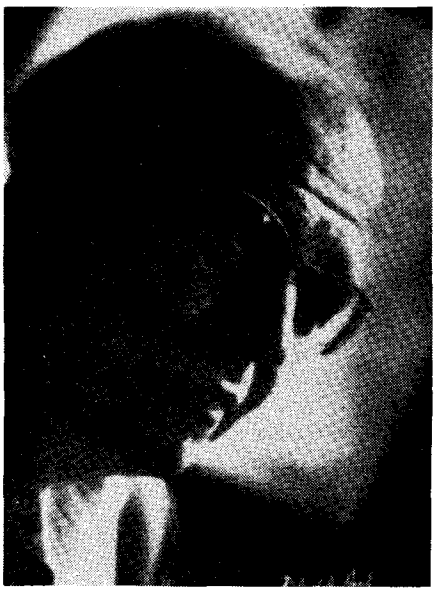
Die Zauberflöte and the *Requiem;* he was harrassed, exhausted, ill: on the way to present the opera in Prague, he worked at *La clemenza* in post-chaises and inns—and entrusted the recitative to the helpful Franz Xaver Süssmayr. The result is not one of his great operas, but it has a fine overture and, during the confused and confusing evolution of its two acts—especially when Mazzolà is at war with Metastasio—enough great things to make the fortune of a shorter opera.

Whereas the orchestral and choral performance of this *Clemenza di Tito* is somewhat less vivid than that in the *Lucio Silla,* its soloists are superior to those in the earlier opera, Cossotto excepted, in operatic address and conviction. The high spots (with which we have become familiar through separate recordings) such as *"Deh, se piacer mi vuoi,"* *"Parto, parto"* (which Schumann-Heink once loved to sing), *"Per pietà, ben mio,"* and Publio's *"Donne mie, la fate a tanti,"* come off well. They do not add up, with what encloses them, to a constantly interesting opera. But they do make the recording cherishable, worth hearing several times. The accompanying booklet has an anonymous note on the opera and the sung libretto in Italian and English.

Worth while noting is that after *La clemenza di Tito* was sung at Prague on September 6, 1791, as the official celebratory opera after the coronation of Leopold II as King of Bohemia, the new King's consort was said to have referred to it as "German swinishness"—and that Mozart went from Prague back to Vienna. There he completed *Die Zauberflöte* and as much of the *Requiem* as he could, composed the marvelous Clarinet Concerto and—ninety days after that Prague première—died at the age of thirty-five.



Olivier Messiaen—"confusion in a supersonic aviary."

Music of the Birds and Beasts

By OLIVER DANIEL

"IN ALL artistic creation," wrote Olivier Messiaen, "there are three stages: inspiration, labor, and completed work." Keeping this premise in mind, let us examine briefly some of the inspirational ingredients of three new French works by Charles Koechlin, Olivier Messiaen, and Pierre Boulez, expertly performed by the BBC Symphony with Antal Dorati and Boulez conducting on Angel (36295).

The new works are *Les Bandar-Log* of Koechlin, *Chronochromie* of Messiaen, and Boulez's *Le Soleil des Eaux.* Their inspirational substance suggests a veritable zoo story. Here is a partial catalogue: an amorous lizard, birds from France, Japan, Sweden, and Mexico—the Kibitaki or Narcissus Flycatcher, the White-Tailed Eagle, the Marsh Warbler (on clarinets), the Wren (on the glockenspiel), the Icterine Warbler (on the bassoons, cor anglais and piccolo clarinet), the Skylark "represented by xylophone and marimba punctuated by bells," the Slate-colored Solitaire, and the Montezuma Oropendola. Then, too, there are monkeys straight out of Kipling's *Jungle Book* who "are eager to follow the 12-note method of Schoenberg and his disciples." Such programmatical trappings are more frequently the way of the lesser composer, but here, chiefly in Koechlin's case, they are a vital part of his "labor."

Charles Koechlin's prodigious output is practically unknown, and in fact little of his music has so far been published; performances, too, have been rare. His champions, however, have been few but dedicated. I have encountered several who spontaneously launch into panegyrics about him and are quick to explain his importance and decry his neglect.

An Alsatian, Koechlin was born in Paris in 1867 and died in 1951. Quite early he developed a remarkable orchestral skill and won great respect from his colleagues. It was he who orchestrated Debussy's ballet *Khamma* (except for the first few pages). He later wrote a treatise on the subject of orchestration.

During three trips to America, principally to deliver lectures on French music, Koechlin also taught harmony and counterpoint to students at Berkeley and later in San Diego. I have no information on whether he met any movie celebrities when he visited Hollywood, but he probably did, for he was enormously interested in the film colony. In tribute he composed in 1933 a seven-movement work which he called *The Seven Stars Symphony* with descriptive titles for each movement: Douglas Fairbanks (or the Thief of Bagdad); Lilian Harvey; Greta Garbo; Clara Bow *et la joyeuse Californie*; Marlene Dietrich; Emil Jannings and Charlie Chaplin (after The Gold Rush). His interest for the now-forgotten English beauty who once flounced so coyly in German films was additionally expressed in his *L'Album de Lilian "en commentaire de quelques films de Lilian Harvey."* He also wrote an *"Epitaphé de Jean Harlow"* as a trio for flute, sax, and piano. There is withal an amusing blend here of sensitivity, skill, a touch of surrealism, and a tinge of high camp.

Les Bandar-Log is a brilliant and splashy orchestral suite that Koechlin began in 1939 at the age of seventy-two and completed two years later. It is based on an episode of Kipling's *Jungle Book,* and the Bandar-Log are the chattering tribe of monkeys that inhabit the forest. In notes written by David Drew he suggests that there are three levels on which one might approach the work. First, it may be seen as a musical dramatization of Kipling's tale, and frankly it is intriguing when Koechlin seems to let loose a whole chattering horde of them on the tranquil orchestral calm with which the piece begins. On a second level it may be regarded as a twentieth-century equivalent of Mozart's *Musical Joke,* which to me seems a bit inappropriate unless one thinks Koechlin used monkeys as symbols of inadequate composers who chatter musically in all styles without achieving anything. Such an approach seems too unrewarding. On a third level, it may be considered a struggle between order and disorder, truth and untruth. Frankly, I prefer a fourth, and that is to listen to it as music—the only approach that to me is really valid.

AS such, it is charming and provocative, and as it proceeds it tumbles all over itself in a veritable jumble of incongruities. Monkeyshines? If we try to approach it according to Koechlin's own guidelines, we are confronted with one of the wackiest program notes written since those of that delightful earlier musical eccentric Anton Philip Heinrich, who roamed about Europe and America during the nineteenth century. Koechlin writes: "As we know from Kipling,

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monkeys are at once the most vain and the most insignificant of creatures. They believe themselves to be creative geniuses, but in reality they are only vulgar mimics whose sole aim is to follow the fashion of the day. The monkeys . . . use various procedures of 'modern harmony' . . . consecutive fifths and ninths in the manner of Debussy. . . . Then they arrive at atonal music. . . . They want to 'remain classical'; and so they make an artificial and ridiculous pseudo-return to Bach. . . . But suddenly their lucubrations are interrupted by the arrival of the Lords of the Jungle—Baloo, Bagheera, and the serpent Kaa. The awesome bugle-calls put the monkeys to flight, and the jungle returns at last to the luminous calm in which this symphonic poem began."

Programmatically it is not too far from Heinrich, who in 1845 composed his grand orchestral fantasy called *The New England Feast of Shells*, with a program describing Nymphs and Swains departing for a Maritime Festival, Fanciful Curvetings of the Mermaids, and a Love Feast resulting in the Sacrifice of Shells Vulgate Clam Bake. Heinrich wrote another elaborate orchestral tone poem called *The Ornithological Combat of Kings; or, The Condor of the Andes and the Eagle of the Cordilleras.* Which leads us directly to Messiaen and his *Chronochromie*—a word meaning "Color of Time." The musical material is drawn from bird songs as well as the sound of waterfalls and mountain streams notated in the French Alps. The temporal or rhythmic material, Messiaen informs us, consists of thirty-two different durations used in symmetrical interversions while always retaining their original order. The permutations thus obtained are heard either separately and fragmentarily, or superimposed three by three. Such precise documentation will be of small help to the average listener, but it does give a clue to the compositional process of one of today's most original composers. His preoccupation with ornithology has given freshness to much of his music, but his equal preoccupation with various mathematical orders seems to rob his work at times of any flight of fancy and draw attention to his procedures rather than to the music itself—or, to paraphrase his own dictum, to the labor rather than the inspiration.

Messiaen's translation of color into sound and vice versa is reminiscent of Scriabin, whom he resembles at times. "When I listen to music," he says, "and even when I read it, I have an inward vision of marvelous colors—colors which blend like combinations of notes, and which shift and resolve with the sounds. For example, a certain series of chords may be red touched with blue—another will be milky white, decorated with orange and edged with gold—another will be green, orange and violet in parallel stripes—another will be pale gray, with reflections of green and violet—yet another will be entirely violet or entirely red."

For those who are tone-color-blind, it would be fascinating if Messiaen would experiment with some manner of synthesizing music and light as Scriabin did with his *clavier à lumières*. It is one dimension as yet unprobed by the present generation.

Chronochromie is colorful, to be sure, and less birdie than one might expect. It is indeed a fascinating and brilliant orchestral tour de force that both pleases and exasperates. At times its composer becomes mesmerized by a kind of insistent repetitious process that is germane to jazz, to most Balinese as well as to much Indian and Near Eastern music and at best in our Western product in the music of Colin McPhee and Alan Hovhaness. Repeated hearings tend to amplify one's disquiet at this long, repetitious caterwaul. Despite his concern with order and various mathematical permutations, the result is often a delightful wholesale confusion in a supersonic aviary. Its real strength and originality lie in its magnificent orchestral color, and that should come as no surprise.

One of Messiaen's most gifted students was Pierre Boulez; his influence on him is marked. He has been called a genius by Messiaen, Stravinsky, Stockhausen, and a few others, and Boulez usually reciprocates. It is becoming a tight little club. As a conductor he is developing a quite prodigious reputation. It is indeed meticulous, precise, scrubbed-clean, and in fact literally translucent—like looking at someone through a fluoroscope. Mystery and awe rarely abide under such penetrating exposure.

His *Le Soleil des Eaux* is a setting of poems by René Char, drawn from a more extended radio drama about water pollution. Boulez's music is clear and sparkling, and the adjective "limpid" is at times most appropriate. This is an early work, written in 1948 for three solo voices and small orchestra. Here, in a blown-up version for full orchestra with soloists and chorus, it still fascinates, but I doubt that it is as clear as the original. The vocal lines, as in so much similar music, seem both artificial and less attractive than the delightful instrumental score. The diction of the singing, however, is at times as murky as the waters Boulez and Char would hope to purify. Boulez is indeed a musically cool character—one who keeps his emotional quotients low but gives us exquisite musical rhetoric while avoiding the sludge of musical substance. His are not still waters, for they babble and splash without ever running deep.

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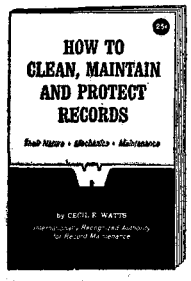

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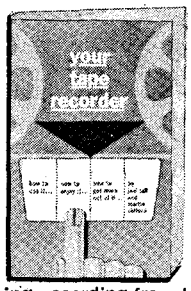

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FAULTY COMPONENTS in a high-fidelity system can be located by the average intelligent audiophile with no technical background to speak of. But once located, these components are still faulty, and few audiophiles have the knowledge or equipment to fix them properly. Few electronic repairmen, for that matter, are equipped and trained for high-fidelity service, and good audio service facilities are far harder to track down than are the faulty components that make them necessary.

What matters in high-fidelity equipment repair is not whether the unit works, but how well; most conscientious servicemen strive to restore to original factory specifications any component placed in their hands. While a dedicated radio-television serviceman could perhaps acquire the necessary knowledge of high-fidelity circuits, he is unlikely to have the thousands of dollars' worth of specialized equipment required only for high fidelity repairs: a low distortion sine-wave generator, harmonic and intermodulation distortion analyzers, perhaps a square-wave generator and a wow-and-flutter meter.

There are, then, four sources of succor to which the audiophile with ailing equipment may turn: the dealer who sold him the equipment, the manufacturer, the manufacturer's nearest authorized warranty service center, or a local high-fidelity service specialist not authorized to perform warranty service on the equipment at hand.

Not all dealers are equipped to do repair work and, of those who are, many perform only minor servicing. Still, the dealer's counsel is worth seeking. If the unit is still covered by a warranty, he should know the location of the nearest service station authorized to perform in-warranty service upon it, or he may help pack and ship the unit to the factory for repair. If the problem is a minor one, he may be able to make a simple, fast repair; most dealers will replace a component which proves defective on delivery, while a few will even lend their customers used equipment to replace components undergoing repair.

But few dealers are equipped for major servicing, and virtually none are authorized to perform service under a manufacturer's warranty. All such service must be performed either at the factory or by a factory-designated local service agent. Service performed elsewhere will almost certainly be at the owner's—not the manufacturer's—expense.

Factory service involves a bit of nuisance and red tape: first one must write the factory (and wait) for a return authorization and shipping instructions, then one must repack and ship the defective component (and wait again for its return). If the unit is more than a few weeks old, the original packing material may have been lost or discarded and a new shipping carton must be obtained. Often the newly repaired component is damaged while being shipped back to its owner.

Manufacturers are well aware that factory service is an expensive, exasperating nuisance—they find it so themselves—and will do all they can to help their customers avoid it. If the original letter of complaint describes the trouble clearly enough, they may be able to suggest a cure by mail. At least one manufacturer (Acoustic Research) pays shipping costs to and from the factory on units repaired under their five-year warranty. And many manufacturers have appointed networks of local warranty service stations to ease the problem.

The warranty service station is a local high fidelity service specialist whose knowledge, equipment, and reputation pass inspection by the manufacturers whose warranty service work he performs. He must maintain a stock of replacement parts and his equipment must be kept up to date. He becomes, in effect, a local extension of the manufacturer's own service department. Audiophiles who live within reach of warranty stations handling their equipment find them a godsend.

After the warranty period has expired, and the owner, not the manufacturer, is paying for service, any service outlet can be used at will. But the warranty service station is still an ailing component's best friend. The warranty station has not only the parts but the experience and knowledge necessary; and manufacturers often instruct their service stations to install newly discovered modifications—either free or at nominal charge—in older equipment reaching them for service.

If no nearby audio service specialist does in-warranty work on your equipment, look for one who is authorized by other manufacturers—he has passed a preliminary screening by at least one manufacturer and is likely to be com-

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petent to perform post-warranty service on other makes. Your dealer may be able to recommend a service shop, if he is not one of those rare dealers with an adequate service department of his own.

Only experience and reputation can tell you how competent a given repair shop may be. But a glance at its facilities can often convey some idea. Are the service areas well-equipped? Even if you can't recognize distortion meters and FM multiplex generators, look for lots of instruments with solid-looking dials as opposed to a few old and flimsy-looking ones. Have the servicemen enough elbow room for their work? The presence of many units in for repair may indicate that the shop is a busy and successful one; but if components awaiting service bear a heavy coat of dust, prepare to wait a while for yours to be ready.

And be prepared to pay well for good service: "Modern high fidelity equipment is complex, and it takes a quasi-engineer to service it competently," says Harry Kolbe, of Manhattan's Audio Workshop. "And not even a quasi-engineer can do a proper job without an extensive—and expensive—test instrument setup. This, by the way, is why we prefer to do our repairs in the shop, rather than in the customer's home." It's an observation worth remembering next time your high fidelity equipment needs servicing. —IVAN BERGER.

Recordings in Review

Continued from page 61

formed by a voice with the freshness and flexibility of Evelyn Lear's.

Is this, then, the impossible come true, the combination of youthful sound and emotional fulfilment that one has longed for but rarely experienced? For the most part, alas, no. Even for so intelligent and technically resourceful a singer as Miss Lear, the election of alternatives leads her in the wrong direction. Her preference, generally, is for the beautiful sound rather than the meaningful accent, for the note rather than the word. There is nothing in the least discreditable about her effort, but it would doubtless have been better for the total impression of her as an artist had this venture been postponed.

In some of the brighter songs she achieves reasonable fulfilment (*"Elfenlied"* is one, *"Nimmersatte Liebe,"* another), but even here the revelation is more of the surface than of the depths. In the more demanding others, such as *"Lied vom Winde," "Denk' es, O Seele,"* and the eloquent *"Verborgenheit,"* the mismatch is all too evident. What Miss Lear brings to bear on the problem, in weight of voice as well as range of emotion, is simply insufficient.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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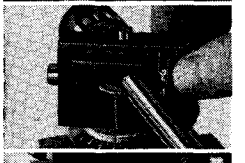

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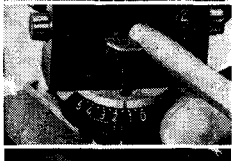

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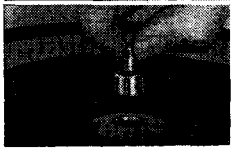

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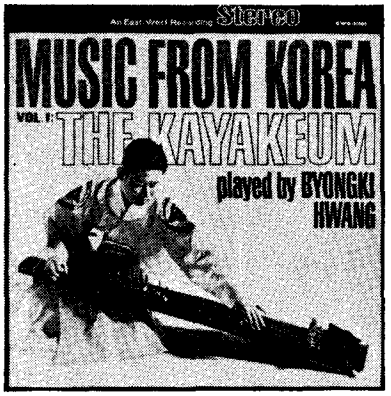

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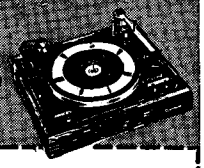

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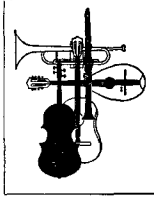

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***SR*'s Spring Book Issue**

LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

Photo and Text

I WAS PLEASED to read Irving Kolodin's short musical biography of Birgit Nilsson as one of the "Great Artists of Our Time" [*SR*, Feb. 26]. She truly deserves such recognition. Whatever Miss Nilsson sings as she "expands" her career (within reason, of course), we can rest assured it will be fruitful. Congratulations on a fine article, and the same may be said for the striking cover photo.

J. W. SANTAMO.

Hartford, Conn.

The Range of Nilsson

I READ WITH GREAT INTEREST your description of Birgit Nilsson as "our great Wagnerian soprano, our best Turandot, Lady Macbeth, Salome . . ." [*SR*, Feb. 26]. As a sincere admirer of Mme. Nilsson, I can agree with you in many respects; however, I am a bit disturbed by the title of the article which includes Mme. Nilsson under the heading of "Great *Artists* of Our Time." Mme. Nilsson's main distinction lies in the fantastic ease with which she produces her brilliant upper register and I would seriously question using the word *artist* to refer to a singer whose accomplishments lie solely in the area of vocal prowess.

To my mind, the term "artist" implies a complete command of every aspect of operatic performance—vocal coloration, an awareness of the dramatic meaning of the text, acting ability, as well as the expected vocal excellence. Mme. Nilsson is unable to meet these requirements, since all of her roles display the same cool, controlled sound and lack of dramatic involvement, while anyone who has witnessed a Nilsson performance can attest to the fact that her abilities as an actress rarely advance beyond the most rudimentary stock gestures.

True operatic artists who possess the combination of vocal accomplishment, acting ability, and dramatic interpretation are very few; Callas and Gobbi come to mind immediately. I would rather have seen your appreciation of Mme. Nilsson under the heading "Great *Singers* of Our Time."

DAVID LINTHICUM.

Baltimore, Md.

Goethe "Letter"

IRVING KOLODIN discusses "Why Goethe Didn't Answer Beethoven" [*SR*, Jan. 29] by commenting that he and others "have pieced together fragments of a letter, which might be the one that Goethe wrote but never sent"—in "upper Weimar" (where is "upper" Weimar?). Would Mr. Kolodin be so kind as to divulge how he and others "pieced together" such a letter and where, more specifically, he found the letter, and how?

HANS A. ILLING.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As the text stated, the letter was one that Goethe "might" have written.*

Musicology vs. Music

"THE ART OF THE SECOND GUESS" [*SR*, Feb. 26] could only have been written by a musicologist. Pedagogical in its approach, pedantic in its conclusions, this article does no service to the vibrantly living art of music.

Music ceases to exist without the participation of the *re-creative* artist. What, essentially, is the difference between Mr. Cooke's "interpretation" of the Mahler Tenth (based on the composer's complete, albeit informal,

"See here, Brother Charles, if you want to dream your life away and not get involved in social action, civil rights drives, and so on, maybe you'd better find yourself some safe little retreat somewhere."

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outline of the work in its entirety) and the "interpretation" by any performing artist other than the composer himself? And have there not been shortcomings there as well, because of technical inabilities of one kind or another? Take any number of different conductors in a performance of the *Eroica* and we will have that many different *Eroicas*. Not one of them can be argued to be pure, pristine, unadulterated Beethoven. But each will bear the stamp of validity to a greater or lesser extent, depending upon the integrity, understanding, and technique of the artists involved.

Mahler's final intentions with regard to his Tenth will never be known. But then again, neither will his intentions regarding the ultimate versions of the Ninth or *Das Lied*. He never heard these works in performance and he was forever tinkering with details after hearing a work "live," as witness his reworking of the Fifth many years after its first performance. But does this really invalidate these works as we have them?

ROBERT F. ARENZ.

Carmel, Calif.

Recalling Korjus

WITH THE WEALTH of reissues, domestic and imported, of artists of the past available in the record stores, I'd like to express my wish for a reprinting of some of the best recordings of Miliza Korjus. For verve, rhythmic impulsion, musicality, and sheer exhilaration no coloratura I have heard matches the lady in, say, the arias from *Lakmé*, the Proch and Adam Variations, and a number of others.

I have worn thin my copy of the Camden collection of some years back, which was marred by some unfortunate choices of selections. Couldn't we have, if not a COLH collection, a reissue by Capitol of Mme. Korjus's best, including the songs from *Der Studente Von Prague*, which I have heard about for years?

HILARY FISH.

Bloomington, Ind.

The Price "Carmen"

I WONDER who is "forcing" M. N. Weber to buy and listen to the recordings of Leontyne Price. I find Miss Price's *Carmen* tremendously exciting, because it isn't a carbon copy of all the others. As for interpolating a couple of high notes, there is nothing so strange about that in opera. Has Mr. Weber ever heard the "variations" on the "Mad Scene" from Donizetti's *Lucia* (part one) by Nellie Melba or (part two) by Galli-Curci? Frances Alda's high note in the "Miserere" from *Trovatore* was found to be "interesting stylistically" by one critic. More recently Joan Sutherland added a high note to the last act of her *Rigoletto* recording, and no one was "scandalized" by that. Furthermore Miss Sutherland uses her own "special" cadenzas when she sings the "Mad Scene" from *Lucia*.

If Mr. Weber can't understand Miss Price's French, he'd better hurry back to Berlitz for additional lessons, because the lady's French is quite good and idiomatic. If he means that Miss Freni and Mr. Corelli sing French rather poorly why doesn't he say that? I can't see that Miss Price is to be blamed for their shortcomings.

(Mr.) ARNETT H. BUTLER.

Kraus on Epic

I HAVE READ your music review of "Mozart by Kraus" [*SR*, Feb. 26] five times now and still do not understand how five Mozart Piano Concertos can be squeezed onto one disc, since the pianist is not Vladimir Horowitz. If, on the other hand, the Epic release is an *album*, composed of what I would think to be the necessary three records, what is coupled with what? Is there a blank side? And are the records available singly? Also, according to the price quoted ($4.79 mono), each disc would sell for less than $1.60. This, unfortunately, is not the price I remember paying for Epic records.

BARRY BARNETT.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The price is per disc; the set is three records.*

Music to My Ears

Continued from page 51

had a substantially better instrument to play upon in his latest appearance as guest conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra in Philharmonic Hall, and he upgraded his standing accordingly. Unlike some guests who play to the strength of the orchestra they are invited to conduct, Sawallisch turned its resources to the expression of his strengths (symphonies by Mozart and Schumann) with gratifying results.

A substantial measure of them was generated in his direction of the Symphony No. 2 (1947) by the contemporary German composer Wolfgang Fortner. What Sawallisch did with particular success was to define the temper and disposition of Fortner as a composer, and keep the interest in his mental functioning alive and focused throughout. According to the annotation of John Briggs, Fortner subscribes to some aspects of Schoenberg's serialism, but his is a "modified," not a doctrinaire, adherence. So far as this symphony is concerned, it is so modified that it makes its main points clearly and not without passing points of tonal reference. Its four movements have their share of attraction also to such magnetic influences of the recent past as Hindemith and early Shostakovich, but the victor between them charted by Fortner leads to a destination quite his own. Some of it is blatantly demonstrative but much more about it invites curiosity about Fortner's creations since.

Later in the same week New Yorkers had a choice among three orchestras on the same day: the New York Philharmonic under Thomas Schippers with Van Cliburn as soloist in the afternoon, the Chicago Symphony directed by Jean Martinon (in Carnegie Hall), and the Cincinnati Orchestra under the leadership of Max Rudolf in the evening. Some of the best music-making among them was heard from the last named in a suite from Beethoven's *Prometheus*. Rudolf has stirred the elements at his disposal into a smooth-as-cream consistency, with, as might be suspected, highly palatable results. His soloist was Claudio Arrau in the second and third piano concerti of Beethoven. Collaborating with Martinon was Philippe Entremont, who plays other things better than the Ravel (in G) of this program.

Recent additions to the repertory of the City Opera have included Poulenc's *Dialogues of the Carmelites* and Von Einem's *Danton's Death*. Both productions were measurably inferior to the season's opening *Don Rodrigo*, which was more costly to the effect of Poulenc's good score than the weak one of Von Einem. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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(Continued from page 75)

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(Continued on page 78)

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(Continued from page 77)

VACATION WORKSHOPS

ASPEN WRITERS' WORKSHOP, Colorado, June-September. In residence: Donald Barthelme, fiction; Robert Creeley, poetry; staff of seven. Fiction, poetry, playwriting. Brochure: AWW, 855 West End, NYC 10025.

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Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Site of certain famous British courts, not primarily for royalty, who often attend nevertheless.	1 150 84 118 176 136 49 89 14
B. Edible salamander of W. U.S. and Mexican mountain lakes.	47 160 62 3 45 151 119
C. Rather theatrical—and successful—device by the police used in identifying a suspect.	38 80 69 179 125 147
D. Specifying the "glass which thou canst not tame" (George Herbert: *The Church Porch*).	128 172 13 116 44
E. Father of the mapmaker much in the news in 1965.	18 8 2 98
F. Describing Horace Greeley's beloved desk (comp.)	105 63 28 41 145 21 121
G. Antonym of *flat, alert,* or *dull.*	56 73 31 77 11
H. Extreme.	129 10 109 156 88 37 163 16
I. Series of liturgical prayers in which both clergy and congregation actively participate antiphonally.	4 108 171 26 93 120
J. Rabbit fur.	154 6 175 95 51
K. Composer of pastoral musical compositions or poems.	39 17 65 155 78 29 24
L. Handbook which is a constant companion (2 wds. from the Latin).	140 9 103 34 64 159 76 152 7
M. Creators; card game popular fifty years ago.	153 27 133 58 86 36 132

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Fisherman's short line to fasten nets or hooks.	43 113 75 124 104 137
O. Don Quixote asked why he should be led on this sort of pursuit (comp.)	53 82 167 35 60 130 134 164 158
P. Legendary youth who had a two-way love affair with the Moon.	106 170 66 168 126 74 52 111
Q. Gives forth.	68 87 157 169 72 107 83
R. U.S. Army allowances of five kinds: garrison, travel, field, reserve, and Filipino.	92 144 57 173 71 48 85
S. Category covering twenty books of the New Testament.	67 127 138 101 32 94 115 146
T. One thing which John Stuart Mill said a man must not make of himself.	20 131 5 162 177 46 30 97
U. Transgress the moral or divine law.	99 22 70 139 54 90
V. Brief and familiar slogan of one of our greatest commercial concerns.	79 12 102 166 50
W. Certain letters of the alphabet.	19 161 180 81 33 123 23
X. Specifying the *bridge* a portion of which may be elevated to allow tall vessels to pass beneath it.	61 110 96 142 148 100 15
Y. Sister-in-law of the Biblical Ruth.	42 122 25 117 143
Z Another word for the *precious* opal.	40 165 135 114 59
Z^1 Specifying Milton's "happy side of Paradise."	141 55 174 112 91 149 178

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

			1 A	2 E	3 B	4 I	5 T	6 J	7 L		8 E	9 L	10 H	11 G	12 V	
13 D	14 A	15 X	16 H		17 K	18 E	19 W	20 T		21 F	22 U		23 W	24 K		25 Y
26 I	27 M	28 F	29 K		30 T	31 G	32 S	33 W	34 L	35 O	36 M	37 H	38 C		39 K	40 Z
	41 F	42 Y	43 N	44 D	45 B	46 T		47 B	48 R	49 A		50 V	51 J	52 P	53 O	54 U
	55 Z^1	56 G		57 R	58 M	59 Z		60 O	61 X	62 B	63 F	64 L	65 K		66 P	67 S
68 Q	69 C		70 U	71 R	72 Q		73 G	74 P	75 N		76 L	77 G	78 K	79 V	80 C	81 W
82 O	83 Q	84 A	85 R		86 M	87 Q		88 H	89 A	90 U	91 Z^1	92 R	93 I		94 S	95 J
96 X	97 T		98 E	99 U	100 X	101 S	102 V	103 L	104 N	105 F	106 P	107 Q		108 I	109 H	
110 X	111 P	112 Z^1	113 N	114 Z	115 S	116 D	117 Y	118 A	119 B	120 I		121 F	122 Y	123 W	124 N	125 C
126 P	127 S	128 D	129 H	130 O	131 T	132 M		133 M	134 O		135 Z	136 A	137 N	138 S	139 U	140 L
141 Z^1		142 X	143 Y	144 R	145 F		146 S	147 C	148 X	149 Z^1	150 A	151 B	152 L	153 M	154 J	
155 K	156 H	157 Q	158 O		159 L	160 B	161 W	162 T	163 H	164 O		165 Z	166 V	167 O	168 P	
169 Q	170 P		171 I	172 D	173 R	174 Z^1		175 J	176 A	177 T	178 Z^1	179 C	180 W			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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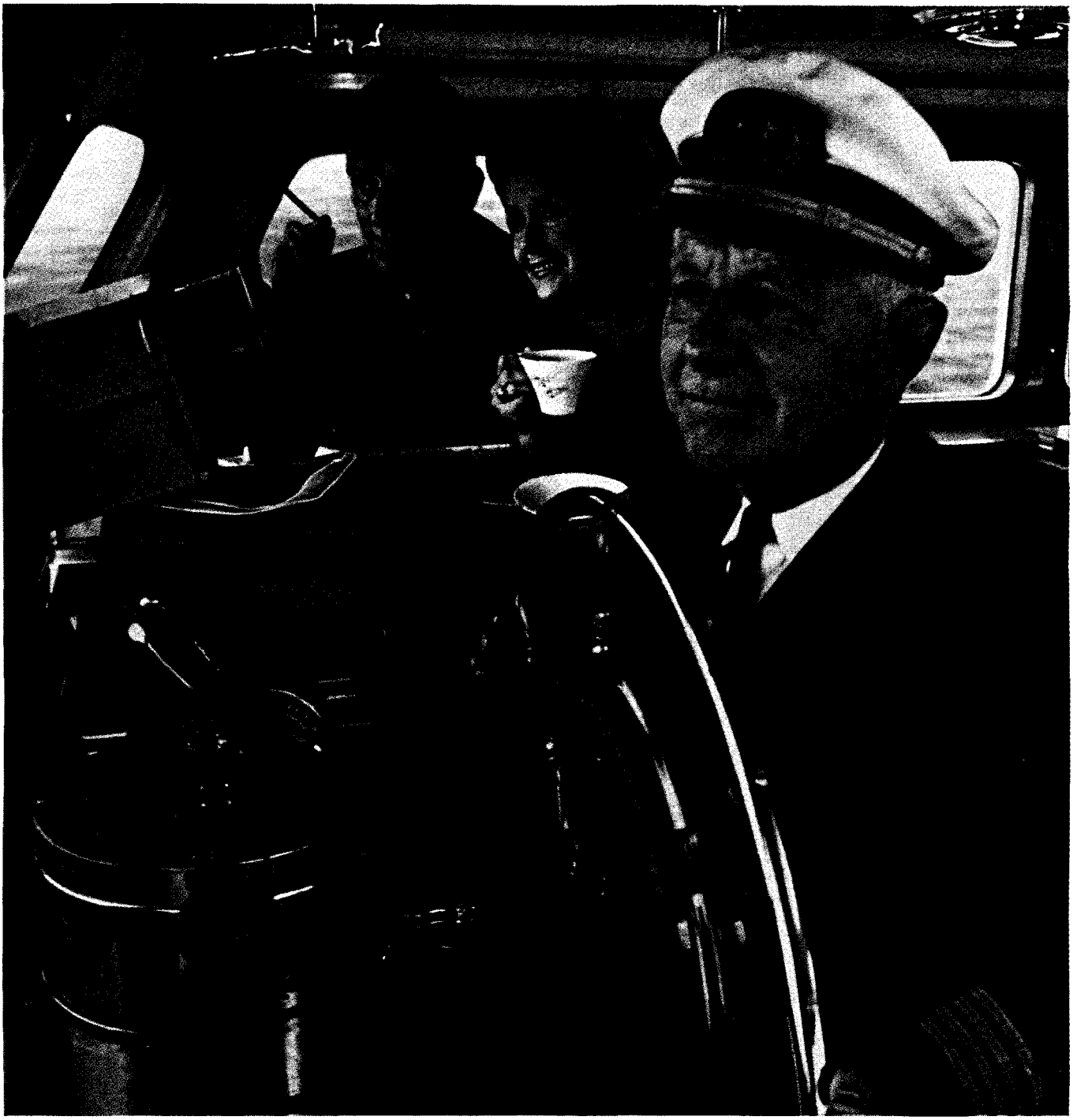

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